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FALSE COLORS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY W. H. MACY.

THE leading incidents of the following strange but veritable story of the sea were gathered during a visit, some twenty years ago, to that most delightful and unique watering-place, Nantucket. My informant, a stalwart representative of the ocean-chivalry of that goodly island, was an eye-witness and an actor therein. Old Father Time has dealt gently with him, and his powers of memory as to details are still unimpaired by the wear and tear of more than eighty-five years; while his eye kindles with all the fire of early manhood, as he poises his heavy cane, throws his weight upon one leg, bent to fit the "clumsy-cleet," while the other foot is thrown back, as if feeling for the "harp'neer thwart," and thus fights over again his battles with leviathan, or dwells, with a zest which no distance of elapsed time can diminish, upon this and other episodes of the stirring "war-time." I have taken the liberty of throwing the original oral statements of the eloquent veteran into a more literary and connected form, though not at all to the improvement of the unvarnished tale, could all my readers hear it, as I have, from his own lips.

The sunlight of a fine tropical morning glittered upon the broad expanse of the beautiful ocean, which, in its lower latitudes at least, is worthy of its name of Pacific, lighting up with its earliest beams the hazy, distant outline of Albemarle Island, and bringing out in strong relief the sterile face of Roca Redonda in the foreground of the picture, standing like an outlying sentinel from the main body of the group known as the Galapagos, the "Enchanted Islands" of the early Spanish discoverers. The heavy dews, which serve in some measure to compensate for the scarcity of rain in this part of the world, were quickly dispelled before its influence; the mist exhaled from the slumbering ocean, and revealed the horizon-line to seaward, broken in the northern board by the sturdy but graceful proportions of the little ship Ruth Ann, sitting as on a sea of glass, the lazy canvas hanging from her clumsy yards, and the heavy rigging about her mastheads looming out of all proportion to the diminutive, rusty hull. She is a fair specimen of the Yankee "Cape-Horner" of the date to which the reader is expected to carry his mind backward, the year of grace eighteen hundred and thirteen, and the second of the famous "war-times." But little more than two hundred tons burden, the Ruth Ann is fully equipped as a ship with three square-rigged masts, shrouded and back-stayed like a modern vessel of three times her tonnage, with quite as much hoist in the nape of her topsails, but with little to boast of in the squareness of her yards, for the sufficient reason that her masts are stepped so near together as to allow scarcely room to brace them up, short as they are. This fact, together with the tumble in build of her top-sides, and the heavy, old-time arrangement of her projecting channels, crowded with a system of ponderous dead-eyes and lanyards, gives her a pinched-up and lumbered appearance, in striking contrast with that of the spacious and grace-

ful clipper of to-day, in which the perfection of airy neatness and strength is so happily combined. The old galliot style of marine architecture was adhered to in the lines of her stern and counters, while her cutwater, guiltless of any ornamental head, was little more than a rude, perpendicular post that appeared to have been dropped endwise over the bows. She boasted quarter-bulwarks, extending as far as the mainmast; but forward of this, a mere openwork of rails and stanchions afforded a view of what was going on inboard. A still better one may be obtained if we assume the privilege of a story-teller and climb in on deck, making ourselves at home with the ease and facility which are known to characterize all mariners in their casual encounters at sea.

All hands are astir on board the Ruth Ann, and the practical, unromantic operation of washing down decks is going forward, as indeed was apparent from the movements of a seaman in the main-chains, swinging a cumbrous draw-bucket into the air with a jerk, to be caught by another seated astride the main-rail. The first lookouts of the morning have already taken their stations aloft, searching the horizon with eager eyes, for we are "on the ground" where the welcome alarm denoting the presence of the huge spermaceti whale may be expected at any moment. The inspiring cry of "Look sharp, there, and raise 'em up!" is thrown skyward from the strong lungs of a tall, gaunt, amphibious specimen under a broad-trimmed hat, who has just swung one leg out of the companionway, and planted the naked foot thereof in a puddle of sea-water dashed from a deck-bucket, and appears to revel like a duck in the cool element. This is no less a personage than Captain Gardner, the reigning potentate and skipper of the gallant Ruth Ann—Hercules Gardner—especially and emphatically Hercules—though why his sponsors, who were highly respectable members of the Society of Friends, had christened him after a barbarous heathen god, had ever been a mystery to himself, as well as to all his neighbors. But, being himself somewhat of a backslider from the faith of his ancestors, he was well content, and indeed rather proud of his name; though he had a vague idea that it must have been something else during his babyhood. But here he was, a grown-up Hercules; he was no myth, whatever his redoubtable namesake might have been. Little he knew of Cretan wild boars or Lernean hydras, but in numerous encounters with the sea-monsters of the Pacific he had proved himself a "high-killer," and, on this particular morning, he was especially sharp-set, and eager to grease his lance.

"The current hain't set us off much through the night, Mr. Hussey," he said, addressing his mate, who was wading ankle-deep, with his trousers rolled up at the bottom, overseeing a platoon of scrubbers, who seemed inclined to rest on their arms to listen to the opening speech of royalty. "There's old Rock Dunder about the same distance off, and we couldn't be in a better spot to see whales. If there was a stake drove down here, I'd get out a hawser and tie her up to it. I wouldn't be partick'ler about scrubbing her off very nice, for I think we shall grease her up again before night."

"I hope we shall, sir," answered his executive. "Fleet forward there with your brooms! Wash down, boatsteerers, as fast as you can. I reckon I'll go to the masthead myself, and see if I can't scare up something before breakfast."

"If they ain't there, they ain't anywhere," pursued Hercules. "Took nine hund'ed barrels here when I was in the Sukey, and never put out the fires. Couldn't get casks fast enough to put it in. Shovelled bread overboard by the cart-load; knocked the bungs out of molasses casks, and let her run out of the scuppers; filled her chock to the beams, and blocked her right bang up to the deck with turpin. Dragged out some of 'em, all alive and kicking, when we got into Old-town. Here we are on the old ground, with Rock Dunder for a landmark, and we can stow the chart and quad'ant away in the ground-tier, till the current drifts us out of sight of it again. One old square-head will make us up to a thousand barrels, and we ought to get him to-day. Doughnuts! Doughnuts!" he continued, raising his voice for the benefit of all hands, those aloft, as well as the deck-washers. "D'ye hear there? A barrel of flour to make into doughnuts, as soon as the next whale goes into the pots!"

The welcome announcement was received with a general grin of satisfaction, for it was a time-honored custom on board Nantucket ships to treat the crew with an extensive batch of this truly Yankee luxury, to be fried in the oil of the whale which made up the "thousand-barrel fare." Much weight

was attached to a matter of this sort, which might seem trifling to a landsman; it was a sort of festival, in a small way, and served to mark and commemorate an epoch of some importance in the history of a long voyage.

Having thrown out this liberal promise as an incentive to vigilance, Hercules fell into his accustomed march fore and aft his little quarter-deck, indulging in further reminiscences of greasy luck on past voyages, which took the form of a monologue, being addressed to no one in particular, after his mate had gone aloft.

The brooms and swabs had done their duty for the day, and been returned to their places; the deck-buckets hung up in line; the huge land-tortoises, horribly ugly to look at, but savory to the palate, had subsided into their comfortable corners about the main-deck; the shining face of the steward protruding from the cabin door, reported, "Breakfast ready, sir!" and the captain's face was upturned to repeat the call to Mr. Hussey, when it was anticipated by the cry, "Sa-a-il ho!" and the word "Breakfast!" at his tongue's end, was changed to the formal interrogatory:—

"Where away?"

"Off the lee beam, sir," was the answer.

"Which way is he headed?"

"On the same tack with us."

"That's Josh Folger, I suppose. He's been inshore, turpinin'. I don't believe he's got anything since we spoke to him last. Is he b'ilin'?"

"No, sir; nor it's not Folger, either," answered the first officer, confidently.

"How do you know?"

"It's a sloop chasing a brig, sir."

This phrase was well understood as being derisively applied to a bark, a class of vessels at that time outlawed by Nantucketers, who were, in the full sense of the word, "square-rigged sailors." It settled the question at once as regarded Joshua Folger, who was in command of the Reliance, a sister ship to the Ruth Ann, and fitted by the same owner.

"He has got more wind down there than we have," continued Mr. Hussey, "and is working up fast towards us."

"Well, come, breakfast!" cried Captain Gardner. "We shall have a fresh breeze ourselves within an hour or two, I think. Keep a sharp eye on that fellow, Nathan," he continued to the other man at the masthead. "These is war-times, you know."

And that was nearly all that either of them knew about the matter; for the ship had sailed from home before the formal declaration, though collision with Great Britain had been expected for some time. Now and then flying rumors had reached their ears of the progress of the struggle, and of the presence of English men-of-war in the Pacific, but little that was direct or reliable. It was said that English whalers had sailed for this cruising-ground, commissioned also to take prizes, and formidably armed and manned for that purpose; but no such unwelcome visitors had been seen. Just enough was known to excite suspicion of any new-comer, and such this stranger undoubtedly was.

The skipper's morning meal was swallowed in less time than would have been the case under ordinary circumstances, and, slinging his own favorite spy-glass to his neck, he mounted the rigging to reconnoitre in person. The breeze was freshening, and the clumsy little ship was gathering headway under its impulse; but she was no racer, and though the captain himself had the seaman-like weakness of bragging a little upon his vessel, the more candid Mr. Hussey was accustomed to boast, jokingly, that she hadn't seen anything the voyage that couldn't beat her, and that when close-hauled, she would "make three bobs at a head sea, and then swing off and go round it." The bark must be dull, indeed, if the Ruth Ann could escape from her on this point of sailing, and a careful scrutiny through the telescope made the captain more suspicious and fidgety, as it satisfied him that she was in every way his superior.

Already broad on the lee bow, and eating up to windward at a rate that left no doubt as to her sailing qualities, it was apparent that a few tacks would enable her to overhaul the ship, if, indeed, such was her intention. Trimmed sharp under all the canvas that would draw, she was making rapid way through the water, and Nathan testified that she had set her royals since he had been looking at her, and while the captain was below.

"'Tisn't Josh Folger, that's a sure thing," soliloquized the captain, with his eye at the telescope. "Nor 'tisn't anybody else that we've ever seen before on this ground. I can't tell much about him until he's hull up, but I don't like the look of him much, and, if he really wants to speak us, I can make

him show his hand, if I can't get away from him. Put her round on the other tack, Mr. Hussey," he continued, hailing the deck, and still keeping his glass directed at the bark, while the manœuvre was being performed. The after sails swung and filled, but before the order "Let go and haul!" was given, the stranger's jibs were shivering, and he came round like a top, heading nearly up in the wake of the chase. No more sail could be made on the Ruth Ann, as she carried nothing above topgallant-sails, and was now doing her best.

"He's after us, sure enough," said Hercules, as he descended to the deck. "He may be an innocent spouter like ourselves, but if he's a privateer, or a letter o' marque, it's all up with our v'y'ge before many hours. He can't be a regular man-o'-war, with that finback rig."

"If he's a British whaler, we are ready to fight," said his mate.

"Fight him! Yes, we might, if he would give us a chance at close quarters, but if he is armed, he won't do that. He'll just lay off, long darts, and bore us through and through, and we can do nothing but sit still and take it. He's a Britisher, no doubt, and a large vessel, as I judge by the space between his masts when he hove in stays."

Many were the anxious glances directed off the lee quarter during the next two hours, and all sorts of conjectures were made among the crew as to the character of the stranger rapidly and steadily gaining upon them. All were, of course, interested in the cargo; indeed, the whole of each seaman's worldly wealth was under the narrow deck on which he trod, and it was hard to contemplate the probability of being obliged to surrender it, with no chance to strike a blow in defence—to say nothing of his after-fate in the dreaded prison-hulks of England, which old Revolutionary traditions had rendered so notorious. Most of the crew were natives of Nantucket, and all had sailed from home in the ship; for at that period there was little inducement or opportunity for desertion on the Pacific side of Cape Horn, and ships returned from long voyages with the original muster-roll nearly unbroken.

"Mightn't it be a Yankee man-o'-war?" inquired a youngster, hopefully.

"Not with that gaff topsail aloft," returned another of more nautical experience.

"But she might alter her rig for a disguise," suggested the first speaker.

"So she might. That's well thought of, and it would be just like Porter to do that, if he is round in these seas, as the rumor runs. But the craft isn't big enough; for the story goes that he is a frigate, either the Essex or the Chesapeake. But just look how he is overhauling us! You can see his hull now from the deck."

"There goes the old man aloft again for another squint at him. He has forgotten all about that big whale that he was so sure of when he first turned out this morning."

"Ay, he'd give us all the flour in the hold for doughnuts, if he could make the Ruth Ann travel as fast as the fellow down there."

The remark was true enough, and Captain Gardner was fully sensible of his own impotence in command of a craft which was neither fitted to fight nor run. He was not at all reassured by the nearer view which he now obtained of the bark. She appeared to be full four hundred ton, and though her arrangement of davits and whale-boats told of honest, legitimate business in these seas, there was no certainty but that she might combine with it another to which our own countrymen were much addicted at that period, though even then stigmatized by many moralists as a sort of legalized piracy. His long head, and above all his heavy quarter-galleries, as he drew near enough to observe these points, were most scrupulously English; and the anxious skipper already fancied he could detect evidence that his bulwarks were pierced for several guns, though he would of course manage, as far as possible, to disguise his warlike character until within sure range.

"Hoist the gridiron!" was the next order that came from aloft. "Let's see what answer he'll make to that."

Up went the stars and stripes at the ship's gaff, blowing out proudly in the increasing breeze, and the responsive signal of the same nationality was seen to rise almost immediately on board the bark. But this proved nothing; for if an armed vessel of any description, she would of course be provided with other flags than her own lawful one; and if a defenceless whaler, she was no Yankee, whatever bunting she might show. Our knight of the harpoon was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and resolute to dodge his pursuer at the last possible moment, he gave the word, "Ready about!" as the bark bore directly abeam, and with the same result as before.

Ere the evolution was completed, the stranger followed suit, and the situation became more exciting, as the conviction forced itself upon every one on board that matters must soon draw to a crisis. There was no hope of escaping a craft whose superior sailing qualities were so apparent, and for several hours the chase continued in the same manner, Hercules tacking his little craft whenever he judged his position most favorable for so doing, and his persistent neighbor gaining with rapid strides at every board. So entirely had the attention of all hands been absorbed in the chase, that scarcely a glance had been cast to the windward. The increase of wind had been very gradual, and the weather in the vicinity of this group of islands is ever moderate and serene, a subject of little or no anxiety to the mariner.

Already had the bark approached so near as to set at rest all doubts as to his character and armament, for he could be seen making preparations to show his teeth, as if certain of his prey. Already had the irate but powerless Gardner made up his mind to the worst, satisfied that he must haul down his ensign as soon as the bark should hoist the hated cross and open fire upon him. Gnashing his teeth at the prospect, he drove the joints of his telescope together, as if conscious that the instrument would be of no further use to him, and wheeling suddenly round, his lips parted, and he stood transfixed for a moment, with his gaze riveted off the weather beam. Utter astonishment seemed to have suspended his breath.

"Mast head there!" he roared, as soon as he found his powers of speech. "Where's your eyes? Don't you see this fellow coming down before it? Little more and he'd have run us down. It doesn't matter much, after all," said he, doggedly; "our voyage is up, anyhow, and one Britisher could have done for us as well as both."

By this time the eyes and attention of every man were directed to windward; for there, driving swiftly down upon them, and rolling majestically before the following sea, was a large ship, with unmistakable warlike marks about her in the squareness of her yards and the press of studding-sails she was carrying, while, as she swung a little from her course, a whole tier of black muzzles could be seen peeping from her gun-deck, and the banner of St. George flaunted saucily out from her peak.

"We may as well haul the mainsail up now, and heave to," growled Hercules. "But I won't though, until I'm forced to. I'll make one of them speak me, either with gun or trumpet."

And the Ruth Ann stood sturdily on, starting neither tack nor sheet, though apparently sandwiched, as it were, between the frigate and the armed whaler, between Scylla and Charybdis; the gauntlet must be a short one, at best.

Down came the heavy man-of-war, heading for the little ship as if determined on "giving her the stem," with no more compunction than she would have shown to a Malay pirate. But Hercules, disdaining to strike the flag of his country until summoned, remained as immovable as his own favorite "Rock Dunder." Suddenly a yaw was observed; the cloud of studding-sails collapsed, and came down by the run with magic speed; the frowning broadside swung fairly into view, bringing her helpless victim directly under its heavy battery; the report of a blank cartridge pealed out over the sea ahead of the unfortunate whaler, as the main-topsail of the frigate swung in against its towering mast, and an officer in British uniform appeared on her quarter with a speaking-trumpet, through which the words came down loud and clear.

"Ship ahoy! Back your head-yards and lie to under my lee!"

"Ay, ay!" answered Captain Gardner, giving the necessary order to his mate, but still keeping the flag floating aloft in a sort of sullen defiance, because he had received no direct orders to lower it.

Again the naval officer hailed:—

"What ship is that?"

"The Ruth Ann, of Nantucket, sperm whaler," was the reply, more emphatic than respectful.

With a bow of acknowledgment and a wave of his trumpet, the officer answered:—

"This is the United States ship Essex, and"——

"David Porter, by thunder!" yelled Hercules, dashing the spy-glass which lay near at hand into fragments against the mizzen-mast, in his excitement at the sudden revulsion of feeling.

"Have the goodness to haul down your colors!" was hailed rather sharply from the frigate. "Be quick about it, if you please! I will explain afterwards."

"Ay, ay, sir! Down with that flag,

quick! Gaff and all, if David Porter wants it! Say the word, and we'll chop the mizzen-mast right out of her!"

The delight and exultation of the Ruth Ann's crew may be imagined, at finding themselves, instead of prisoners of war, under the protection of one known by reputation of every American, since his early career before Tripoli; whose strange adventures on his present cruise had lost none of their marvelous character by repetition, for many-tongued Rumor had not been idle; and whose whole biography reads, even to this day, like the very romance of naval history.

"I shall take possession of your ship for the present," said Porter, "and Captain"——

"Gaar'ner— Her-cle-ees Gaar'ner."

"Captain Gardner will please send a part of his crew on board the frigate as a blind. I will send a prize-crew on board." And down came the quarter-boat of the Essex, with a middy and a crowd of seamen following down the side, while the bulk of the whaler's crew were quickly transferred to the man-of-war.

"You will please hoist this English flag over your own as a temporary arrangement, captain," said the middy who boarded the ship as pretended prize-master.

"Certainly, certainly," said the skipper. "Commodore Porter's orders, of course; but what does it all mean?"

"It means," answered the young officer, with an amused smile, "that your friend down under the lee is the Warwick, letter-of marque, mounts ten guns, and is fitted to take other prizes besides whales. In short, she is both harp'neer and buccaneer, as one may say. We have chased her before, and she is rather fast for us; but if this thing is well managed he will put his own neck into the noose this time."

"I see! I see!" was the delighted response. "Here he comes now, right into it."

For meanwhile, the unconscious victim of this clever *ruse de guerre* had made his last tack, and was stretching gallantly up towards the Essex and her supposed prize, with the British flag triumphantly flying, and expecting a generous share in the distribution of the plunder. Hauling up his courses as he passed the Ruth Ann, he stood boldly on, unsuspicious of the trap so cunningly set for him, and luffed under the frigate's lee quarter, within hail.

"Is Captain Sampson on board the Warwick?" inquired Porter, politely.

"He is, sir," answered the personage himself, a little surprised that his own name and that of his ship were so well known to the king's officer.

"This is his majesty's ship Acasta. Have you any intelligence of the Yankee frigate Essex?"

"Yes, sir," said Sampson, eagerly. "I was chased by him a week ago, and"——

"Come on board at once. Bring your log-book and journals with you, if you please."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the deception was so admirably sustained, that not until he was comfortably seated in the cabin of the Essex, and his log book, with other valuable information, in Captain Porter's possession, was he informed that the Warwick was a prize, and already manned with a Yankee crew. His astonishment and impotent wrath may be imagined, when he stepped on deck again, and looked aloft and then to leeward. The American flag was floating over all three vessels, and the Nantucketers were returning in high glee to their own ship. But one of their whaleboats still lay alongside, and Hercules Gardner, a couple of inches taller than his wont, trod the deck of the frigate with the stride of a conqueror, as if in command of the whole fleet.

"I kind o' thought it, all along, Mr. Husey," said the skipper, the next day, after the "doughnut-whale" lay securely chained alongside. "I might ha' known that David Porter would be in the right place just at the right time. It went ag'in the grain with me to see the Ruth Ann with the cross hoisted over the stars and stripes, but it was a smart trick, and she would soon have worn her bunting that way in sober earnest, if it had not been for David Porter."

A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE.

BY ETHEL IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

"SABRINA, I think I ought to tell you something that has been weighing on my mind for some time. If you will go into the garden, I will follow you presently." And the speaker, Miss Elizabeth Power, slipped out of the room with unusual and, as her sister thought, most indecorous haste.

Miss Sabrina and Miss Elizabeth Power were old maiden ladies. I use the word "old" to express an air of gentle antiquity which clung to them, telling not of old age, but of old ideas, old customs, and old courtesies.

Though Miss Sabrina was only fifty-three, and Miss Elizabeth but forty, both sisters seemed to belong to some past generation. They had no place among the hurrying men and women of the present day. Sunnybank Cottage and the garden which surrounded it possessed an atmosphere of tranquillity that can only exist where peace and simplicity have their dwelling. It was truly "an old garden" into which Miss Sabrina walked that evening with slow and dignified steps, that expressed tacit disapproval of her sister's more hurried gait.

A hedge of honeysuckle flanked one side of the garden, and the other side was protected from the curious eyes of passers-by by a high ivy clad wall. Miss Sabrina could remember the time when the trees that now stood higher than the house itself had been young saplings; but that was long ago. Dark-eyed pansies, old-fashioned stocks, pinks and poppies—these and other flowers filled the irregular beds; and daisies sprinkled the oblong plot of grass that lay in front of the porch.

The garden was situated on the side of a hill. Below it lay the village. Gray and peaceful it looked, nestling at the feet of the great hills that sloped down to it on every side, shutting it in from the world. Purple nd gray they rose, one slope above another, till they were lost among the clouds. Only to the west they broke slightly, leaving an open space, through which glimmered the waters of the distant lake, Graymere. And the evening sun shone with a splendor of crimson and gold, filling the gap with its amber glory.

It was on a June evening that Miss Sabrina stood by the laburnum tree awaiting the coming of her sister. She had a peaceful face, straight-featured, and pale as ivory. Her gray hair was parted smoothly over a calm brow, and she wore a lace cap with mauve ribbons. As she stood with her hands folded in front of her, an atmosphere of restfulness seemed to emanate from her whole personality—not the repose of one who has never struggled, but such peace as only comes after many a hard battle fought and won.

Even since her parents' death and the marriage of her second sister, Miss Sabrina had lived with her sister Elizabeth, and never until that evening had there been the shadow of a concealment between the sisters. Miss Elizabeth's simple thoughts and wishes had been ever laid at her sister's feet in perfect confidence; and Miss Sabrina had been worthy of the trust. And now, to find that Elizabeth had been concealing something, and, from her manner, evidently something important, caused her a sharper pang than she would have cared to own. She stealthily brushed away a tear as she turned to meet her sister.

Demurely raising her black silk gown, Miss Elizabeth crossed the gravel path, and walked over with slow mincing steps to where her sister stood, thereby offering a silent apology for her recent undignified conduct. There was something charmingly incongruous about the little lady that it would be hard to account for, unless, perhaps, it was caused by the youthfulness of her face and the antiquity of her costume. Certainly the two side-curls of glossy brown hair looked out of place beside her fresh cheeks, and the sombre gown in its stern simplicity seemed unsuited to her slender figure. I have never seen girl or woman since with a more ingenuous countenance; and probably any girl in her teens nowadays knows more of the world than that dainty lady knew at forty. That night, Miss Elizabeth's eyes were a trifle cast down as she met her sister's glance of perplexed inquiry.

"What a beautiful evening it is—is it not, Sabrina?" she remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, as dark clouds were rising up around the sun. "Shall we walk about, or would you rather sit down?"

"Thank you, sister. I prefer to be seated. I shall then be able to pay more attention to what you have to tell me," answered Miss Sabrina, sternly bringing her sister to the point.

"Very well," assented the other, with a little sigh. So together they walked to the summer-house, which stood in a shady corner, and in silence they seated themselves on two garden chairs.

"Well, Elizabeth?" said Miss Sabrina, in rather chilly tones, after a few moments' silence.

"Yes—yes, dear Sabrina—only, do not hurry me," pleaded her sister nervously. "You see, Sabrina, I really could not tell you before, for I might have been making a mistake, and that would have put me in a most distressing position; but to-day I really felt there was no longer any doubt of it, because he"—— Then realizing that she was talking rather incoherently, she stopped, and with a blush, turned to pick one of the white roses that had stolen in at the tiny lattice window. Pathos and comedy were closely allied in the love confidence of this elderly maiden; but Miss Sabrina did not see anything amusing in her sister's words. Her nature was one in which lay much tenderness, but it was concealed beneath a certain coldness of manner that a stranger might have shrunk from. But those who really knew her understood. It was in no winning tones that she begged her sister to be more explicit.

"Yes, Sabrina; I will try," responded Miss Elizabeth obediently. "Well, for some time I have fancied that Dr. Meadows has"——

"Has what, Elizabeth?" inquired Sabrina sharply.

"Well, sister, has—been very kind to me."

"Oh," precise and prolonged. "He has also been very kind to me, Elizabeth; but I do not find that his kindness weighs on my mind." She was determined that her sister should speak plainly, however hard she might find it.

"No, of course not," and Miss Elizabeth laughed nervously. "But, dear Sabrina, I fancy, in fact I may almost say I know, that his kindness to me is a little different. He is so remarkably kind. To-day, I was coming up from the village, and I met him just at the corner of Birtle Lane. He turned and walked up beside me, and actually persisted in carrying my basket, Sabrina."

"How overpoweringly kind!" said Miss Sabrina sarcastically. "Anything more?"

"Yes, yes. I am coming to it, if you will only give me a little time," implored her sister. "As I was saying, he carried my basket; and, Sabrina, he made me take his arm. I really was not sure whether it was proper in the daytime and all the neighbors about; but I could not refuse. When we got to the top of the hill, he asked me if I would go for a little stroll in the wood. I was afraid you might not approve," she added timidly, hearing a dissatisfied cough from Sabrina; "but, you know, I could not say, 'Thank you; I am afraid Sabrina might not like it,' though it would have been quite true; so what could I do?"

Miss Sabrina vouchsafed no answer; so Miss Elizabeth hurried on. "So, when we had been walking a little time, he said we would sit down for a little. If you remember, Sabrina—but I hardly think you will—I had pinned a pink in my brooch. Well, Dr. Meadows asked me if I would give it to him. 'Oh, yes, Dr. Meadows,' I said, 'if you care for it; but you know you have plenty of the same kind in your own garden.' 'Yes,' he said; 'but I should like this one particularly, Miss Elizabeth;' and really, Sabrina, he looked quite handsome, and you know he is not strictly good-looking. So I unpinned it and handed it to him; and—I am afraid it was dreadfully improper—but he held my hand and said, 'Miss Elizabeth—Elizabeth!'"

"Was that all?" inquired Sabrina, still coldly.

"Yes, it was; because just then Mr. and Mrs. Birkett came into sight, and of course we got up; and as they were behind us all the way home, Dr. Meadows had no chance of finishing what he was going to say."

"Did Mr. and Mrs. Birkett walk so closely behind you that Dr. Meadows could not continue his conversation?" said Sabrina, still determined not to see what her sister was driving at.

"No, no, Sabrina," expostulated the little lady; "but he could hardly say anything very confidential when they were looking on; and I really do think," tremulously,

"that he was going to say something very important."

"In fact, Elizabeth, you think that Dr. Meadows was going to make you an offer of marriage?"

"Well, Sabrina, I really do."

"Then let me tell you, Elizabeth," said Miss Sabrina, rising from her chair and standing before her sister, "I believe you to be entirely mistaken. In the first place, Dr. Meadows has only been a widower for three years; further, he is a man of the world, and extremely rich—all of which facts make it improbable, nay, impossible that he should dream of marrying a comparatively old maid." Miss Sabrina threw a cruel emphasis on the last three words, and Elizabeth cowered beneath the dread sentence.

Miss Power did not wish to be cruel; but she had known such dreams as Miss Elizabeth was now indulging in, and though they had seemed very near realization, in the end they had proved but dreams, and the waking a dread nightmare. So, in speaking as she did, her true motive was to spare her sister further pain, for it was, as she said, very improbable that the rich doctor should think of a middle-aged lady, old-fashioned and simple, when he had every chance of winning a young and beautiful bride, had he the mind to do so. Did it cost her no pain to see her sister, her little sister, blanch and quiver at the hard truth? Had you seen her face as she stood there with the lurid, cloud-darkened sun-light throwing her tall figure into strong relief, you would have seen in it a look of anguish too deep for tears—of sorrow more bitter than the sorrow of blighted hopes.

The pain we willingly inflict for the sake of another's welfare cuts the giver more than the receiver, and there is no part more hard to play than that of an earthly providence.

With tears quivering on her eyelashes, Miss Elizabeth looked up piteously. "But, Sabrina, what else could he mean?"

"Nothing else. The mistake you made was in thinking he meant anything at all. I ask you if you candidly think you have enough attractions to warrant such a supposition?"

"Well, Sabrina, I used to be considered pretty," sobbed Miss Elizabeth.

"Pretty at twenty does not mean pretty at forty, Elizabeth. Believe me, you are mistaken, and be thankful that you did not commit yourself in any way."

Bitter as Miss Sabrina's task was, she would finish it without flinching, though at that moment she could have gathered up her little sister in her arms and wept over her.

"Then, Sabrina, do you think that we had better give up our acquaintance with him?"

"No, no, Elizabeth—nothing of the sort. He has been a very good friend to us, and I should not like to lose his friendship. All you have to do is to be a little reserved and distant with him. Men are like bees, sister; they fly from one blossom to another, sucking a little honey here and there; and if they do settle on any particular flower, you may be sure it will be a gorgeous one. Always remember that, my dear, and never allow yourself to be led again into such meaningless sentimentalism."

"I suppose you are right, Sabrina. I will try to think no more about it, if you will only assure me that you do not think I led him on to say more than he meant. I could not bear to be thought immodest," faltered Miss Elizabeth.

"No, sister," replied Miss Power, while a rare and tender smile softened her whole face, "I do not think anything of the sort. I only think you have made a mistake—a thing we are all apt to do, my dear. Let us say no more about it." And she walked slowly down the path and into the house, stopping to look down into the valley, where the blue reeks of smoke rose up through the still air.

"Cruel only to be kind." The words rang in her ears, but they brought little consolation to her heart, and the remembrance of her sister's tear-stained face followed her into her cool bed-room with its dimity hangings.

When Miss Elizabeth was left alone, she crushed the rose she had plucked and let it fall to the ground. Her hopes, her late-begotten romance, the dreams of home-life and happiness, so natural to every true woman—all these were at an end. She was no heroine, only a simple old maid; yet, sitting there in the gathering twilight, weeping softly over the wreck of her rosy dreams, she made a picture of infinite pathos, terribly real in its calm resignation and absence of all youthful passion and rebellion.

An hour or two later, the sisters sat at their usual game of piquet in the old-fashioned parlor, with its high-backed chairs and

sombre sideboard. No sign betrayed their recent painful conversation; but it was a secret relief to each when Miss Elizabeth won the game with a "carte-blanche."

"How unusual!" said Miss Sabrina, rather wearily as she laid the pack in the old fern-covered box. "Not a single colored card!"

"No," responded Miss Elizabeth sadly, "not a single colored card, Sabrina."

For a minute or two the sisters sat without speaking.

"How hard life is!" thought Miss Sabrina; and, "How hard life is!" thought Miss Elizabeth.

"I will have my cocoa in my bed-room, Elizabeth," remarked Miss Sabrina after a pause, during which the clock ticked peacefully on the mantel-shelf. "Good-night, my dear; you can have your supper here, or in your bed-room too, whichever you prefer;" and kissing her sister's cheek, she left the room.

When Miss Elizabeth heard the door of Sabrina's bed-room click to, she rose, put out the lamp, and with a parting stroke of unconscious pussy, she, too, went to her bed-room.

Neither sister had any supper, but each thought of the other comfortably sipping her cocoa in "deshabille."

"Most annoying, most annoying," muttered good Dr. Meadows as he closed the wicket gate after Miss Elizabeth Power and walked down the quiet lane. He was a massive-looking man, about forty-five, with iron-gray hair, and a square clean-shaven chin. Like most north-country men, he was slow to form likes and dislikes; but when a feeling once took possession of him, it clung to him with great tenacity. Ever since the first few months after the death of his first wife, he had watched Miss Elizabeth with increasing solicitude. His first marriage, late in life, had been an unsatisfactory one. Like many men whom necessity has kept hard at the grindstone during early manhood, prohibiting all thoughts of marriage for the time, he had been at thirty-nine very susceptible to woman's charm, and falling in love with a London belle, whose finances were scarcely sufficient to supply her in gayeties and trinkets, had married, fondly believing in the disinterestedness of his wife's affection, never dreaming that his hardly-earned "ducats" could have any intrinsic value in her eyes. But he woke from his dream of love to find his wife extravagant, rapacious for gayety, and utterly unsuited to settle down to comfortable domestic life as the wife of a country doctor. But no one ever guessed the shadow that darkened his life. To outward eyes he was a kind affectionate husband; and Clara Meadows had no reason to complain of his inconsiderateness or tyranny. The absence of that loving homage which sanctifies marriage did not affect her, and she was quite content while her whims were gratified without interference on her husband's part.

When, three years after their marriage, his wife was killed in a railway accident, Dr. Meadows could not pretend to feel any passionate grief or remorse. He simply laid the past aside quietly; and when Miss Elizabeth's gentle personality began to fill his thoughts, he held it no slight to his dead wife, between himself and whom there had never been any deep and lasting attachment. He was not a bold man, or one that would ride over any obstacle without hesitation, and he had waited till all seemed smooth for his suit. To have made up his mind to an actual declaration of his feelings meant a great moral and mental effort; and as he walked home on that June afternoon, the relaxation that follows on the heels of any effort began to make itself felt. He was almost thankful that he had been spared the ordeal, for this was no fiery passion of youth, eager to secure the beloved object, but the steady flame of mature affection, that can wait without the fever-heats of delayed happiness. Doubts came over him as he sat in his study that evening.

"I have no attractions," he thought. "Why should I imagine that any woman can care for me now? Ought I to try to turn the current of that calm life? If, in seeking love, I lose friendship, I shall indeed, have made a fatal mistake." So he pondered over the long church-warden that was his only companion during the long evenings. At last he came to the conclusion that the matter should be decided by Miss Elizabeth's manner to him at their next meeting.

"If," he thought, "she receives me kindly and with some little embarrassment, which I may reasonably expect, should she feel able to return affection, I shall conclude all is well, for she cannot now fail to have understood my feelings towards her, and I

will then speak more plainly. But if she treats me with any assumption of reserve or coldness, I shall simply let the matter drop, and cling all the more closely to our pleasant friendship."

I believe in the bottom of his heart Dr. Meadows had a secret conviction that Miss Elizabeth would not be averse to his suit, for his eyes wandered round the room with an expression of serene satisfaction, and he smoothed the rumpled antimacassar on the sofa, thinking, I feel sure, of the little hands that loved so well to straighten all disorder and smooth away all pain and sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning nothing unusual marked the conduct of either of the Misses Power. Miss Sabrina was calmly dignified, as was her wont; and if Miss Elizabeth's cheeks were a shade paler than usual, her laugh was ever on her lips, and her spirits seemed even brighter than usual. That pride of ours which bids us don the mask of mirth was strong in her. Sabrina should never guess the impression that Dr. Meadows' conduct had made upon her foolish old heart! While the sisters were sitting at breakfast, Kate, their one domestic, brought in a foreign-looking letter. Chloe, their married sister, was living in Marseilles with her husband, M. Cervay, a French architect, who was superintending the building of a large theatre there; and her weekly letters were looked forward to with great pleasure by both sisters, though Miss Sabrina had an inborn horror of France and everything French. The very words suggested something highly improper and objectionable, in her opinion. But this was not the usual day for Chloe's letter, so they felt a little anxious as the envelope was torn open.

"I hope nothing is wrong, Sabrina?" asked Miss Elizabeth. She would not have dreamed of looking over her sister's shoulder to ascertain for her self.

"No; nothing is wrong, Elizabeth; but the letter contains some important news," answered Miss Sabrina, handing the letter to her sister.

The news was that M. Cervay had been urgently requested by his father, who lived in Chicago, and was failing in health, to pay him a long visit as soon as his present work should be at an end.

"Eugene will see the completion of his work here next week," wrote Chloe, "and we shall then start for Chicago. Work is scarce here; and my husband thinks of settling in the United States, probably near his father. But, meanwhile, we should like our one child, Bien Aimee, who is about nineteen, to have a quiet house. She is not very strong, and the unsettled life we shall lead for a time would be bad for any girl. Dear sisters, you can guess what I am about to ask you. Will you take our child till we are settled in a home of our own? All arrangements shall he made. While I write, a telegram has come to hasten our visit, as my father-in-law is growing rapidly worse. Counting on your ready consent, we shall put Aimee under the escort of a friend who is also coming to England, and she will be with you, all being well, on the evening of next Friday."

Then followed many injunctions to take care of "our dear child, our Bien Aimee," and to teach her the housewifely gifts that Chloe knew her sisters possessed.

When Miss Elizabeth had finished reading the letter she drew a long breath.

"I am glad Chloe has such confidence in our love for her," said Miss Sabrina with moist eyes. "I shall write her at once to say how more than glad we shall be to have her child. She will brighten us up, quite old maids that we are."

"We will give her the front bedroom, Sabrina, and I will move into the little one over the kitchen," said Miss Elizabeth, ever intent on kindly deeds.

But her sister opposed her with quiet determination. "I shall sleep in the back room, Elizabeth. You know, my dear, how liable you are to take cold; and there is a most trying draught from that chimney."

The intervening days—it was then Sunday—were spent in removing Miss Sabrina's belongings and making the guest's room as pretty as possible, Miss Elizabeth denuding her own room of many of its quaint ornaments that Bien Aimee might have everything bright around her.

On the Friday morning, Miss Elizabeth went down into the village to order supplies for the week, and as she came up the hill carrying a basket of fresh brown eggs, she met Dr. Meadows coming out of the chemist's shop. He accosted her with a friendly greeting. The hand that lay in his for a moment trembled, and the basket nearly fell; but remembering Sabrina's injunc-

tions, Miss Elizabeth drew her slight form up with wounded pride and resolved to treat Dr. Meadows very coldly.

"Shall I carry your basket for you, Miss Elizabeth?" he asked, bending down to catch a glimpse of her averted face.

"Thanks, Dr. Meadows; but I prefer to carry it myself."

For a few moments silence ensued; and Dr. Meadows stopped at the gate of his own house, and determined to make one more attempt to melt the little lady's icy tones. "May I walk up with you, Elizabeth?" he asked in tones of reproachful tenderness and respect.

Wounded by what she was forced to believe his meaningless sentimentalism, Miss Elizabeth looked straight into Dr. Meadows' eyes and said coldly: "No; I thank you—I prefer to walk by myself."

With a low bow, the doctor turned in at his gate; and Miss Elizabeth, with sore and wounded heart, toiled up the hill alone—only prevented from bursting into tears by the grim satisfaction of having done her duty.

About eight o'clock that evening the village omnibus drew up at the back gate of Sunnybank Cottage, and a slight tall girl, with pale tear-stained cheeks, alighted, and ran into the arms so kindly held out to greet her. She suffered herself to be led into the cool drawing-room and laid on the couch by the open window.

"Poor tired child!" said Miss Sabrina, with unwonted tenderness, smoothing the girl's dark hair as she lay and cried for very weariness. "But cheer up, my dear. Here is your Aunt Elizabeth bringing you some sweet cakes of her own baking and a glass of new milk. Try to eat, and then you shall go to bed. To-morrow you will wake up quite refreshed and happy."

Thus urged, Aimee dried her eyes, and slipping her arm round her aunt's neck, kissed her on both cheeks in her impulsive foreign way.

"You are a good kind aunt—Aunt Sabrina, is it not?" she asked in broken English. "And you are Aunt Elizabeth? But I shall call you Tante Elise; it is prettier, do you not think?" she added, turning to Miss Elizabeth.

"Call me what you like, dear, if you will only eat what I have brought you. To-morrow, we will hear all about your mother and father," said her aunt, stooping to kiss the cheek held up to her.

"Ah, you are so kind, so kind;" and the tired girl fell to crying again, touched by the tenderness of the two gentle ladies.

"Come, my dear," said Miss Sabrina when Aimee had been prevailed upon to drink the milk and nibble a morsel of cake. "I am going to put you to bed without asking your leave."

Nothing loath, Aimee followed her aunt up-stairs, and was soon tucked up in her welcome bed, where she slept the dreamless sleep of wearied youth, and woke the next morning to see a yellow ray of sunshine slanting in through the white blind.

"Ah, you look better to-day, my dear," Miss Sabrina said, as Aimee came into the parlor at breakfast-time with cheeks rosy from a walk round the garden and eyes bright after a long sleep.

"Oh, yes, ma tante. I do not mean to be a damp blanket—I think you say," she answered gayly; "and I may explore these lovely woods behind the house, and learn to bake these sweet cakes—may I not? And ah, but there will be a thousand things to do; and you must hear all about la belle France."

A few days passed full of delightful novelty to Aimee; but Miss Sabrina noticed that her sister's cheeks were growing paler, and was not deceived by her assumed cheerfulness.

"Elizabeth," she said one evening, after Aimee had gone to bed, tired from a long ramble in the woods, "I have been thinking that this would be a very good opportunity to pay your long-promised visit to Mrs. Carruthers," naming an old friend of Miss Elizabeth's who had recently become a widow. "You see, I shall have Aimee to take care of me; and I think the change will do you good."

There was no escaping the scrutiny of those all-seeing gray eyes, so Miss Elizabeth quietly dropped her mask and assented.

Accordingly, the next day she packed her little trunk, and steamed away submissively to her friend's house at Carlisle, a distance of about twenty miles.

On the evening after her departure, Aimee was watering the grass in front of the porch, when a low cry reached her ears through the open door that led into the lobby. Running into the house, she found her aunt sitting on a chair in the hall, evidently in great pain.

"Hèlas!" she cried, "what is it you have done, ma tante?"

"I fear I have sprained my ankle, dear,"

answered Miss Sabrina, her face all drawn with pain. "Will you send for Dr. Meadows? I cannot move till he has done something for me. I stupidly caught my foot in the stair carpet where those nails have come out."

In about a quarter of an hour Dr. Meadows came hurrying in, and, with Kate's assistance, carried Miss Sabrina up to her bedroom, after first bandaging the injured ankle.

Leaving her with strict injunctions not to move, he went down-stairs, followed by Aimee, who introduced herself in her pretty foreign way: "Vous savez—ah, you know, monsieur—that Tante Elise is away—Mees Elizabeth, I should say. It would be better—would it not? to keep the news of this little accident from her, in order not to spoil her holiday?"

"Is Miss Elizabeth away?" asked the doctor rather abruptly, knitting his heavy brows.

"Ay, yes. She was not looking as she ought. Her cheeks were pale; so ma tante sent her to get a leetle change."

"I am sorry to hear she is not well," said Dr. Meadows, as he stood with his hand upon the half-open door. "Well, you will not allow your aunt to get out of bed, Miss Cervay. I will call in the morning. Good-evening to you."

"How nice Monsieur le Docteur is," said Aimee when she returned to her aunt's bedside. "He has an air so strong and noble. Is he long your doctor?"

"He is a very old friend," said Miss Sabrina with some constraint. "But we have been fortunate enough not to require his professional services very often."

"He is married, n'est-ce pas?"

"No; he is a widower," and the subject dropped.

A week or two passed, and the doctor called every day. He was amused by Aimee's impulsive ways, and enjoyed listening to her lively chatter. She soon became quite at home with him, and told him about her father and mother, and "la belle France;" for he was not a busy man now, and would stroll round the garden with her after seeing his patient, and draw out her childish confidences, till her affectionate nature, together with the instinct that made her trust him so completely, soon caused her to regard him as an old friend—almost as a temporary father.

Soon Miss Sabrina was allowed to come down-stairs for a few hours every day, and from the drawing-room window where she lay on the couch she watched the middle-aged man and the young girl take their habitual stroll together, and gradually the idea grew in her mind that Dr. Meadows was seeking a bride in earnest—the niece, and not the aunt.

The night before Miss Elizabeth's return, Aimee was talking to the doctor of her younger aunt. He had been drinking tea with them in honor of Miss Sabrina's first walk round the garden. "I should say, mon ami," she said reflectively, "if Tante Elise were younger, that she had 'la grand passion.' For see, when a girl in France has it, she grows pale; she seems not to hear you when you speak to her; and then her laugh sounds strange and harsh. So it is with Tante Elise; and are not English and French alike in that? But then, alas! I fear she is too old for la grande passion."

"Too old!" said the doctor indignantly, adding involuntarily: "I am not too old."

Something in his voice caught the girl's attention. She looked up curiously at him, and he, foolish ancient lover, blushed like a girl beneath her inquiring eyes. "Ah!" she cried archly, "you—my mock-papa—are you in love? Why, of course," she cried again, clapping her hands in delight at her own quick perception. "You are in love with Tante Elise. Why did I not guess before?" Then, noticing that his face was very grave, her mood changed at once, and raising his hand to her lips, she kissed it impulsively. "Ah, I am so sorry," she said apologetically; "I should not have said it. I will not be rude again;" and with a hasty "Good-bye," she turned and ran back into the house.

Miss Sabrina had been watching the little scene, and never doubted that Dr. Meadows would now ask for Aimee's hand at the earliest opportunity.

"I shall refer him to her parents, of course," she thought; "yet I am sure they could not but approve. I knew he would choose a young bride. What a good thing I warned Elizabeth in time. I shall tell her first thing when she comes home; and meanwhile I will not mention the subject to Aimee."

The next day Miss Elizabeth returned, looking a shade fresher for her change; and for a long time that evening the sisters were

closted in Miss Sabrina's bed-room. At the end of that time Miss Elizabeth emerged very white and drawn, and she knelt long into the silent watches of the night, praying for the spirit of unselfishness, which should make her rejoice in her niece's good fortune.

When Dr. Meadows left Aimee at the gate, he swore inwardly at having betrayed himself; but when his wrath had cooled a little, he thought of her words, and soon the manliness within him began to cry out against the timidity and self-depreciation that had held him back from making a straightforward appeal to Miss Elizabeth's feelings. Then and there he decided once more to "screw his courage to the sticking-point," and "We'll not fail" he said to himself as he stood on the doorstep; and he pulled the bell so vigorously that the servant came running to the door in dishevelled alarm.

Accordingly, the morning after Miss Elizabeth returned he donned a fine white waistcoat, buttoned up his frock-coat with agile fingers, and sallied forth to place his happiness in the scale of fickle fortune. He was fortunate enough to find Miss Elizabeth alone in the drawing-room arranging flowers in a gown of Quaker gray. Determined at once to broach the subject uppermost in his mind, he began—after a little humming and hawing—in this wise: "Miss Elizabeth, I have come to speak to you on a subject which concerns my happiness very deeply."

So it was true; Sabrina had been quite right!

"Yes, Dr. Meadows," said Miss Elizabeth nervously, pulling a pansy to pieces as she spoke. "I know—that is—we are quite prepared—I will go and fetch Sabrina."

"Fetch Sabrina?" echoed the good doctor in astonishment at this novel way of receiving a speech so obvious in its meaning.

Miss Elizabeth became more and more flurried. "Well—I will fetch Aimee," she said tremulously. Then catching the doctor's eye, and reading a strange tale therein, she added wildly, in her confusion "or both of them."

Suddenly it all flashed upon the doctor. He moved to where Miss Elizabeth was standing, and took both her hands in his. "Is it possible, Elizabeth, that you can mistake what I mean?"

"Oh, please don't talk like that, Dr Meadows," sobbed Miss Elizabeth in dismay. "I promised Sabrina that I would not let you lead me into foo-oo-lish sentiment-a-lism."

"What do you mean, Elizabeth? I love you. I want you to be my wife. It is 'Yes,' is it not?" he asked tenderly, for Miss Elizabeth had unconsciously laid her head on his shoulder and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"But Sabrina said you were only a bee-e." she murmured piteously through her tears, "and that you—flew about—sucking a little honey—here and—there; and that if you ever were to settle, it would be on some g-gorgeous flower; and I am only a comparatively p-poor old maid." She had learned her lesson well.

At that moment Dr. Meadows hated Miss Sabrina with a vindictive hatred. But he controlled it, and gently putting his arm around Miss Elizabeth, he drew her to him and tried to soothe her agitation. "I don't think I am a bee," he said, hardly able to keep from smiling at the apt comparison; "and if I am, why, my dear, I have got a cosey hive, and you shall come and be my queen."

Then he laughed at his foolish words, and Miss Elizabeth laughed too, and was just wiping her eyes, when Sabrina opened the drawing-room door. She stood still for a few moments, looking with bewildered eyes at the "tableau vivant."

"Miss Sabrina," said Dr. Meadows, stepping forward, "I have asked your sister to become my wife, and she has done me the honor to accept my offer. I cannot ask for your sanction, but I should like your blessing and continued friendship. Believe me, I am not the light rover you imagine. I will take care of Elizabeth, and you shall not feel that you have lost a sister; but only, by God's help, that you have gained a brother." And stooping, he raised Miss Sabrina's hand to his lips.

GABRIELLE, THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH.

A TRADITION OF WURZBURG.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA OLIFANT.

CHAPTER I.

FEW towns in Europe present a more charming appearance than Wurzburg, when seen from a distance, especially from the citadel of Marienburg. It is situated on the banks of the broad rapid Main, and entirely surrounded by vineclad hills stands the very ancient castle of Marienburg; at the base of which congregated together in picturesque confusion, are a number of gabled houses, interspersed with three or four quaint-looking churches. The larger portion of the town lies on the opposite bank of the river, and is approached by a grand old bridge of stone, ornamented with rows of gigantic statues. In the centre of quaint gables and ornamental roofs, a mass of spires shoots up into the air, appearing so close together that one is led to imagine they must all belong to one building. Towering above all the rest is the graceful spire of the Marien Kapelle, crowned with its golden image of the Madonna.

Among the numerous spires and domes which are seen in other parts of the town, there is one bearing a resemblance to St. Peter's at Rome. The picturesque churches are each encircled by a belt of beautiful limes, which, when in flower, perfume the air for miles around. One of the great peculiarities of Wurzburg is the quantity of fine trees that grow in and about the town. Many of its streets are narrow and crooked; but that feature adds to its attractive quaintness. There are no signs of the decay so generally found in ancient continental towns.

Unlike most cities in northern Europe, Wurzburg contains several monasteries, for nearly all the inhabitants are Roman Catholics. The monks in their picturesque dresses add not a little to the general interest and fascination of the town. Perhaps, however, the great feature of Wurzburg is the market-place, a noble square, with the beautiful Marien Kapelle on one side, and an ancient, quaintly designed fountain in the centre. As it is now, so has it been for centuries; many of the fine old buildings have been disfigured by modern improvements; but the market-place has been allowed to retain its venerable aspect. It has been the scene of many a life's drama; and perhaps one of the most touching was that of Gabriel Hoogstraeten, a young maiden "surpassing fair," who lived there with her old grandfather, Rudolph Hoogstraeten, in the early part of the last century. He was a dealer in rich stuffs, brocades and gold embroidery, shoe buckles and filigree work, with many other things of quaint device and rarity. So fond was he of the merchant's traffic, that he would fain have sold his beautiful granddaughter, if she had been a salable article. As it was, he looked upon her, as he did upon woman-kind generally, as a useless encumbrance, and yet he owed a great part of his wealth (for report said he was rich) to Gabrielle's beauty. People came from far and near to look upon her. Some sauntered into her grandfather's shop, and bought rich stuffs they did not want, or paid fancy prices for tinsel, that they might perchance touch her hand, or at least hear the sound of her voice, and look into her glorious eyes—eyes that were as calm, pure, and untroubled as the stars that shone down upon her from above.

The fame of her fair beauty had spread far and wide; and so it came to pass that, when travelers journeyed through the town, they made it a part of their business to catch a glimpse of Gabrielle. If they failed, it was acknowledged that they had not seen the rarest and most marvelous thing in Wurzburg.

One bright September morning the market-place presented a most wonderfully animated and picturesque appearance. It was filled with huge wagons, drawn by oxen decorated with gay-colored ribbons and tinkling bells. Some were laden with fruit and vegetables, others with dead wild-deer, their rugged antlers branching out and mingling together in still confusion, while the head of a wild-boar, with its huge yellow tusks, grinned out from among them. Here and there were

groups of chattering peasants in their quaint and varied costumes, with sparkling eyes and smiling faces, bargaining one with another, or trying hard to wheedle an extra thaler out of some close-fisted customer. The place was alive with merry laughter and musical voices. Substantial citizens, and people of high degree, sauntered to and fro among the peasantry; but all managed by some means or other to pass twice or thrice by the store of old Rudolph Hoogstraeten. Gabrielle stood in the doorway, leaning on a pile of rich-colored stuffs with careless unconscious grace.

It would be difficult to paint in mere words the exquisite loveliness of this young girl. The sun itself, with all its latest improvements, would have failed to present anything bearing the slightest resemblance to her. Those who have seen the Beatrice Cenci in the Louvre, with its shy, half-playful half-pensive expression of countenance, may form some idea of Gabrielle. She had the same large soft hazel eyes, bright brown hair, and creamy complexion as the poet-painter has given to the lovely Cenci; and over all her features was the same mysterious shadow, like the dawn of a great sorrow that as yet lay far off. She rested her cheek upon her hand, and looked out thoughtfully upon the animated scene. She was evidently no eager gazer, no amused spectator; for though there was a smile upon her lips, her eyes had that strange far away look in them that may sometimes be traced in the eyes of those who are doomed to suffer, as though the soul, as it approached its own immortality, saw something that could not be fully revealed while it was shrouded by the flesh. Close by, regarding her with looks of passionate admiration, stood the lord of Marienburg Castle, which still in this nineteenth century forms such a great feature in the attractions of Wurzburg. He had been watching her graceful, motionless figure for some moments. Then he approached her slowly, touching her lightly on the shoulder; she turned quickly, and made way for him to pass.

"You will find my grandfather within, my lord baron," she said, making a respectful obeisance to him.

"You know it is not your grandfather I want to see," he answered; and as he spoke his eyes seemed literally to feast upon her beauty. "You know right well it is not your grandfather that draws me here, from the castle to the market-place, so often and so surely against my will."

"Against mine too," murmured the girl to herself, as she turned her head wearily away.

"You look thoughtful, Gabrielle," he said. "What would I give to know that you thought of me? You must think of me sometimes, for I am always thinking of you, and wondering what shape"——

"Oh, no, no!" she said, interrupting him, and shrinking from his sight and from his touch. "I never think of you at all."

He had taken her hand and was looking in her face. He spoke in such earnest, passionate tones, that the passers-by smiled and went on whispering together.

"Yes, yes, sometimes in your prayers, Gabrielle," he answered. "You pray for me and for all sinners."

"I pray for all men; but I think only of those I love." A soft dreamy light came into the girl's eyes as she spoke; but the man's face glowed, and his fierce love burst forth, as, gripping her fast by the wrist, he said:—

"It were wiser to have said 'those I like;' for if there be one among them whom you dare to love, pray for him—ay, pray heartily."

The girl shrunk from him, and a look, half uneasiness, half fear, crossed her face as she said—"Oh, go away, go away! You make me the talk of the market-place."

"Not I," he answered, glancing angrily round; "it is your beauty that draws all eyes on you. Come in, Gabrielle; come in. Old Hoogstraeten is careful of his dead gold; but he leaves you, his living treasure, exposed to the gaze of every thief and beggar in the town. Gabrielle," he added, after a moment's pause, "it is not in human nature to withstand such love as mine. Why do you look so shy and shrinking when I am with you? Is it my rank that frightens you?"

"No, no; it is yourself!" The girl shivered slightly as she spoke. "I do not know why I should be afraid, but your eyes are so fierce they burn me. You persecute me now with your love, but I fear that you may one day persecute me with your hatred. Oh, go your way and let me go mine! Avoid the market-place, and I will avoid the castle."

"You have done that for many days. By avoiding the castle, do you think of avoiding me?"

"No; for I am safer from you there than here. You dare not speak or look at me in the presence of Adolph or Madame Hildegarde, as you are doing now; but"——

"But what?" he urged, looking eagerly in her face.

"I know that my presence there displeases her. She has treated me so coldly and spoken so sternly that I will not brave her anger even for Adolph's sake, albeit his life is lonely without me."

"Say but the word, Gabrielle, and you shall be mistress of Marienberg. Hildegarde shall be taught to treat you with all honor, all regard; or as you enter the castle by one gate, she shall quit it by another."

"Now, indeed, you make me flush with indignation," said Gabrielle, warmly. "Would you put disgrace and insult upon a noble lady, with your own blood in her veins, for the mere pleasure of a face like mine? I shall begin to think there is some evil taint upon me, which can tempt a man to disgrace his own kith and kin."

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" exclaimed the harsh cracked voice of old Rudolph, as he emerged from the store and peered out upon the girl as she stood beyond the threshold; at the same moment, recognizing his noble customer, he doffed his cap from his head and made a profound obeisance. There was a cunning twinkle in his old eye as he added in a more temperate tone, "Come in, and be about your household business, child; it is an ill thing for a girl to be the gaze of a staring town."

Gabrielle obeyed him, and returned silently into the house; while the old man addressed the baron, "Will you please to walk in, my lord baron? I have a new and rare stock of filigree-work, cloth of gold, and embroidered gauntlets, fit for a prince's wear; besides"——

"Ay, ay," said the baron, shortly, "I know your wares, good Rudolph; I am overstocked already with your gilt gingerbread." He lowered his voice as he added, "The only gem worth quartering in a prince's arms, or setting in his crown, it is not in your power to sell, or I would buy it at any price."

"You rate her too highly, noble baron," replied the old man. "You feed her with dainty words and flattering phrases, treating her as though she were a divinity; whereas she is but a painted piece of woman's flesh —of rare perfection, I admit; but what then? You are too hot and strong in your pursuit; the closer you follow, the faster she flies. Give her way; cease to follow, and she will cease to fly; pause to take breath, and finding herself unpursued, she will miss the excitement of the chase; and then, if we are wise, it will be hard if we do not get our way."

"Meanwhile, friend Rudolph, you give her too much liberty," said the baron, significantly.

"Not I, in truth," the old man answered, with a short dry laugh; "she takes it; I would willingly curtail her liberty to oblige you; but I cannot do it unless I chain her limbs, or keep her prisoner."

"Better that than let her be what she is fast becoming—the talk of every idle vagabond who strolls through Wurzburg."

"I cannot interfere with the child any more than I have already done," returned her grandfather, doggedly. "You know, none better, how she is beloved by young and old, rich and poor, throughout the length and breadth of this city of Wurzburg. Were I to attempt to put any harsh control upon her movements, I should raise a hornet's nest about my ears with a vengeance."

"You might, at least, keep a watch upon her, and give me word whither she goes and with whom she speaks."

"I might as well set a watch upon the wandering wind, and demand whence it comes and whither it goes, as on Gabrielle. She has a weird wild nature, and must e'en go on her own way."

While they were conversing in this fashion, their attention was attracted by a commotion at the far end of the market-place, where a crowd of people had gathered together round some object that raised the indignation of some and the laughter of others. The air was filled with execrations and cries, mingled with loud laughter. Presently the mass broke up, and the scattered crowd came helter-skelter toward old Rudolph's store. The object they were pursuing was thus disclosed to view. A young man in torn and tattered garments came rushing onwards. He had lost his cap in the skirmish, and his long dark hair hung wild and disheveled about his shoulders. Though his face had a scared and frightened look, yet he had thought and care for some object which he held close to his breast, and strove to cover and protect with his loose, torn vest. He never faltered, or for a mo-

ment hesitated in his steps. He seemed to fly, while the ragged rabble followed at his heels, until he reached Rudolph Hoogstraeten's store; then he sank breathless upon the threshold, and the crowd closed round and over him, some threatening, some jeering, some cursing him. As soon as he found breath to speak, he called aloud for protection. The noise and general hubbub brought Gabrielle to the door. She heard the lad's cry, and as soon as her eyes fell upon his frightened, agitated face, she recognized him at once. He dragged himself to her feet, while she stooped over him and with her dainty hand strove to shield him from harm, warning the crowd back, saying, "Poor Pietro! what have you done to enrage them so?"

The foremost and most excited among the crowd tried to drag him from her; but she placed herself, in her own pure loveliness, between their rage and him, and said, "You cannot touch him without harming me. What has he done? At least let him have fair play. One man—nay, one boy—is ill-matched against a multitude."

Here the Baron of Marienburg and old Rudolph both struck in; they had not had time to speak, her appearance and action had been so unexpected, so sudden. They demanded angrily what right she had to interfere publicly in behalf of a strolling vagabond.

"He is not a vagabond," she answered, "but a poor lad who used to sell fruit in the market here. You remember, grandfather," she added, eagerly; "it is the same Pietro who was ill of the fever last year, and"——

"He has got the devil in him!" shouted the mob. "Take care of yourself, fraulein, for the devil calls on you."

As though to verify their words, a voice articulated, in strange smothered tones, "Gabrielle, Gabrielle, I love thee."

For a second even the girl herself sank back affrighted; and the young Italian opened his ragged vest and showed her a beautiful bird, with black glistening plumage that shone in the bright sunlight. He whispered a few words in his own soft southern language, and the bird fluttered its wings and flew on to the young girl's shoulder, and repeated its tender cry. The crowd was silent for a moment, and stood still, as though they expected some catastrophe to happen on the spot. But Gabrielle, roused from her momentary wonder, turned her graceful head toward the bird, lifted her hand and smoothed its soft plumage. The pretty creature fluttered its wings proudly beneath her touch. The lad was still in a half-kneeling position at her feet, his face upturned to hers; his rich olive complexion glowed with an orange tint in the sunlight; all the excitement of fear and terror had died out of his eyes, and they were filled with a liquid softness as she whispered, with kind inquiry, "Is it because of the bird they are angry with thee, Pietro?"

"For naught else," replied the boy. "I'll tell thee how it is, fraulein. Though I have been absent so long, I have never forgotten thee. I took the bird from the nest, and taught it to utter those few words. It says nothing but the one phrase, 'Gabrielle, I love thee.'"

The baron, with an angry oath, stepped forward, caught the bird from the girl's shoulder, wrung its neck, and flung it over the heads of the crowd into their midst. A cry burst from Gabrielle's lips; but he laid his hand upon her shoulder, saying, "It was a thing of ill-omen, Gabrielle; it's a magot-pie; you shall have a bird of paradise to-morrow."

But she shook herself free from his touch, shrank away from his hand shivering, and, with a look of horror in her eyes, she exclaimed, "There's blood upon it, and you have left its stain on me!"

The baron's movement had been so sudden, that for a moment the lad Pietro was struck dumb with amazement. His eyes followed the poor bird as it whirled over the heads of the crowd. He heard shouts and cries as they scrambled for it, plucked out its feathers, and tossed it to and fro. A sudden passion, stronger perhaps than the occasion demanded, shook his frame; all the hot blood of his southern nature seemed to rise on the instant to boiling point; his nostrils dilated, and his eyes glowed like kindled coal as he sprang upon the baron with a cry, "You strangled her name in its throat, and I—I will strangle your life in yours!"

Strong man as the baron was, he was powerless to defend himself. The lad's movement was as sudden as the spring of the tiger. His nervous hands clasped the baron's throat, and his lank wiry limbs twined round and round, holding him in a firm tightening clasp, like the subtle coil of the serpent—literally lashing his arms to his side with living sinews strong as steel. In

vain the baron struggled to get free; they fell, and rolled over and over together upon the ground. Not a word was spoken on either side; their labored breath alone showed the might of the struggle. Attracted by Gabrielle's cry, the populace came to the rescue at last, and assailed Pietro with oaths, threats and blows. Still he kept his hold. At length they seized his hands, and by sheer force tore him from the baron's throat, and assisted him to rise. For a second the two, covered with dust and smeared with blood, panting and breathless, glared silently on one another, rage and humiliation being plainly visible on the baron's face. The excitement over, Pietro was exhausted and faint from the blows and bruises he had received; he could not raise himself from the ground.

"Lift him up, and carry him to the castle!" exclaimed the baron, hoarsely, as he pointed to the prostrate figure; "it shall be long before he looks upon the light again."

"To the castle!" repeated the boy, with sudden terror. "No, no, not there! Beat me—kill me, if you will; but leave me free. Lord Baron, I forgive you for having killed my bird. I will even beg your pardon; I will do anything; but"——

The baron raised his finger. The signal was understood; the crowd once more closed round Pietro, lifted him on their shoulders, and bore him away in triumph; but before he passed from the baron's sight, Pietro turned to him and said, "You are great, and rich, and powerful. Though you make me a beggar indeed, yet I leave you richer by a beggar's curse! May it cling to you, and feed and fatten and grow, till its weight drags you through the earth to hell!"

He flung these words forth with strange vehemence; they seemed to dash upon the ground, and rebound and strike upon the baron's ear. Much more he said, but his words were drowned by the deafening cries of the howling mob as they bore him away.

Meanwhile old Rudolph carried his granddaughter into the house, and was fiercely upbraiding her for bringing this scandal, if not disgrace, to his doors. His discordant tones mixed with the cries of the mob, were still echoing in Gabrille's ear, when the baron rejoined them. She knew how strong were his passions, how unlimited his power in Wurzburg, and she trembled for the boy. As the baron entered the room, she flew to his side, and appealed to him in Pietro's behalf.

"You will not be too hard upon him," she said. "He is young and hot-tempered, and all his anger rose from gratitude to me, not hate to you. He was goaded by the ill-usage of the mob, and so forgot"——

"I cannot forget that a churl's hand has clasped the throat of a baron of the Roman empire," exclaimed the baron, interrupting her, with a stern face and angry eyes.

"'Ah, when you speak and look so, I know you would have no mercy even on me!" said Gabrielle, shrinking away.

"Gabrielle," he answered, his aspect softening, "you have fooled me many times, and may fool me again. Whatever you ask for your own sake, I should never have courage to deny; but for this boy"——

"It is for my sake I plead for him," she said; "his misfortune was my fault. If you punish him, you punish me, for I shall feel every stripe, every blow—not, indeed, upon my flesh, but on my naked soul!"

She came nearer to him as she spoke, and looked at him with clasped hands and mute imploring eyes.

"You speak eloquently in his behalf," replied the baron. "Are you not afraid that the strength of your words may mar your cause?"

"No," she answered, speaking in a bolder tone than she had ever yet used to the Baron of Marienburg; "for you have said you love me. You have been more than liberal—even lavish—in good words and fine phrases; and I know you will not be a miser in your good acts, when I pray for only one. You have said that for my sake you would stoop from your high place—even degrade your own noble kith and kin—defy the world—to honor me! If there is any truth in you, you cannot, in the face of your own spoken words, refuse me the one thing I ask—mercy for a poor beggar-boy. He is beneath the notice, beneath even the vengeance, of such as you. You will not, you must not, for my sake, refuse to spare him!"

Her fears for the boy made her bold; she lifted her eyes prayerfully to the baron's face, and breathlessly awaited his answer. Her beseeching attitude, humid eyes and trembling voice affected him powerfully. In her eager earnestness, she had approached so near to him that he could feel her breath upon his cheek. His resolution melted away; his anger vanished; even his humilia-

tion was forgotten; he thought only of her. He seized her folded hands, drew her toward him, raised them up, and held them clasped about his own neck.

"Gabrielle," he said, "kiss me once, kiss me twice, kiss me thrice, and the churl is in your hands."

A slight shiver ran through the girl's frame; a deadly pallor came over her face; her eyes, wide open, clear and expressionless, were fixed upon him; but all their life and spirit had faded away—she lay insensible in his arms.

CHAPTER II.

TOWARDS the evening the baron retraced his steps back to the castle of Marienburg, on the other side of the river. The sun had already set. A pleasant breeze was springing up, and, sweeping down from the vineyards, rippled the water beneath his feet. He crossed the wide stone bridge, where the gigantic statues of his fabled ancestors looked down from the sculptured niches where they had stood for centuries, the grim guardians of the town. His heart grew heavy with thought. He leaned his arms upon the wide stone coping, and looking down upon the flowing river, debated within himself upon the aspect his life at that moment wore. He fancied that he considered and weighed it in all its bearings calmly. He did not know he had lost the power of thinking, as any man who blinds reason, holds conscience in with a snaffle, and gives the reins to passion, heedless of the obstacles in shape of right and wrong, that block his way. He thought he was holding a parley with his better self, when in reality he was stifling its voice, and yielding to the one unbridled passion of his nature. So far as the world was concerned, the lines of his life had fallen in pleasant places; even in the most turbulent times things had gone well with him; but at home, there, on his hearthstone, a shadow fell, and a cross lay heavy upon him. His son, his only child, the last of his name and race, was deaf and dumb.

Adolph of Marienburg, whose mother died in his infancy, was just one year older than Gabrielle. Her mother had served the family and nursed them both. Thus the earlier part of their lives had been spent together, and as they grew older, though one roof no longer covered them, Gabrielle was often at the castle, his chief companion, his only playmate; his misfortune hindered his free companionship with his own sex. And thus it happened that the Baron of Marienburg had seen Gabrielle's childhood bud and blossom into the rich and rare beauty of womanhood. Then he suddenly bethought him that she had grown too old to be the playmate of a boy, and was fitted to be the companion of a man, even of himself. He had so accustomed his eyes to the sight of her loveliness, that he soon desired to become its sole possessor—to crave for her, as the sick man craves for health, or as the sinner for the heaven that is forbidden him. He had so fed himself with the idea that he, and he only, had a right to the possession of Gabrielle, that he grew jealous of every one who passed through the market-place and even looked upon her. Indeed, he allowed his thoughts to dwell so much upon her, that by degrees the matters of graver import passed from his mind, and the fair face of that child-woman filled his life. Besides that, all other things seemed tame, gray and colorless, and life itself not worth living for. This love, so encouraged to the exclusion of all other feelings, became a ruling passion, almost a madness. He would hold imaginary consultations with Gabrielle, make her think, and speak, and look with answering tenderness. Sometimes as he walked to and fro his stately hall, he fancied he saw her by his side, dressed in all the magnificence of a baroness. Her white arms and slender neck clasped round with the ancient jewels of his race. Why should it not be so in truth? She was, she must be, mad to refuse so brilliant a destiny. She was scarcely old enough to appreciate the distinction he offered her, and, in her green judgment, refused it.

The world, in general, did not play at cross purposes with the Baron of Marienburg; whatever he desired he was sure to possess, at least it had been so hitherto. Now he had no desire, no ambition, no longing but to stretch forth his hand and gather this sweet human flower; but he could not grasp it. Do what he would it eluded him, and so all longings merged in the one desire. There was but one thing stood between it and him—the will of a girl of seventeen. He thought of all he had heard and read illustrative of the passion of love, and wondered how men won the hearts of the women their souls longed for. If he could even for one hour, nay, for one moment, call the lovelight to

her eyes, he fancied that he would be content to wander through a world of darkness evermore. He knew that all the passion and poetry of her nature lay hidden in the depths of her soul, and that one day they would wake up and make the music of some man's life—why not of his? Ay, why not indeed? Moses struck the hard dry rock, and made the living waters flow; but to make the sweet waters of love flow from the breathing heart of a woman, it needs the power of a mighty magician, and the magician must be Love's self.

Gabrielle occupied the baron's thoughts so entirely, that for a time he forgot the episode of the day relating to Pietro and his bird; but as he commenced his homeward way, it came back to him, and he put his hand up to his throat, as though he felt the boy's clasp there still. He chafed at the memory of it, and wondered if the story had found its way to the castle yet, and in what form it had reached his sister's ears. Who would have the courage to tell her the tale? He himself stood slightly in awe of the Baroness Hildegarde, who lived with him and ruled despotically in the castle of Marienburg. He never opposed her, because perhaps she had crossed him, and he wondered if she would dare to cross him now. Gabrielle had said in plain words that her visits to the castle were displeasing to the baroness—in what way had she shown her displeasure? He knew Gabrielle's nature. Had the baroness touched it roughly, and crushed or killed a thought of him that might have grown and bore the fruit he longed for? He quickened his steps, with a fierce anger burning at his heart.

On arriving at the castle, he found a general confusion prevailing, and messengers were at that moment setting forth in search of him. As he crossed the great hall, a tall stately lady, with a face as dark and stern as his own, came forward to meet him. On both sides the greeting was cold and brief.

"Your son has been suddenly and strangely struck in a fit of some kind, and we are perplexed to know its cause."

What more she may have said the baron heard not; he flew past her up the rough stone stairs, across the vaulted corridor, and in a moment more was looking down upon his boy—the last of the house of Marienburg. His eyes filled with an expression of earnest anxious affection; tender hopes and fears gathered about his heart, and for a moment blotted out the fair face of Gabrielle. There lay the boy still and motionless, with his eyes wide open and fixed on vacancy; not with the empty expression of one who gazed on nothingness, but with the rapt, beautified expression which is sometimes seen painted on the faces of the saints. His spirit's eyes seemed to be looking out through the eyes of flesh, beyond, far beyond and above all things earthly, seeing such things as cannot be transmitted through the mortal sight, or comprehended by the flesh.

The boy, as he lay there, looked like the incarnation of the beauty of youth. The baron leaned over him and pressed his lips on his son's white hand; but Adolph made no response—not even an eyelid quivered in recognition of the loving act. The physician was summoned to the bedside. He examined his patient, shook his head, looked wise, and at last admitted that the case was such as passed his understanding. The sudden seizure, the prolonged insensibility of the flesh, while the spirit seemed to be strangely awake, perplexed and puzzled him. He would remain all night and watch by the bedside. Both father and physician kept their lonely vigil long after the household had retired to rest, for they kept early hours in that quaint old German town. The minutes seemed hours. There was no change in the patient. The watchers rose up, went to the other end of the room, and consulted together in whispers as though they feared to disturb him. While they were thus occupied gravely discussing together, a voice of strange sweetness filled the room.

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle, wait! I'm coming!" rung out in clear bell-like tones.

The watchers hurried back to the bedside, the physician exclaiming, "He speaks!"

"No," said the baron; "he has been deaf and dumb from his cradle."

They bent again in breathless wonder and anxiety over his couch. The patient had changed his position slightly, and the eyelids partially veiled the eyes.

"His lips move still," said the physician.

"Ay, but no sound comes from them," replied the baron. "I tell you again, he has never uttered an articulate word, not even his mother's name."

"Who was it, then, that spoke?" replied the physician, in a low cautious whisper. "I certainly heard the sound of a woman's name. Who could have uttered it, if not he?"

The Baron of Marienburg was strangely moved. What could it mean; and why, and by whom, was Gabrielle's name spoken at such a season? A mingled feeling of awe and wonder came over him as he folded his arms and sat in moody silence by his son's bedside. Presently Adolph moved and rose up from his bed, like one who wakes from a refreshing sleep. They spoke to him, but he answered not; to their influence, at least, he was still insensible and dead. The doctor placed his finger on his lips, and by signs enjoined watchfulness and silence. Meanwhile, Adolph proceeded leisurely to throw his cloak around him, placed his plumed hat upon his head, descended the stairs, crossed the courtyard, passed out of the castle-gate, and proceeded down the hill towards the bridge of statues. The moon was at the full, and the sleeping city lay peacefully beneath its silvery light. Not a sound was to be heard, not a creature was to be seen, save the sleeper who threaded his way unhesitatingly, seemingly without the use of eyes. The watchers followed him, with noiseless footsteps and a great wonder at their hearts. Swiftly he glided over the bridge in the shadow of the gigantic statues, and on, straight on, across the market-place, until he reached Gabrielle's door. He stood there for a moment, with patient, folded hands, as though he expected it would open for him to enter; but it remained closed. Then he laid himself across the threshold and seemed to sleep.

The baron rapped at the door, and, with as little noise as possible, roused the household. In a few minutes old Rudolph and his granddaughter Gabrielle came down to the door, and after looking with amazement on the insensible form that lay upon the threshold, glanced upon the shrouded figures beside it for an explanation. The baron gave it briefly. For a moment they consulted together as to what was wisest to be done. Gabrielle kneeled down and looked tenderly on the boy's face.

"You have spoken to him, you tell me," she said, looking inquiringly into the baron's face, "and he is deaf to your voice, insensible to your touch? Will you leave him to me?"

Again she turned to Adolph, and watched him for a moment silently. Then she touched him—he moved, but slightly; and she spoke to him in a low voice that was almost a whisper, "Adolph! dear Adolph! it is I, Gabrielle, who speaks to you. Will you come with me? May I take you by the hand?"

He was sensible to her touch, and his spirit seemed to hear her voice; for he rose up and stood by her side, his face inclined towards her.

"To the castle," whispered the baron in Gabrielle's ear as he pointed the way.

She obeyed him, and silently took the road thither. The sleeper followed her with unvarying tread, keeping about three paces behind her. If she paused a moment, he paused also, nor stirred till she went on again. In this way they reached the castle; and, in obedience to the baron's instructions, Gabrielle led Adolph to his chamber, and desired him to lie down and be at rest. He obeyed her at once. He threw himself on his couch, and soon slept a healthful, natural sleep. The baron was content to leave him, and escorted Gabrielle back to her home.

The adventure of the night filled him with strange awe and wonder. They walked on in silence until they reached the bridge of statues; then he paused, and taking Gabrielle's hand in his, looked upon her beautiful face, etherealized and spiritualized now by the pale moonlight.

"Gabrielle," he said, and his voice was more gentle and less impassionate than it was wont to be, "the spirit of prophecy is strong upon me to-night. There is no further need for you to struggle or me to sue. I feel that you are my fate, as I am yours. It may be for weal, it may be for woe; but—yes, I am satisfied it is to be."

As she gazed up into his dark face, her own grew white with fear. It seemed terrible to be standing there alone with him at midnight. The sleeping city wore an appearance of fairy-like beauty. The moon shone down upon it, gilding every spire and steeple, lighting up the tiny waves that rippled beneath their feet, making all things look fair and beautiful except the dark face which bent over her—that could only be brightened by a light from within; and though the baron's eyes sparkled and glittered, it was with a cruel fire, not a holy light. She cowered beneath his gaze, but answered nothing.

"Why do you not speak, Gabrielle?" he asked. "You must recognize the hand of God in this matter. My only son is deaf and dumb; he has never heard the sound of

human voice; the whole world is mute to him—silent as a grave; yet your voice reached him, stirred him who was dead to all the world to rise up and follow you! Gabrielle," he added, and his voice sank to a tender tone, "you hold my heartstrings in your hand, and my poor boy's spirit obeys your bidding. Come, come back to Marienburg, not for my sake only, but for my son. Come; to-morrow I will see the priest, and you shall be lady of Marienburg." Seeing that she still gazed at him in mute surprise, he added, "I am bolder now, Gabrielle; for I feel it is God's will as well as mine. You must obey it. His voice is speaking to your heart now, even as mine is appealing to your ears. You must hear it, Gabrielle!"

"I do! I do!" she exclaimed, and as she spoke her face grew radiant. He had unloosed her hand, as though he would fold her in his arms, as she added, "I do hear it. It speaks indeed; but not for you—oh, not for you!" She drew her loosened hands from his clasp, and with a half-stifled sigh, half sob, she turned away and fled like a frightened deer.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Adolph of Marienburg made his appearance as usual, and seemed perfectly oblivious of his night's adventure. There is usually something painful in the expression of the face of the dumb—a yearning wistful look in the weird eyes that is sad to behold. Adolph always had that look intensified to a degree; but on this special morning his face was bright with smiles, as though he had risen up from pleasant dreams whose sweetness lingered on his memory still. The baron scrutinized him with earnest eyes, but could read no signs of the night's strange doings. Indeed, he could almost have pursuaded himself that it had been a weird wild dream of his own; that he had never followed the sleeper through the sleeping city, nor stood with Gabrielle on the bridge at midnight; but the physician was in the castle still, and his presence verified the fact.

It was the custom of the young lord of Marienburg to spend much of his time in a large turret-chamber at the east end of the castle, working as he loved to work, either modeling in clay or carrying out his ideas in marble. An enthusiast and lover of art by nature, he had talents of no mean order, and all his life had been devoted to their culture. He was always thinking, sketching out, or planning some new work of beauty. He had begun many things which gave great promise of excellence; but had completed nothing. Of late, since Gabrielle had been so seldom to the castle, he had spent a portion of the day in his chamber in utter solitude. He was allowed to do as he pleased with his forlorn life, occupying it according to his own fancy. There was no one to interrupt, no one to care for him.

On this morning, after he had exchanged the usual morning salutations with his father and the Baroness Hildegarde, he betook himself to the turret, where he would be safe from all intrusion. No one but himself and the baron possessed keys to the chamber door. The baron rarely availed himself of this freedom of access, but on the present occasion, after a brief lapse of time, he followed his son. He hardly knew why, or with what motive or expectation he did so; perhaps it was with a latent, half-conscious hope, that he might find some clue that would lead to the unravelling of the last night's mystery. He turned the key softly, opened the door, and stood there transfixed with amazement. Adolph was not working now; he was pacing up and down, uttering unconscious sounds of delight. Now and then, nay every second, he paused before an exquisitely-designed and finely-executed bust of Gabrielle! Well might the sculptor gaze with proud exultation at the work of his hand—not of his hand only, but of his heart and soul also; he seemed to have poured into it the breath of life, and make it live indeed. The baron stood for a moment entranced before that mute resemblance of the creature he loved; then a smile flashed up and brightened his face with strange brightness.

"To-morrow is my birthday," he thought, "and my boy has prepared that blessed gift for me."

He closed the door gently. He would not let Adolph know he had seen the bust, and so deprive him of the pleasant surprise he was evidently anticipating for the morrow.

The baron was almost joyous at heart. Everything seemed to smile auspiciously, all working to an end—the end he longed for—the end that was to be the beginning of his life's felicity. How had Adolph discovered that he loved Gabrielle? for that he had discovered it the baron doubted not.

On descending to the grand hall he found the Baroness Hildegarde awaiting him. To her, as they paced up and down together, he related the story of the night's events, concluding with the marvelous work he had just seen in the turret-chamber.

"There is some strange fate, something more than chance, in these things, Hildegarde," he said, in conclusion.

"Ay, much more than chance," she answered, without raising her eyes from the ground.

"And, Hildegarde," he rejoined, lowering his voice and looking keenly in her face, "you will order your horse at once, and ride down to old Rudolph's store, in the market-place, and beg Gabrielle to return with you back to Marienburg."

"I!" exclaimed the baroness, pausing in her walk and looking up in his face with amazement. All the pride of her whole race seemed to flash forth out of her eyes as she added, "If the girl must come to Marienburg, your scullion were the fittest escort."

"Not so," replied the baron, and his words sounded strangely like a menace in her ears. "She who is to be the future mistress of Marienburg, should be escorted thither with all honor."

"Ah! go your thoughts that way?"

"They do, and the hopes of all my life go with them; and I shall know no rest, no peace, till I have won the prize I seek."

"Prize!" echoed the lady, with a scornful laugh. "A burgher's daughter a prize for the Baron of Marienburg! Why, if your ancestors had seen this prize lying in the kennel, not one of them would have stooped to pick it up, but left it for the serving-men. Tell me you are jesting, brother, or I shall think you mad indeed."

"Your thoughts have no control over my actions," he began.

"Nor have you control over your own," she answered, fiercely, "or you would not dare to contemplate such an act as this. It would be an insult to the whole race of the Marienburgs. You dare not do so much dishonor to your dead ancestors."

"I dare do so much honor to posterity," replied the baron. "Ages to come the Marienburgs will be grateful that I have given them so fair an ancestress. There is one jewel that has been rare among the ladies of our family, Hildegarde—beauty; and that, in all its pristine purity, Gabrielle will transmit to posterity, making the future generation so much the richer than the past."

"Pshaw! no jewel, not even a bloodstone; a mere bit of bright colored tinsel set in brass, that has been trampled in the mire by the tread of generations."

"Bad logic, Hildegarde," said the baron, interrupting her. "The value of a jewel is not in its setting, but in itself, and mine is without a flaw!"

For one moment there was an unbroken silence; then the Baroness Hildegarde spoke, and her tone was changed.

"Is your mind in truth so firmly set on this that no words, no prayers of mine, will move it?"

"It is as firmly set as the sun itself is set on rising to-morrow."

"Then be it so," murmured the baroness under her breath, and from between her clenched teeth. His eyes were bent upon the ground; had he glanced upon her face at that moment, its expression would have startled even him. When she spoke again it was in her usual calm tone.

"You have taken me by surprise," she said, "and my whole soul rises in revolt against you. I would oppose you to the death if I had any hope of gaining the victory; but I have none—I know you too well. I will therefore do your bidding and seek Gabrielle Hoogstraeten, and invite her with due courtesy to the castle. You know I can do even a bitter thing with much sweetness if I will."

"True, none know that better than I," he answered. "You can cover your sharp claws with velvet. I verily believe you would smile even when you pointed a barbed arrow at the heart of your friend."

"If my friend had done me the service of an enemy, why should I not?" she answered, bitterly.

"But only touch my pet-lamb tenderly, Hildegarde," replied the baron, "and rend what enemy you will."

They separated, but before the baroness had gone far away he followed her, saying, "Forgive me if I have been harsh, Hildegarde; but in truth my love for Gabrielle makes me blind and dead, perhaps mad, to all the world except herself."

"Pray make no apologies," she answered; "for indeed I do not consider you are a free agent in this matter." She bent her head coolly and passed on.

Within an hour the Baroness Hildegarde left the castle brilliantly attended, to do her brother's will. There might have been honey on her lips, but there was gall in her heart, thunder on her brow, and a light in her eyes—a light that could scorch and burn.

Meanwhile, Gabrielle had risen up early in the morning, unconscious of the honor the day had in store for her. The old man, her grandfather, was even more querulous and dissatisfied than usual, complaining bitterly of his poverty and the hardship he endured in having her as well as himself to provide for.

"There is no gratitude in the world, Gabrielle," he grumbled, "or you would do something to relieve me."

"Relieve you of what, grandfather?" said the girl.

"Of yourself," he answered, gruffly.

"I do all I can," she replied, turning crimson. "If you will let me, I will go up in the vineyards and work this season."

"That would disgrace, not relieve me," said he. "What! would you run wild in the vineyards with such a rabble as your friend Pietro and the like? No; the one thing that you can do you will not," he added, laying his hand upon her shoulder and peering into her face. "Gabrielle, what devil is it that turns you against the baron, who offers you so much honor? You must surely have some pride, some ambition, some small vanities, and he could gratify them all. He is rich and generous, and he loves you."

"With the love that kills, not the love that cherishes," murmured the girl. "Besides, grandfather, how could I marry him? He is old; he is Adoph's father—think of that."

"That would not hinder his being your husband," returned the old man.

"I could not bear it," said Gabrielle. "I would prefer the poorest burgher in the city to him, rich and noble as he is. I never liked him; sometimes I think I almost hate him."

"What matters that?" said the old man, angrily. "These are fine times when a girl brings hatred up as an argument against marriage."

"I could not live with a dog I hated, or that hated me," she answered.

"But remember, Gabrielle, how poor, how very poor I am; and he has promised me three hundred kronthalers on your wedding-day."

"And you would sell me, even at so low a price?" said Gabrielle, bitterly.

"Ay, why not? Though to my mind, you are but a poor article, and not worth half the money. But he chooses to give a fancy price, and, if I had my will, he should have you in spite of yourself."

"Thank God, your will is not the law in Wurzburg!" exclaimed Gabrielle, fervently.

"I warrant me you have some high-flown notions of love floating about your silly brain; but, girl, you may live to learn that love will not feed the hungry, clothe the naked, nor warm the cold, nor"——

"It will! it will!" exclaimed the girl, "or I should have been starved, and cold, and dead long, long ago." Her whole face lighted up for a second, but, as its brightness faded away, she added, quickly, "But do not let us talk of these things, grandfather. They only anger you, and grieve me. They make me unfit for prayers, and—I am going to confession now."

"I would to heaven I were your confessor! I would teach you how to construe obedience," he answered, sullenly.

As Gabrielle tripped daintily across the market-place, with a crimson kerchief wound round her head, a picturesque simplicity that suited her style of beauty best, she received many a friendly greeting and kindly smile. All the town knew that the life she led with her miserly grandfather was a hard and lonely one. She did not stop on her way to church for any idle chat, as many of the girls of Wurzburg did. She merely returned the pleasant greeting and then passed on again. As she crossed the bridge, she saw the Baroness Hildegarde with her stately retinue approaching from an opposite direction. Gabrielle dreaded encountering this lady almost as much as she dreaded an encounter with the baron himself, so she crouched behind a broken gateway, and they passed by without observing her. She had just emerged from her hiding-place and passed a few steps onward, when two brothers, Gustavus and Frederic of Zirndorf, stood before her and blocked her way. She could not pass without stopping to parley with them, as they evidently intended she should. They bid her good-morrow, adding, "We must have done some unconscious good deed to deserve the pleasure of seeing your face, fraulein. A moment since your name was on our lips."

"Indeed," replied Gabrielle, with a soft

shy blush, "I might ask what have I done, that you should speak of me?"

"We were wondering why it is that you come abroad so rarely," said Gustavus, the elder brother.

"I come abroad as often as my business requires me," she answered.

"We have heard that your business leads you sometimes to this bridge at midnight—and not alone, fraulein," whispered Frederic, the younger.

The girl's heart beat quick, and her face flushed crimson. They were evidently alluding to the last night, when she had stood there with the baron, unconscious that any eye beheld them. How much did they know of it, or how little? Seeing that his brother's words had distressed her, Gustavus came to her relief.

"I wish that your business sometimes led you our way, or led us yours," he said.

"It is leading me now whither, I am sure, it must often lead you—to God's house," she answered.

"Nay, but that is a house ill-tenanted," said Frederic. "But they say a great preacher is sweeping down from the Black Virgin of Alt Œtting to purify and refine the old faith, and graft on it a new."

"I care nothing for any faith except my own," said Gabrielle. "Please let me pass."

"First, I must levy toll on this pretty hand," replied Frederic, suiting the action to the word and carrying it to his lips, while Gabrielle was ready to cry for very shame and vexation.

"Now see how you vex the child!" said his brother, interposing between them and making way for her to pass. As she did so, he glanced down at the bunch of flowers she was carrying, and added, "You are going to decorate the altar of your favorite saint, fraulein. Can you not spare a single flower for one of your own worshipers?"

She lifted her eyes to his face half-smilingly, and at the same moment a lovely white rose that she had worn in her bosom fell at his feet. She passed onwards, unconscious of her loss. A cloud gathered on the elder brother's brow as they wound their way toward the vineyards.

Meanwhile the Baroness Hildegarde returned to Marienburg, where the baron impatiently awaited her.

"I have done my best to carry out your wishes, brother; but Fate seems against us. I was told that Gabrielle was at her prayers; but as I passed, I saw her loitering on the bridge with the two brothers of Zirndorf, and"——

"She is so beautiful, Hildegarde," he said, "it is not wonderful that all the world worships her."

"Nay, there is a strange fascination about her, I confess; and, O brother, stay," she added, as the baron crossed the hall with hasty strides; "I have been pondering on the events of last night. The more I think, the more I am amazed, and anxious to understand the matter that seems to me incomprehensible."

"To me also," said the baron.

"And in order to make myself well informed on the subject, I have desired a strict watch to be set on our dear Adolph—and on Gabrielle also."

"Good," replied the baron. "You are an admirable woman, Hildegarde. I am deeply in your debt for this day's work;" and he turned away in the direction of the cathedral, to seek Gabrielle where he knew he should be most likely to find her.

As Gabrielle knelt before the altar, she became suddenly aware that she was not alone. A shadow fell over her, body and soul; her thoughts were thrown into confusion; her words would not answer to her will, and her beads seemed all awry. She rose from her knees, and found the baron standing by her side.

"You here!" she murmured, under her breath. "Can you not even let me pray in peace?"

His face was pale; and he looked more solemn and earnest than usual, as he answered, "Ay, truly, Gabrielle, you have need to pray, not for yourself only, but for the soul you have destroyed."

"The soul I have destroyed!" echoed Gabrielle, affrighted. "I have never even injured a fly!"

"Not willingly, Gabrielle, I grant you that much grace; but you are too wild and wayward to have the charge of your own beauty." Gabrielle gave a sigh of relief. She had been for a moment startled by his earnestness when he spoke of a soul destroyed.

"And you are willing to become my guardian! How dare you follow me here, to the altar of God, to tell me that?" she answered.

"No, it is with far other news I must greet your ears, Gabrielle. You parted with

the brothers of Zirndorf, just about an hour ago."

"And if I did," she replied, "it is with no will of mine we met."

"You gave Frederic of Zirndorf the white rose you had worn in your own breast."

Gabrielle put up her hand to where the flower had been, and said, "I have lost it! and if Frederic of Zirndorf has it, he found it. I never gave it him."

"Ay, he has it. The brothers quarreled, Gabrielle—quarreled over your poor flower, and Frederic holds it still, grasped in his dead hand—his brother's dagger in his heart. Hush!" he drew her on one side, adding, "They are bringing it here!"

"It! What?" exclaimed Gabrielle, her blood running cold with terror.

Even as she spoke, a silent crowd thronged in at the open door, bearing among them the body of Zirndorf. They laid it before the altar, and called a priest, but it was too late. The baron had spoken the truth; the young man was dead, with the white rose of Gabrielle Hoogstraeten clasped in his cold hand.

CHAPTER IV.

GABRIELLE seemed to open her eyes in a strange world upon the morrow. Everything seemed to have undergone a transformation, and to appear damp and gray even beneath the sunlight. As she went abroad into the market-place, eyes that used to brighten at the sight of her were clouded, smiling faces were averted, and the few greetings she received were coldly given, and told too truly of estranged hearts. She walked on like one in a dream, till she reached the fountain, whither she went to draw water, and where she always received a warm welcome, and generally stood chatting with her young female acquaintances and neighbors. Sometimes she stayed so long that she was rebuked on her return; but now there was a general silence when she came near, and on whichever side she looked she saw nothing but lowering brows —nay, even threatening faces.

The very air seemed laden with unuttered thunder. Tears welled slowly into her eyes as she looked round in questioning wonder, her wounded soul plainly visible in her face. At last she addressed a little girl, who was turning sorrowfully to follow in her mother's receding footsteps. Gabrielle caught the child by the hand, saying, "What is the matter, Gretchen? Why do they all avoid me? We were friends but yesterday. What have I done that they should change to-day?"

"Oh, they say dreadful things," replied the child. "They say the foul fiend is in your beauty, and you force men to kill one another"——

"Gretchen!" The child wrenched away her hand, and ran in obedience to her mother's call. In another moment Gabrielle was alone at the fountain. She knelt down, leaned her head on the marble basin, and sobbed aloud, she felt so desolate and forlorn. Her mind had received a severe shock, and indeed was half paralyzed by the catastrophe which had befallen the brothers of Zirndorf; for although she in reality was in no way to blame, yet she felt she was the unconscious cause of the fatal blow, and she reproached herself as sensitive natures will, if a chance or unconscious act of theirs result in evil to another. Gabrielle's heart was full and brimming over with remorse, for—she knew not what. She racked her brain to try and think what look, what word, what act of hers, could have created or fomented the evil passions of the two brothers, that she might give it a name and repent of it as a particular sin; but she could think of nothing. Things had fallen out so tragically, it seemed as if Satan had dug a pitfall for her feet, even as she trod her way to the house of God.

At that special moment she stood in need of consolation and friendly countenance. She pined for some tender friend to sympathize with her and reconcile her to herself; but all faces and all hearts seemed turned from her. In her utter desolation of spirit, she wished she could creep down under the soft green turf and sob herself to rest on her dead mother's breast. Young as she was, it seemed to her a pleasant thing to lie there and be at rest forever, out of the world's highways and byways, beyond the reach of sorrow.

There was but one being in all the world who, she knew, would feel with her and for her with all his heart and soul, and that was her foster-brother, Adolph of Marienburg, who had been the companion of her life, the confidant of all her pleasures, thoughts, longings and desires. She let him enter into all the sunshine of her life, but in its shadow she walked alone. He knew nothing of his father's love and persecution; though she

felt a natural delicacy in baring the history of the father's folly to the soul of the son, she knew the time had come when he must learn the truth. That other story, too, of the brothers of Zirndorf might reach him in a form so false and distorted as to distract and torture him. However bitter the truth might be, she knew her lips could sweeten it to his senses.

Since Gabrielle had absented herself from the castle, she and Adolph often chanced to meet in the vineyards, in a delicious, cool shady nook, which had been their favorite haunt when they were children, and indeed was their favorite haunt still. It was already past noon, the very hour when he would most probably be there. She rose up, dried her tears, turned her back upon the fountain, and bent her steps towards the vineyards. Truly, as she had expected, Adolph was there to receive her. Instinctively he knew that she was coming, though his ear could not hear her footsteps, nor his eye behold her. Long before she came in sight, he felt that she was near, and sprang down the hill to meet her. Though his tongue was chained, and his lips mute, his eyes brightened, and his whole face was eloquent with the pure affection that has all the freshness and glory of the boy's love which has not yet ripened into the passion of the man.

There was no need of words to tell the tale that bound those two young souls together; it was written on their cheeks, revealed in their eyes, and in the soft clinging clasp of the hands that met so joyfully, and were so loath to part again. Slowly they wandered on, beneath the shade of the cool clustering vines—which were trained above their heads in the fashion of our own hop-gardens—as innocent and happy as were our first parents in the garden of Eden, and, like them, unconscious that the serpent lay in wait to seize and destroy.

Presently they reached their own shady nook. Gabrielle seated herself on a mossy bank, and Adolph threw himself at her feet, and taking out his tablets commenced writing with as much rapidity as he would have spoken. Gabrielle leaned over him, shook her head, and gently took the tablets from his hand, writing, in answer, "No, I will not talk with you in this way any more. You have been very idle lately, but I must have you talk as other people do; you have such beautiful thoughts, Adolph—oh, if you could give them words!"

"I don't wish to speak as other people do," the boy wrote, rapidly; "I never wish to talk to any one but you. I would rather hear than speak. I wonder what your voice is like, Gabrielle? I think if I could only hear it once, I should be content to be deaf and dumb forever afterward."

"Oh, but there are so many beautiful sounds in the world, Adolph, if you could only dream how beautiful they are! I wish you could hear the sound of the singing-birds, or the grand swell of the great organ."

"I should not care for it, Gabrielle; the birds may be very well—God made them to sing; but as for the organ, with its thousand metal throats and pipes and wires, I never will believe that can have a pleasant voice or make sweet music. There is more music in your face than all the world can ever make for me. Shall I tell you what I fancy your voice must be like? Well, I think it must be to the ears what a soft mellow sunset is to the eye, as rich and full of the gorgeous coloring of your soul, Gabrielle."

"I shall not talk to you in this idle fashion. Come, you have not had a lesson for a whole week. There are so many things I want you to know, Adolph, that my lips may speak, but I could not teach my hand to write."

He glanced over her as she was writing, then she refused to give him his tablets back. In vain he appealed to her with mute glances and imploring looks; she only laughed and shook her head, firm in her refusal; then he ran away and pelted her with forget-me-nots which grew beside a brook hard by; but she could not share his playful mood that day, and he soon grew tired of it. There was something in her look that puzzled him, for he had learned to read her face as some read a book. He gathered clusters of rich, luscious grapes, laid them in the cool vine leaves, and carried them to her; then he threw himself on the mossy ground at her feet, and picking out the ripe purple fruit, held it to her lips. With such like playful ways and wiles he tried to make her gay, but her very smiles wore a shade of sadness; then he too became grave and questioned her with his eyes.

She laid her hand caressingly on his bright curling hair, answered him with her lips, moving them slowly, letting every syllable dwell on her lips that his eyes might catch their meaning, and learn their motion, though their sound might never reach his

ear. He watched her with an intensely earnest expression, as though his whole soul had been drawn up into his eyes and hung upon her words. He was slow to learn—she was patient to teach. Again and again she framed the same sentence before he caught her meaning. At last his eyes sparkled, and imitating the movement of her lips, he echoed the sound they made.

She laughed, nodded her head, and clapped her hands triumphantly to show that he had understood her rightly. Next he essayed to answer, but that was a more difficult task. Sometimes, though his lips moved, no sound came from them; again, the syllables were disconnected, and fell from his lips a string of broken words; but he was brave, and persevered. It might well be that he enjoyed the corrections of his lovely teacher; he repeated the phrase over and over, until he uttered it as clear in sound and sense as any man in the full possession of all his faculties could have spoken it.

It was some days since he had had his last lesson from Gabrielle, and presently, as the minutes flew by, the difficulties became less and less, and they talked almost as though they both heard as well as understood one another. Truly, if a sculptor could have seen these two young fair creatures grouped together so lovingly in the sunlight, he would have written them in marble, and rendered them immortal, as "Love learning its lesson from the lips of Beauty."

By slow degrees Gabrielle gave him a shadowy outline of the things that troubled her. They sat there, unconscious that any eye but God's was over them, yet if eyes could have slain them, they would have been killed by the orbs of fire that were gazing down on them through the clustering vine leaves.

The Baroness Hildegarde, whose eyes and ears were ever on the alert, had some idea of the tenderness that existed between her nephew Adolph and Gabrielle.

She knew that they often met in the vineyards, and on this occasion, in the hope that they might be discovered to her brother's eye, she had induced him to accompany her thither; ostensibly to see how the grapes were ripening—in reality hoping that he would see something there to cure him of his mad passion for Gabrielle. Slowly and stealthily she led him along, until, by some chance or accident, they stood within a few feet of Adolph and Gabrielle. With her own hands she parted the boughs, that her brother might look down between the leaves, and see with his own eyes that which would rive his heart.

For a second—nay, for many seconds, which seemed to him an age of time, he looked down upon them. His eyes glowed like living coal; all his thoughts were thrown into a frenzy; the passion which he called love was transformed into a mad jealousy that was cruel as the grave—for looking down on Gabrielle's pure face, he saw it was flooded with the tenderness of an awakened soul; and in her soft eyes shone the love-light he had dreamed of; but it was kindled by another, and that other was his own son. She moved her lips; he leaned forward and listened. Was he dreaming? or did his eyes, ears and all his senses combine to deceive him? That voice, which had twice perplexed him, he heard it again now; heard it issue from his son's own lips.

Yes, there was no mistake; it was astounding; but the dumb indeed spake!

"It is monstrous! it is witchcraft!" he murmured. He would have hurled himself down upon them, but Hildegarde drew him back, whispering warily:—

"Hist! as you say, it must be witchcraft indeed; she may turn it upon you, and blind your eyes even as she has blinded your senses. She makes him speak—she may strike you dumb. Come away, come away! you have seen enough."

"Too much! too much!" he muttered, with white lips, as they hurried down the hill. Presently they paused to take breath.

"There was always something in that girl's face that made me shiver," said the Baroness Hildegarde; "I must unconsciously have recognized in her the evil spirit that has tempted you, and made you to long and thirst, even as Tantalus thirsted, for that which you could never taste. The foul fiend chooses a lovely form to dwell in; he knows that the beauty of a woman can do his work more effectually than any other thing on earth. She has already driven brother to slay brother; she has taught the sleeper to walk and follow her like one awake, and the dumb to speak. Who knows? she may incite him even to thunder in his dreams!"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the baron; and rage, disappointment and superstitious fear rose up; serpent-like, hissing and coiling around his heart, strangling every human feeling, making him mad.

He broke from Hildegarde's hand, and rushed through the city of Wurzburg, never pausing a moment to think, until he reached the Rathhaus, or townhall. There he entered abruptly, and in another moment stood in the council-chamber, where the magistrates were sitting gravely transacting the business of the day.

His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and the cold dew stood upon his forehead. For a second he tried to speak; his tongue seemed glued to his mouth. At last his words came forth, thick with his soul's venom, as he said, "A witch! I want a warrant to arrest a witch! There is another witch in Wurzburg!"

They rose *en masse*, and demanded whom he denounced; and he fairly stunned them with the name of Gabrielle Hoogstraeten. With half-incoherent rapidity, he gave his reasons for the denunciation. It was some time since a witch had been burnt in Wurzburg; but during the last two years no less than two hundred persons—men, women and children—had suffered from witchcraft. A wholesome dread of the foul power obtained throughout the length and breadth of the city. On hearing the denunciation of Gabrielle, the grave gray-haired men, who were wise in their generation, and judged according to their light, looked on one another in amazement. A shapeless terror, subtle as the air they breathed, crept from one to the other. So the evil they had hoped their rigorous measures had extirpated from the city had appeared among them, and in such a form!

They found strange coincidences, and wild surmises perplexed their minds; things that had seemed mere chance before they attributed to witchcraft now; and as many a poor tame brute may be hunted to death when the cry, "Mad dog!" is raised, so were they, in their blind terror, ready to re-echo the cry of "Witchcraft!" and hunt down the victim.

The warrant was sealed and delivered into the hands of the proper functionary. There had been a strong prejudice rising against Gabrielle since the tragic death of Frederic of Zirndorf, which they laid at her door. The name of witch, coupled with that of Gabrielle, was at first received with awe-struck wonder; then it flew from mouth to mouth, and swelled and grew louder and louder. The spark was blown into a flame, and burst from the lips of every soul in Wurzburg, until their brains were fired with frenzy, and they rose up and rushed forth in a body, crying, "The witch! the witch! down with the witch!"

Meanwhile, Gabrielle had parted from Adolph, and was returning to the city in a calmer and happier frame of mind than she left it. She heard the roar of men's voices filling the air like muffled thunder, while the crowd was far off. An angry crowd is rarely amenable to law or reason; and when they caught sight of the fair frail figure of the girl descending the hill, they shouted her name, and rushed towards her with one wild yell. She had no time to speak, no time even to think; her very name, repeated with such loud threatening voices, frightened her; and, with clasped hands and white face, she stood still. They closed round her—those dark menacing faces; a thousand arms were stretched towards her; she was caught up and carried away to the Rathhaus.

[To be concluded.]

SONG—A MEMORY.

BY ALEXANDER GRANT.

WHEN thy burdened spirit fails,
Worn with grief and weary days,
And the purple distance sails
In the fading saffron haze,

Droop thy fringed lids, nor sigh,
Should the gathering tears o'erflow;
Sing again the song that I
Sang to thee, long, long ago.

Let the snowy fingers stray
In among the ivory keys,
While the twilight sinks to gray,
And upswells the sweet night-breeze—

They will find the dear old strain,
Woo'd from out the trembling strings;
They will find it, not in vain,
If thy spirit with them sings!

And though day be overcast,
Starlight glimmers on the sea,
While through darkness, dawn, at last,
Brighter days for you and me!

THE "WAKING UP" OF SISSY BABCOCK.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

MEHETABLE, the maid-of-all-work, made the scarecrow, after Arod, the hired man's, had blown away. She had no opinion of Arod's scarecrow, anyway; it was only a tattered old seersucker coat, which hung so limply from the pole that it did not look in the least like a coat, and a battered straw hat, through which the pole protruded. Mehetable even declared that she had seen an ancient crow perched upon the pole and jeering loudly at the thing, which was expected to strike terror to its soul; but this may have been an exaggeration, for Mehetable had once heard that Arod had spoken disparagingly of her mince pies.

She said too that Arod had thought that his old linen duster, hung in the black-heart-cherry tree, would frighten the robins away, but instead of being frightened they had built a nest in one of the ragged pockets, which had become fastened, conveniently, in a crotch of the tree. And Arod himself, she said, was "jist such a poor confidin' cretur as them robins." By confiding, Mehetable meant simple-minded.

There was another person at the Babcock farm whom some people thought simple-minded, and that was Jimmy Babcock, aged fourteen. He wrote his name J. Featherwell Babcock, with a long flourishing tail to the *k*, but, nevertheless, the school-master would call him Jimmy; worse still, his mother and sisters called him Bub; worst of all the boys called him "Sissy."

That a boy's hair will curl in little tight ringlets, all over his head, is clearly rather his misfortune than his fault; that he will wash the dishes, with a long calico apron tied around his neck, when the servant and his sisters are busy, is, to my mind, an evidence of solid virtues, especially when he does not flinch at being discovered by the boys; and it is certainly not disgraceful that he prefers the reading of story-books to the playing of hop-skotch, leap-frog, or even base-ball.

It is undeniably a weakness to admire so greatly the blue eyes and fluffy bangs of a tall girl in the back seat that one is inspired to write poetry to her, but Jimmy Babcock was only eleven when this happened, and it did seem hard that he could not "live it down,"—the poetry had set forth the fact that his "heart was bold, though she was cold," and much more, with the same simplicity of sentiment, rhyme and metre, and the tall girl—Mary Ellen Perkins, who married the school-master at the end of the term—had cruelly replied that she "wasn't aware that she was any colder than she ordinarily was, with the same amount of clothing," and that, since he was fond of poetry, she would send him some, closing with an unoriginal, not to say hackneyed, couplet, to the effect that he and the grass were of the same general complexion.

This was bitter, but the the bitterness would not probably have lasted long if Mary Ellen had not shown the poetry to her brothers and to the school-master; for a long time after that the boys made life a burden to Jimmy Babcock, and to this day he was known from Brambleboro' Centre to the Four Corners as "a milk-sop."

Rod Valentine and his cousin, Parley George, were the first to see and admire Mehetable's scarecrow. They were on their way to Alder brook for a little fishing, and, it being not yet five o'clock, and a cloudy morning, they had both been much startled at meeting a tall man with a gun on the edge of the Babcock corn-field.

"You're a heavy fellow to be afraid of a scarecrow!" said Rod, recovering himself first, and pretending that he hadn't jumped.

"As if I didn't know what he was all the time," said Parley, stoutly. "But you—you turned pale, like a girl. Well, now, I tell you he's considerable of a chap!" And Parley walked around and around Mehetable's scarecrow, surveying it with enthusiastic admiration. "If it doesn't look exactly like an old farmer, with his long-tailed Sunday coat and his tall hat on! The coat and hat both look as if they came out of the ark, but then, I suppose the crows are not up in the fashions. See! the arms and legs are all stuffed; some one took a lot of pains. Who made it? the boy up there?"

"Sissy Babcock! Well, not much! he hasn't the gumption. 'Twas the hired girl, most likely. I heard her scolding because the hired man couldn't make one that was

any good. I know 'twas Mehetable, because I met her coming across the field last night, with a hammer and strings, and things, in her hands; her face was all swollen up with the toothache, too. She's smart! it's lucky they have some one up there who is—with only that molly-coddle for a boy!" Rod's tone was strongly contemptuous.

"A slim, girly fellow, with curls, isn't he? I remember seeing him when I was here before," said Parley George.

"And likes a sky-blue neck tie, and perfumery on his handkerchief, and goes with the girls, and carries their baskets when there's a picnic," added Rod Valentine. "He wanted to b'long to the boat-club and the boys let him. I wouldn't have. I voted against it. He rows like a girl, and he hasn't given a cent towards the new boat-house. People say they haven't much money; Mr. Babcock is dead, and there's no one to make the farm pay; but let Sissy get jobs, then, like the rest of us boys."

"I suppose he isn't very strong," suggested Parley George. "He looks as if he were not."

"Oh, he lets his mother and sisters coddle him to death. And I shouldn't wonder if he put stuff on his hands and wore gloves to bed to make them white," said Rod.

They had reached Alder Brook by this time, and the prospect of catching trout drove all thoughts of Sissy Babcock from their minds. But the trout were shy. Rod at length felt something heavy at the end of his line, and for an instant had a dazzling vision of a three-pounder; but it was only an old coat, rolled tightly into a bundle, which he dragged, with difficulty, from the brook.

"Some one took a good deal of pains to throw that old thing away, and spoil my hook!" he said crossly.

"It probably drifted here from the paper mills; they have heaps of rags," said Parley, carelessly.

The trout wouldn't bite, and presently the sun came out, and then it was hopeless to fish.

"That old coat has put an idea into my head," said Rod, as they sat in the sunshine, and ate their luncheon, the only satisfactory feature of the expedition. "I was thinking how easily some tramp might steal those scarecrow clothes and leave his old rags. And now I'll tell you how we can have some fun, and wake up Sissy Babcock!"

Parley George showed a lively interest. In truth he was finding Brambleboro' somewhat dull, and did not feel averse to "waking up" Sissy Babcock.

"You're a pretty big fellow," pursued Rod, surveying with satisfaction the manly proportions of his sixteen-year-old cousin, "and those scarecrow clothes wouldn't be much more than a fit for you. Now, I want you to put 'em on and go up to the Babcock farm, at just about dusk, to-night, and play tramp and frighten Sissy Babcock out of his senses! I've just happened to think that he and the two little girls will be all alone. Mrs. Babcock and Lucilla have gone over to Putney, to see Lucilla's beau, that's got a fever. I saw 'em in the stage when it passed us; they won't be home till to-morrow. And Mehetable told me, last night, that Arod was going to carry her over to the Hillsdale dentist's this afternoon; she won't have that fellow at the centre because she says he broke her jaw; they can't get back from Hillsdale before nine o'clock, any how. So you see the coast will be clear, and of course he is a coward; such a fellow as that is sure to be, and there'll be no end of fun. I wish I could dress up, too, but he knows me too well. I'll hide somewhere where I can hear it all!"

"I suppose he would scare pretty well," said Parley. "But, you see, his father did mine a good turn once; I shouldn't want to get found out," he added seriously.

"Oh, there's no danger of that! We've got some false whiskers that the summer boarders left at the hotel, after they'd had theatricals, and he won't know you; he never saw you but once, any way, and that was two years ago. And we'll put that old coat down near where the scarecrow was, and he'll think the tramp left it. He'll tell everybody how he just escaped from a tramp with his life, and all the Babcocks will be telling of it at the sewing-circle that meets at our house next time. If it won't be a lark!"

Parley George was really inclined to think that it would be "a lark." He felt some scruples about destroying Mehetable's carefully arranged scarecrow, but, on the whole, he agreed with Rod that people who put good clothes out into a field must expect to have them carried off; some one would be sure to, Rod said, if they didn't. Rod was also right in saying that you must always pay for your fun—or make some one else pay!

The clothes—old Grandfather Babcock's shiny broadcloth pantaloons which had

graced meeting and muster forty years before, a still more ancient waistcoat, and a swallow tailed coat—proved to be only a little "more than a fit" for Parley George, and when he was fully equipped for his expedition, with the false whiskers (which were very ferocious) for a finishing touch, it was doubtful whether his oldest friends would have recognized him.

Little Nan Babcock, pouring milk into her kitten's dish, on the flat doorstone, at twilight, ran suddenly into the house crying out that "the scarecrow had comed walking up from the corn-field."

When Viola and Jimmy went to the door, there he was, without any doubt, in grandfather's ancient clothes, and the queer old tall hat which he had worn to Boston when he was representative, years and years ago. They were too sensible to be afraid of ghosts, but, nevertheless, there was a little quaver in Jimmy's voice when he said very politely, "Good-evening, sir."

"It's me supper I want, and be quick about it, too, for Terence O'Rourke will not bandy words wid the loikes av ye!" said a rough, Irish voice.

"O Jimmy, it's a tramp, a dreadful tramp! Shut the door quick!" said Viola.

"You're not very polite, but we never turn anyone away hungry, so you can have some bread and milk," said Jimmy, in a very manly tone, although it cannot be denied that inwardly he was quaking. The tramp's appearance was very unpleasing, perhaps chiefly because his whiskers were so very black and fierce.

Jimmy took up the milk pitcher, which little Nan had set down in haste, and poured out a generous bowlful, and Viola, at his bidding, brought a piece of bread from the pantry.

"Is it porritch ye do be offerin' to O'Rourke?" said the tramp, fiercely, pouring the contents of the bowl out upon the ground, with a lofty gesture. There was a faint chuckle from behind the lilac-bush, where Rod Valentine was hidden, but it did not reach Jimmy's ears. "It's in the hoose I'll be atin' me supper, and in the best ye have, and thin I'll trouble ye to hand over yer vallybles, or else"——

There was the unmistakable click of a pistol, as the tramp thrust his hand into his pocket—the pocket of grandpa's Sunday coat. With a sudden jerk Jimmy shut the door and bolted it.

"Fly around, Viola! the other doors and the windows!" he cried.

"If I could only run across the field to Deacon Fuller's for help!" said Viola, who was almost fainting with terror. "But they'd all be gone to prayer-meeting, and, any way, he'd catch me! O Jimmy, what shall we do? Aren't you afraid?"

Jimmy was getting the old rifle from the wood-shed, and fastening the wood-shed door, on his way.

"You needn't be afraid. I'll take care of you," he answered evasively, but valiantly. "Of course I'm afraid," he added, candidly, to himself, "but a fellow needn't be a coward because he's afraid!"

To tell the truth, Jimmy didn't enjoy firing the old rifle; he didn't happen to be that kind of a boy; and his mother was very nervous about fire-arms; but Jimmy knew how, and he meant to do it, if he found it absolutely necessary. He aimed it, threateningly, at the tramp, who was now looking in at the kitchen window, and who dodged—ingloriously, for the O'Rourke.

"I believe he is going away! Oh, no, he isn't, he is going into the barn!" exclaimed Viola, from the sitting-room window, which commanded a wider view.

"I fastened both of the wood-shed doors; he can't get into the house that way," said Jimmy, re-assuringly.

"He's more of a fellow than you said he was," the O'Rourke was saying, as he passed the lilac bush.

"It's rich, anyway! only why didn't you batter down the door?" answered a low voice from the bush. Rod was impatient for lively measures.

"I didn't want him to raise the neighbors, you know, and besides, those old rifles are apt to be loaded for hen hawks at this time of year!" said the O'Rourke, sagely.

Jimmy ran out, and as the O'Rourke passed into the barn he shut the great door in a twinkling; there was a padlock, and he locked it, and put the key in his pocket, while the tramp was clicking his pistol, and furiously threatening to shoot through the door!

"He can't get out of the windows; they're too high," said Jimmy, reflectively, when he had returned to the house.

"But he can burn the barn!" said Viola.

"I thought of that, but he would be so likely to burn himself up in it that I don't think he will," said Jimmy. "I don't think

that he is just what he pretends to be," he added, slowly. "His Irish brogue is put on, and so are his whiskers."

And Parley boasted that his Irish accent was perfect, as if he had been born "with the burr under his tongue!" And as for those whiskers, they had happened to be an exact match for Parley's hair, and the boys had agreed that no one could possibly suspect that they were false, except in broad daylight.

"Now, Viola, if you're not afraid to run across the field to Mr. Crocker's, and ask him to come up here!"

Viola hesitated a little, and wondered if there were any more tramps about; but as it was not yet dark she decided that she would go; it would be better, at all events, than to stay in such close proximity to the tramp while Jimmy should go.

While Viola was gone, Jimmy reconnoitred the barn, fearing fire, thus depriving Rod Valentine of the privilege of attempting to liberate his cousin. Rod feared that it was going to be but a dull affair, after all—with Parley locked into the barn until some of the neighbors should come to Jimmy's assistance! Of course they could laugh at Jimmy, then, for being afraid, but Parley would be found out, which was what he had especially wished should not happen.

Viola came running back breathless.

"There wasn't a soul at home at Mr. Crocker's and I didn't dare to go any farther," she gasped. "But I found this bundle right beside the scarecrow pole. Let's open it, Jimmy, and see what there is in it!"

Jimmy took it into the house, and lighted a lamp, for by this time the spring twilight was darkening rapidly.

"The tramp's old coat!" exclaimed Viola, in a disappointed tone, as Jimmy unrolled the bundle.

Jimmy looked it carefully over; on a little strip of cloth, at the neck, was the tailor's name, and under it was written a name, probably that of the original owner, and written in the tailor's shop, for the words "paid—to be called for" were written after it. Jimmy read the name over twice, aloud, and Viola, who had thought him pale enough before—as who wouldn't be with that terrible tramp pounding at the wood-shed door?—was startled at the change in his face.

"Viola! it's the name of that bank robber! the one who robbed the Centre bank, last Monday night. The officers were after him, but they couldn't find out which way he went. I shouldn't think he would dare to stay around here so long, but he's so disguised, now, in those old clothes of grandpa's and those false whiskers, that I suppose he thinks it isn't dangerous. Perhaps his brogue might deceive some people!" said Jimmy, with not a little pride in his own sagacity.

"A bank robber! he must be desperate—he'll murder us, Jimmy!" cried Viola, giving way to tears.

"That old barn is a pretty strong jail; lucky that it's an old fashioned one with high windows! Viola, can't you stay here while I get some one to go for a constable?"

Viola was trying to raise her courage to the necessary point, when the wagon drove into the yard, and oh, joy! there were Arod and Mehetable.

Jimmy poured forth his story before Arod had time to alight.

"Good land of Goshen! a bank robber!" exclaimed Mehetable. "Seems as if you young-ones must have dreamp it! That scarecrow looked nat'ral enough to walk off, if I do say it."

Arod drove off, like the wind, for a constable.

"Well, here's a go!" remarked Rod, to himself, behind the lilac bush, from which seclusion he had listened to the astonishing intelligence that it was the notorious bank-robber, whose name was, in everyone's mouth, who was locked up in the barn! "Parley is found out now with a vengeance! I suppose I ought to have told, and stopped him from going for an officer, but I was so surprised! I couldn't make out what Sissy Babcock meant, and I can't now!"

Rod did not find it a very pleasing task to walk up to the Babcock's door and explain. He tried to think that it would be fun to tell Jimmy Babcock what a fool he had made of himself in sending for the constable, but he couldn't make it seem very funny, after all.

Jimmy was somewhat mystified, but displayed the coat with the bank robber's name upon it, and insisted that he had done right in sending for an officer.

"We fished that old thing out of Alder brook, and put it in the field so you would always think it was a tramp, because Parley didn't want to get found out. We didn't see the name on it," said Rod.

The constable when he arrived thought

that the finding of the coat was an important matter, and thanked Jimmy for his promptness. Jimmy had suddenly remembered that two days before, the day after the robbery, he had seen a man walking along the Wrentham turnpike, with a seersucker coat on, and had thought he had probably found Arod's old one which had blown off the scarecrow, since it was very early in the season for such thin clothing; and with this information the officer hurried away.

Every one was so much excited about the bank robber that but little attention was paid to Parley George, who slipped away in a rather crest-fallen manner, after earnestly protesting to Mehetable that he had "always meant to make the scarecrow as good as new."

"I s'pose you knew," remarked Arod to Jimmy, "that the town has offered five hundred dollars for information that will lead to the arrest of that robber, and you're likely to come in for a share of it, if they catch him!"

"We might have had sense enough to look at that old coat!" said Parley to Rod, as they went away. "Your 'Sissy' Babcock seems to be master of the situation!"

Jimmy met the cousins down by the river, one day, a month afterwards.

"You know I've got quite a share of that reward," he said, "and as I never should have had it if it hadn't been for you, I thought I'd like to tell you first what I was going to do with it."

"We—we played you a pretty shabby trick," said Parley George.

"Oh, I don't mind a joke like that!" said Jimmy, magnanimously. "I didn't much like to take that reward, and my mother thought it would be a good idea for me to use it for the new boat-house, and the bell for the high-school, and the new training-field, because those things would be a credit to the town, so it would, in a certain sense, get it's money back."

And the boys were enthusiastic in expressing their sense of the fitness of this arrangement.

"That's the boy that you tried to keep out of the boat-club!" exclaimed Parley George, when Jimmy had left them. "He'll be president at the next election! He's the most of a fellow that I've seen in Brambleboro'!"

MODERN NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

IRONCLAD FIGHTS.

SINCE the naval operations during the American Civil War opened the eyes of the world to the necessity for ironclad or armored war-ships, and the consequent need for heavy guns, there have been few opportunities of testing these modern monsters by the ordeal of real warfare; yet naval actions between armored vessels, or actions in which armored vessels were engaged, have been more numerous than is generally supposed. The famous fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor was the death-blow to the old order of things.

The Monitor, built by Captain Ericsson, was a turret ship, with a single turret, carrying two guns, throwing one-hundred-and-eighty-pound shot. The armor of the turret was eight inches in thickness; while the side-armor was five inches thick; she had, however, a freeboard of about a foot only. The Merrimac might be described as an impromptu ironclad. Among the vessels burnt or sunk by the Federals on their evacuation of Norfolk was the wooden steam frigate Merrimac. It was raised by the Confederates and cut down to the water-line; both ends were decked over, and on the centre portion was built a casement, something like the roof of a house. The walls of the casemate were of oak, two feet thick, faced by two layers of iron plating, four inches thick. She was armed with ten guns of various calibres. Both vessels steamed about five knots, and were utterly unseaworthy.

On the 8th of March, 1862, the Virginia, as the Merrimac had been rechristened, made her appearance among the enemy's fleet, and immediately began to give them a taste of her quality. The Cumberland, a thirty-gun frigate, was rammed and sunk with startling rapidity; the Congress, a fifty-gun frigate, was driven ashore and burned;

and another frigate was also driven ashore. By this time night had fallen, and the Virginia rested on her laurels, expecting to finish her work on the morrow. Beyond having her loose hamper shot away, she was not damaged; but she had left her ram, which had been insecurely fastened on, in the side of the Cumberland.

But the next morning an antagonist appeared on the scene in the shape of the little Monitor. The Virginia had met her match. Both vessels immediately prepared for action, and the first fight between ironclads took place. The result was indecisive. The combat, a fierce artillery duel, continued for four hours. The distance between the combatants ranged from half a mile to close range, yet the armor of neither was pierced; and although both were badly battered, they did not sustain any vital injury. At last, as if by mutual consent, they separated, their crews being utterly worn out. It is related that during the fight the crew manning one of the guns of the Virginia were found standing at ease. On the officer in command being asked why he was not firing, he replied that "gunpowder was precious, and he could do her [the Monitor] as much damage by snapping his fingers at her every two and a half minutes!" Although a drawn battle between the actual antagonists, yet the Monitor succeeded in its object, the saving of the remainder of the fleet. This was the only fight of any consequence either the Virginia or the Monitor was engaged in.

Next to the action between the Virginia and the Monitor, that between the Alabama and the Kearsarge has the most interest. It illustrated in a graphic manner the value of defensive armor. The Alabama was a bark-rigged wooden propeller, carrying eight guns, one of which was a rifled hundred-pounder. After two years of depredation, in which she inflicted incalculable injury upon the shipping of the United States, she repaired to Cherbourg in the beginning of June, 1864, to refit. A few days afterwards, the Kearsarge, which had been in pursuit of the Alabama for some time, also arrived off the port. Captain Semmes of the Alabama, partly from a feeling of chivalry, and partly, no doubt, from a feeling of superiority in his armaments, determined to go out and fight his antagonist. The Kearsarge, like the Alabama, was a wooden propeller, but carried only seven guns. Unknown to Captain Semmes, however, she had been strengthened in a remarkable manner. Like the knights of old, she was encased in a suit of chain-mail. Amidships, on both sides, she was protected by a chain cable placed up and down from the rail to the water's edge, the whole being covered over with a thin planking, which completely concealed the armor beneath. About ten o'clock on Sunday forenoon, June 19th, 1864, the Alabama left Cherbourg harbor, and came up with the Kearsarge about seven miles from land. When the latter was about a mile distant on her starboard, the Alabama opened fire. Firing now proceeded rapidly on both sides. The Alabama had pivoted her guns to starboard, and in order to keep their respective broadsides bearing, they fought in a circle, both vessels steaming round a common centre with a distance varying from a quarter to half a mile. In about half an hour the firing became very hot, and the Alabama began to suffer. She was hulled several times, and a number of her men killed, while her shell in return did the Kearsarge little damage. After the lapse of about an hour, the Alabama was in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in her sides and between decks, making large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity. At last she hoisted sail to get away; but the Kearsarge was laid across her bows, threatening to rake her; the Alabama thereupon surrendered, but sank a few minutes afterwards. A few of her crew were rescued by the boats of the Kearsarge, but most of them by tugs and pleasure-vessels, which had gathered round to witness the combat. The Kearsarge was little the worse of the encounter owing to the protection her armor afforded. It is possible that if Captain Semmes had known the Kearsarge was partially armored, he would not have been in such a hurry to come out and fight, or he might at least have taken the same precautionary measures.

Two years afterwards, the war between Italy and Austria gave the world an opportunity of witnessing for the first time a general naval engagement in which ironclads were engaged on both sides. Owing to the conflicting accounts of the contending parties, it is almost impossible to give a perfectly accurate account of the battle; but the following narrative, compiled from the various reports of it which appeared in the *Times*, will give a tolerably clear idea of the main facts. On the 20th of July, 1866, the

Italian fleet was attacked by the Austrians off the island of Lissa, which the Italians had endeavored to capture the day previous. The Italian squadron, which was under the command of Admiral Persano, consisted of eleven ironclads, six screw frigates, two paddle-wheel corvettes, three small gunboats, and several small steamers. Among the ironclads were the Re d'Italia, a fine ironclad frigate; and the Affondatore, a powerful ram of the newest construction, carrying the admiral's flag. The Au trian fleet consisted of seven ironclad frigates, the Kaiser, a wooden three-decker of ninety guns, several frigates and small vessels—altogether about twenty-three. The Austrian admiral, Tegatthoff, had hoisted his flag on the Ferdinand Max. On the morning of the day mentioned both fleets formed themselves in order of battle, in two lines, with the most powerful vessels in front; and the Austrians advanced to the attack. When about two hundred and fifty yards distant, fire was opened on the Italians both from sea and land. They immediately replied, and the firing soon became appalling. Several of the Italian ironclads closed with the Kaiser, evidently mistaking her for the Austrian flagship. The Re de Portogallo tried to ram her, and struck into her with such force as to carry away her bowsprit, foremast, and a large part of the prow, the figure-head falling on board the Italian vessel. The Kaiser, disabled, on fire, with her chimney fallen across her deck, managed eventually to escape with great difficulty. Meanwhile, the Austrian admiral, seeing the danger in which the Kaiser was placed, came to the rescue, and made a fierce attack on the Re d'Italia. He directed his own vessel, the Ferdinand Max, full speed on the Italian ironclad, which, with its rudder disabled and already damaged at the waterline, was stove completely in, and was engulfed almost immediately. It is said that as the ship was going down, half a battalion of marines stationed in the tops sent a parting volley on the deck of the Austrian flagship, killing and wounding eighty men. While this tragedy was proceeding, the Italian ironclad gunboat Palestro caught fire, and presently blew up; her crew refusing to surrender,were blown up with their vessel. The combat raged for two hours, during which the fleets forced their way through one another and changed places, when they turned round and prepared to renew the battle. The Italian squadron was still holding its ground, and the Austrians were waiting to renew the attack. Meanwhile, the distance between the fleets widened; the Austrians fell back; and the Italians, after waiting on the spot until nightfall, made for Ancona. Although the Italians claimed the victory because they remained in possession of the battle; yet, losing two of their best ironclads, and being foiled in their object—the capture of Lissa—the victory must be given to the Austrians. The fact also that the Italian admiral, Persano, was in the following year expelled the service, gives a certain indication in favor of this decision.

A period of eleven years now elapses ere the next naval engagement takes place. On the 29th of May, 1877, was fought the engagement between the British cruisers Shah and Amethyst and the Peruvian ironclad Huascar. In one of the periodical revolutions of Peru the Huascar had been seized by the rebels, and had put to sea on a roving expedition. This was all very well, if she had not interfered with British mail-steamers and forcibly taken coal from an English bark. Vice-admiral De Horsey determined to put a summary stop to these piratical proceedings, and set sail after her with the Huascar off the town of Ilo. The Shah and the Amethyst were unarmored cruisers, the one of twenty-six guns, and the other of fourteen guns of various calibres. The Huascar, built at Birkenhead, was a turret ram, with turret armor five and a half inches in thickness, and a belt of four and a half inches. She was armed with two ten-inch three-hundred-pounders in the turret, and two forty-pounders on her main-deck. The officers of the Huascar were surprised at the appearance of the English vessels; but they were more surprised at what followed. The Shah fired a gun for the Huascar to lay-to, and sent a boat on board with the message that Admiral De Horsey gave the Huascar just two minutes to surrender in the name of the queen. This was resented by the rebel government, which was on board, as an unwarrantable interference in a purely family quarrel; and they prepared for the fray. The English opened fire at six hundred yards, the Huascar immediately replying with her three-hundred-pounders. The Amethyst tried to take the ram, but failed. The Shah now fired her broadsides, which were discharged by electricity, and in a few minutes the

Huascar's deck was cleared of everything but masts, turret and smoke-stack. The Huascar continued to fire at regular intervals; but the gunnery was bad. After an hour and a half the Amethyst was set on fire amidships, and steamed out of action. The Huascar now attempted to ram the Shah; but this was prevented by good handling. The Peruvian was hit several times by three-hundred-pound shot, but only one completely pierced her armor. She now adopted new tactics, first advancing on the Shah and then on the Amethyst; but ramming was again prevented by good management and superior speed. After the battle had lasted for three hours, the Huascar slowly retired, a shell from the Amethyst having destroyed the primers of the turret guns. She headed towards land, but the enemy did not attempt to follow. She escaped in the darkness, and it was well for her she did, for about ten o'clock in the evening a steam-launch from the Shah was sent into the port of Ilo with a torpedo to blow her up; and it was by the merest chance a peaceful trader escaped destruction, being mistaken for the Huascar. This encounter was considered a drawn battle. It is remarkable as being the only one in which British war-ships have been engaged since the introduction of ironclads.

In 1879 the Huascar again came on the scene. In that year the war broke out between Chili and Peru. On the 21st of May the Huascar and the Independencia, a broadside ironclad of twenty-two guns, fell in with the Chilian wooden corvette Esmeralda of twelve guns and the gun boat Covadonga off the port of Iquique. Firing immediately commenced between the Huascar and the Esmeralda, and was kept up for two hours; but as it was at long range, neither sustained much damage. Captain Grau of the Huascar at length determined to bring the engagement to an issue by ramming the Esmeralda. She was struck on the port side, but received little damage. Grau rammed again on the starboard bow, this time with more success; a hole was made, through which the water poured and flooded the engine-room, putting out the fires. The powder-magazine was also flooded, and the men there drowned. These two failures to sink the Esmeralda were owing to the engines of the Huascar being reversed too soon before striking, thus diminishing the force of the blow. Although the Chilian now lay at the mercy of her opponent, she would not surrender. The Huascar now charged a third time, hitting her in the starboard side, at the same time firing into her; and the Esmeralda foundered almost immediately. The fight had lasted altogether four hours. The Huascar was little injured, the Esmeralda's shot failing to pierce her armor, although her bows were somewhat damaged by the third charge. Meanwhile affairs had not been progressing so favorably with her consort. She had given chase to the Covadonga, which being the lightest draught, escaped into shallow water, and the Independencia heedlessly following, ran aground. The gunboat then took up a position where the guns of the ironclad could not bear, and pounded her at short range, until the Huascar, having finished with the Esmeralda, came to the rescue, when the gunboat made off and escaped.

On the 8th of October, 1879, was fought the engagement in which the Huascar changed hands. The Chilians had bent all their energies on capturing the waspish little ironclad, which had kept their coasts in a continual state of terror, and had done them a good deal of injury since the commencement of the war. On the morning of the day mentioned, after a chase of some days, the Huascar found herself cornered by six of the enemy's vessels—in fact, nearly the whole of the Chilian fleet, the most powerful of them being the sister-ships Cochrane and Blanco, two of the most powerful ironclads of the day, each carrying six twelve-ton guns. Grau, the commander of the Huascar, finding himself caught, determined to try to make a dash through the enemy's line, trusting to his superior speed to get away. The shots were fired by the Huascar at the Cochrane at a distance of two miles; the first three fell short; but the fourth pierced the Cochrane's armor. The Chilian now opened fire, and its first shot deranged the revolving apparatus of the Huascar's turret. The antagonists having now closed considerably, the Huascar made several attempts to ram the Cochrane, but failed, owing to the agility of the latter. The two vessels now being close together, an incessant fire of small-arms and machine guns was kept up on both sides. Presently a shell from the Cochrane struck the conning tower of the Huascar, destroying it and killing Admiral Grau, who was inside. Four

officers were killed or wounded in rapid succession immediately on taking command. The Blanco now coming up and joining in the Peruvian was soon almost disabled; one of her guns also being disabled by a shell entering the turret. Unsuccessful attempts were now made on both sides to end the fight by ramming. The Huascar's Gatling had by this time been silenced by the Nordenfelts of the Chilian ironclads. At last, after an hour and a half's fighting, the Huascar surrendered. She was then in a sinking condition, hulled in all directions, steering apparatus gone, and swept of everything but her turret and smoke-stack. The Cochrane, owing to the thickness of her armor, (six inches) was not much injured, most of the Huascar's shot failing to penetrate. When the immense odds against the Huascar are considered, it must be granted that this was one of the most desperate and plucky actions ever fought.

Although engaged in desultory skirmishes under her new flag with her old companions during the remainder of the war, this was the last serious action in which the Huascar was engaged. She has survived to the present day, and took part in the recent Chilian revolution. Her checkered career, in spite of her insignificance, has gained for her a world-wide notoriety.

The history of ironclad warfare is nearly told. The last occasion anything of the kind happened was in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. The Turkish fleet was so powerful as to overawe the Russian fleet, and no engagements took place, although there were one or two torpedo attacks on Turkish monitors in the Danube. One of these was a night attack by six Russian torpedo boats on three Turkish monitors at Sulina; but the Turks, having been galvanized into life by Hobart Pasha, were on the alert, and the torpedo boats were beaten off with a loss of two of their number.

The newest type of ironclad, as the Trafalgar and the Nile, or even the Thunderer and Devastation, have been wholly untried in warfare, and how they would behave is a matter of conjecture; but enough has been related to dispel a somewhat popular belief that one well-directed shot would send an ironclad, like an old kettle with a hole in it, direct to the bottom.

With the introduction of ironclads, however, there has been developed an entirely new mode of attack—the use of the ram. Where ramming has taken place, it has almost always been successful; and to the cases we have narrated might be added two of intentional ramming. The first was the ramming of the Vanguard by the Iron Duke. The Vanguard was struck on the starboard quarter between the main and mizzen masts four feet below the water-line, and sank in an hour. The second case was a much more serious one, inasmuch as two hundred and eighty-four men lost their lives. This was the sinking of the Grosser Kurfurst by the Konig Wilhelm in the German naval manœuvres in 1878. The Grosser Kurfurst was struck nearly amidships, and part of her side ripped completely off; she sank almost immediately. Although ramming is fatal, it can easily be avoided when the intended victim is under control; but this is not always the case. It undoubtedly makes modern naval engagements more "dangerous," if such an expression may be used.

A RECOGNITION.

BY ELIZABETH JANETTE COOPER.

ONLY a clatter of hoofs, a carriage flashing by,
A sweet, fair face looking out on a street;
But the face of a man grows pale and white,
And he breathes a name as their eyes chance to meet.

Only a clatter of hoofs, a spinning of wheels—
Like a flash of light she has come and gone.
But he knows that his life will be lone and bleak
And the pain in his heart will always live on.

LONDON, OHIO.

KATRINE'S LOVERS.

A LEGEND OF THE KAATSKILLS.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

A PRETTIER sight than Katrine Van Elten, as she tripped lightly along the mountain path leading from her father's farm to the Kaaterskill Falls, it would have been hard to find. Her life had been spent at the quaint Dutch farm nestled away in the heart of the Kaatskills, and perhaps the mountain air, and free life unfettered by conventionalities, had given her that light, springing step, and that wild grace in every movement, as well as the clear light in her deep blue eyes, and the brilliant glow on her cheek. Be this as it may, between her personal charms, and the more substantial blessings with which a thrifty farmer like old Hans Van Elten would endow his only child, Katrine was the acknowledged belle of the neighborhood; and right royally did the saucy maiden receive the adoration of her many suitors.

It must be confessed that she was somewhat of a coquette, and had bestowed her smiles by turns on half the youths of her acquaintance. Indeed, the only one of her admirers to whom she seemed resolved never to be gracious, was the one whom her stepmother was equally resolved she should wed. This was Tjerck Solpaugh, who had, in some marvelous and unknown manner, succeeded in making himself agreeable to Mrs. Van Elten, for the rest of the inhabitants would not have contradicted pretty Katrine when she poutingly said to her father:—

"What can mother want to marry me to that man for? He is old, cross, and awkward and ugly. Nobody likes him but mother. I am sure I don't."

And poor Mr. Van Elten, who had long ago resigned himself in all things to his bustling wife's will, as the only way of having any peace in life, would softly stroke the bright waves of Katrine's hair, and puff placidly at his pipe, as he answered:—

"Ach well! Never fret, my little one! All things will go right if you do not fret."

And usually Katrine did not fret, but danced through life, making the most of its sunny side, and paying as little heed as possible to the sudden clouds—perhaps we might be permitted to say squalls—that Dame Van Elten sometimes raised about her.

But of late there had been a little shadow on Katrine's spirits. She was as brisk and busy as ever, and none among the maidens of the neighboring farms could compare with her in spinning, weaving, churning, or any of their household duties. No, her bread was still the whitest and lightest, her butter the most golden, her washing the first on the line, her milk pans and pails the brightest, and her kitchen the most spotless. She was still at every merrymaking, and apparently the gayest of the gay, and yet there was a little change creeping over Katrine.

Old Hans noticed it as he sat in the shaded stoop smoking, and watching Katrine flitting about her work.

"I am afraid the old vrow is not too kind," he soliloquized. "What does she see to like in Tjerck Solpaugh, with his big talk of what he has seen and done in Holland, and how rich he was there, and all the rest of it? Why didn't he stay in Holland, and not come here to torment my little Katrine? Suppose he has got a big farm. It's not paid for, and I believe it never will be. He is no farmer. Now there is Hermann Schoonmaker, as fine a lad as you can find in all the country, and the dame don't like him, just because Katrine and I do, I think, for surely there's no other reason. To be sure he has got no big farm like Tjerck, but he is a real hard-working farmer, which Tjerck will never be, and I am growing old, and this farm is big enough,—big enough!" with a complacent glance sweeping over the broad, well-tilled fields, and resting with pardonable pride on his large, well-stocked barns and granaries. "I must be careful, or the dame will scold, and be more against Hermann than ever; but I think I will give Katrine one little hint. She is a good girl, and she looks so like my own Gretchen!" and the old man sighed as he thus recalled the wife of his youth. "Katrine," he called softly.

"Do you want your pipe filled, father?" asked the girl as she came toward him.

"Yes—no. That is, you might make believe fill it."

And he held out the half-filled pipe.

"Might make believe fill it?" repeated Katrine, with a puzzled look.

"Yes," answered Hans, rather confusedly, "just while I speak to you. You see, Katrintje,"—using the pet name he had had for her as a child,—"Hermann Schoonmaker is a very fine lad."

"Yes, father," murmured Katrine, now assiduously employed in refilling the pipe.

"A very fine lad," repeated the old man, with rather a comical glance at his daughter's blushing face.

"Yes, father," murmured the girl again.

"Well, that is all I wanted. You are a good girl, Katrintje! Now run back to your work, or the dame will scold."

Perhaps fifteen minutes had elapsed when he again called softly:—

"Katrine."

And again Katrine came to his side.

"You are all the child I have, little one," he said fondly. "Do you think I would leave my money away from my own child,—to strangers?"

Katrine stooped down, and kissed him affectionately.

"There, that will do! Run away or the dame may see," he said hurriedly. Then, as Katrine turned, he whispered, "There's many another clergyman besides our own dominie, Katrine."

And met her inquiring glances with many mysterious words, which only served to bewilder his daughter as she once more resumed her work.

For full half an hour Hans puffed placidly and silently. Then he arose deliberately, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and laid it aside, watched till Dame Van Elten's back was turned, and as he passed the table where Katrine stood at work, said softly:—

"I shall tell Hermann you will meet him at the falls this afternoon as he asked you to do."

And he walked quietly away.

"How did he know that Hermann asked me?" thought the astonished girl; "and what does he mean by there being other dominies? and by not leaving his money to strangers? Has Hermann been talking to him?"

She could not answer her own questions, but there was a bright light in her eye, and a tell-tale blush on her cheek, as she worked.

At last dinner was over, the dishes washed, and the kitchen in perfect order. Katrine now took refuge in her own little room, but only long enough to re-arrange the heavy coils of her hair, and to substitute a neatly fitting gingham dress for the loose sack and skirt of the morning, when, as we have seen, she took her way toward the Kaaterskill Falls.

It was but a rude foot-path through the woods, sometimes passing so near the edge of a precipice that a single misstep would have sent her crashing down hundreds of feet, and again coming out on a comparatively level and open spot, whence she could look off and follow the course of the beautiful Hudson for miles. Often her path would be crossed by a tiny mountain stream, dashing from the rocks above, and hurrying on to find some opening through which it might escape to join the larger streams below. Lovely flowers bloomed on every side, yet Katrine passed by, unmindful of their beauty, though usually she would have gathered huge bouquets to decorate every nook and corner of the old farm-house. But now she was busily recalling her father's looks and words of the morning, and endeavoring to decide whether she should tell Hermann of them, when a clear, loud whistle roused her, and a moment later she saw Hermann approaching her by an opposite path.

"Your father told me you would come," was his first salutation, "and I hurried lest I should keep you waiting."

His words seemed so entirely a part of her thoughts that she hesitated no longer, but hastily recorded the events of the morning, concluding with:—

"What does my father mean, Hermann?"

"He means," replied her lover, as he drew her to a seat beside him on a mossy rock, "that he does not like to see his child ill-treated, and being afraid of Dame Van Elten's wrath if he expresses his opinions, he decided that if we ran off and got married it would settle the question with the least amount of trouble. But I told him," continued Hermann hastily, as he saw a shadow gathering on the bright face beside him, at the thought of her consent being taken as a matter of course, "that I was quite sure you would never consent to such a plan, and, for my own part, if I were ever so fortunate as to win you, I should want to be married in our own church, where all might see how proud and happy I was, and not to sneak away as if I were ashamed."

The young man's eyes flashed, and his face glowed as he spoke, and Katrine looked lovingly at him, and forgot to draw away a little hand that he had taken in his.

"I have been planning how we may get rid of Tjerck Solpaugh," Hermann continued. "I never knew until last week why your step-mother was so desirous for your marriage with him."

"And what is the reason?" queried Katrine, eagerly. "I never could discover."

"Tjerck had been drinking too much, and he told the whole story to Charlie Hommel," replied her lover. "It appears that he has not paid a cent on his great farm or stock, and, unless he can raise some money within a few weeks, all will be taken away from him, and that will not suit him after the great display he has made, and the great stories he has told of his wealth. Your mother's fortune will be yours on your marriage, and he has solemnly promised one half of it to Dame Van Elten, while with the remainder he will make the first payment on his farm and stock, and still have a little left to live on, till your father's death, when he expects to have entire control of all his property. Dame Van Elten, as you well know, will do almost anything for money; and this is why she so favors Solpaugh. If I can only make some plan to drive him away, I should much prefer it to your father's idea of a secret marriage, though, at the same time, I feel very grateful to your father for thus showing that he did not suspect me of trying to secure your fortune."

"No one could suspect you of such a thing," began Katrine.

But Hermann shook his head.

"That is exactly what your step-mother does suspect me of. I have often wished that you were entirely destitute, that I might prove that it is you and not your money, that I care for."

"I tried last night to frighten Tjerck so that he would not dare to come again," said Katrine, laughing at the recollection of her misdeeds. "He is such a coward that it is as much as he can do to get courage to go at all in the dark, and I told ghost stories and the legends of the mountains, till his teeth fairly chattered, and he trembled so he could scarcely stand, when he bade us good-night."

Hermann sprang to his feet.

"The very thing," he exclaimed impetuously. Then in answer to Katrine's bewildered look, he continued, "You have found the best means of getting rid of the fellow. Only help me now, and I promise you he will soon disappear! But give me one little promise, Katrine," he pleaded in earnest tones. "Only say that you will be mine, and I will never rest till he has gone."

Katrine did not answer in words, but slipped her hand again into her lover's, and bestowed on him a glance that seemed satisfactory.

"Tell me, little one," questioned Hermann breaking the "eloquent silence" that had fallen upon them, "have you ever told him the legend of the man who, having overtaken his fugitive servant, tied her to his horse's tail, when the horse became frightened, and ran, dashing her to pieces among the rocks! You know it is said that the horse dragging a skeleton is often seen."

"I know the story," answered Katrine, with a shudder; "but I have not told him that because it happened at Cairo, and that is too far for the horse to be likely to be seen here."

"Never mind that," interposed Hermann. "You need not be particular to mention the exact place. Among the Kaatskills is near enough. Tell it with all the horror you can think of; not omitting the fiery eyes of the gigantic white horse, nor the unearthly shrieks and groans that fill the air as he passes. When can you tell him, that I may be ready to perform my part?"

"He will come to-night, as usual, I suppose," answered Katrine; "and the dame is spending the afternoon and evening at one of the neighbor's, so she will not be there to notice if I do not tell the exact spot where the ghost is usually seen. Shall I tell of the cow that stands moaning among the rocks?"

"Yes, tell all you can think of, and leave the rest to me. Do you know which path he usually takes?"

"The one we are now on, which leads him by the falls. O Hermann!" and her face blanched at the thought, "you will not drive him too close to the edge of the precipice?"

"Never fear," returned her lover. "I will not hurt a hair of his head, except to frighten him; nor would I do that could I find any other way to defeat his plans against you, but I know of none. Even if we followed your father's advice, the dame would always be against me; but if he runs away, breaking his promises to her, I have

strong hopes, that, in her wrath against him, she may change her opinion, and become friendly."

But the sinking sun now warned Katrine that she should be returning home. She could not promise when she could again meet Hermann, as it was only when her step-mother was absent that she could leave the house without being cross-questioned as to where she was going, but blushingly consented to send her father as a messenger when a favorable opportunity should occur. This was a great concession for the coquettish maiden, who had never before been so gracious, and Hermann, appreciating the fact, was duly grateful, and thanked her eloquently as they parted.

A dark, cheerless evening succeeded the lonely day, and Katrine sat very demurely knitting, after getting her father's supper, and chatting gayly to him while he ate it; and, while she washed the dishes and tidied the kitchen, wondered to herself whether Tjerck would dare to take the lonely walk from his farm to that of her father's. She was arranging in her own mind what would be the most natural way to introduce the legend of which Hermann had spoken, when the outer door burst open, and Solpaugh entered with such a wild, terrified look, that Katrine instantly concluded that Hermann had already commenced operations.

The new-comer seemed anxious to appear at ease, and took a seat by Hans, who was smoking, as usual; but fright soon got the better of his discretion, and he falteringly inquired whether Katrine had seen or heard anything unusual that evening; and, on her replying in the negative, he proceeded with trembling lips to relate how, as he came along the mountain side, he had heard wild cries, and once, far before him, fancied he saw some large, white animal moving back and forth among the trees, but when he reached the spot it had disappeared.

"No doubt," observed Katrine, who, seemingly intent on her knitting, still watched Tjerck closely as she spoke, "no doubt it was poor Nattie's cow that you saw."

"Poor Nattie?" responded Tjerck questioningly; "and who was poor Nattie?"

"The murdered girl who haunts these mountains," answered Katrine, as coolly as though she had remarked that it was a dark evening.

"Haunts! Did you say haunts these mountains?" asked Tjerck in terrified tones.

"Certainly. Have you never heard the story? I will tell it to you. It is just the night for a ghost story!"

Katrine threw a fresh log of wood on the fire, for the evening was sufficiently chilly to make the kitchen fire most agreeable, and was soon recounting the tragic tale in low, thrilling tones, while the wind moaned and shrieked about the house like spirits seeking for a victim, and the fire burned and glowed, and cast flickering lights and shadows about the kitchen. Katrine, as was the custom of the house, had lighted no candle, the firelight being quite sufficient for knitting purposes, which was the usual employment for the dame and herself, while Hans only smoked and dozed, and could do either, or both in the dark. But the uncertain light greatly added to the ghostly tale Katrine was relating, and Tjerck grew more and more nervous as she proceeded, till his teeth chattered, and his voice trembled as he asked:—

"And did you ever see this horseman?"

Katrine glanced across the fireplace to where her father sat; but he was evidently too fast asleep to contradict, so she answered:—

"Of course. Didn't I tell you that every one about here had seen him?"

Her victim sat in silence, until the sound of the old Dutch clock, striking ten, warned him that he had lingered longer than was customary in those primitive times.

Katrine was exceedingly anxious to have him leave before her step-mother's return, and had almost entirely ceased speaking. So, with a half-audible sigh, Solpaugh rose and took his hat. Katrine most obligingly opened the door for him.

"What a dark night," she said, peering out. "You could scarcely see the horseman if you met him to-night, unless his horse really breathed forth fire, as some people say."

"Oh, I h—h—hope I sha'n't meet him!" stammered Tjerck, appalled at the idea.

"If you should, be sure and remember just how he looks, and what he does or says," laughed Katrine. "Good-night, Mr. Solpaugh."

And she closed the door somewhat abruptly.

Poor Tjerck hurried along the mountain path so blinded by his fear that he stumbled

over every root or stone that came in his way. Every twig that cracked beneath his tread he imagined to be some one in pursuit of him; every moan of the wind was a cry of the murdered Nattie, or at least of her faithful cow.

On he ran, unmolested, until he was quite near the Kasterskill Falls, and was just beginning to comfort himself with the idea that his journey was nearly over, when he distinctly heard the tread of horse's hoofs behind him. He cast a terrified look over his shoulder, when, to his indescribable horror, he beheld the very spectre that Katrine had described—a large white horse, with flames issuing from his nostrils, a figure in white on his back, and dragging along the rocky road was something—doubtless the skeleton of the murdered girl!

Tjerck gazed a moment in speechless dismay, then he ran desperately on, hoping that he was unseen. But the faster he ran, the faster grew the beat of the hoofs behind him, while moans and cries, apparently from the ghostly rider and his victim, from time to time fell on his ears. Evidently the apparition was gaining upon him! Yes, it was almost close to him, and with a wild cry, Tjerck rushed on till he reached the falls, where the water dashes over two precipices, the first one hundred and eighty feet high, the second, a few rods below, over ninety feet. By this time the ghostly rider was so near him, that the frightened man expected momentarily to be seized, and carried off to unknown regions.

He ventured once more to glance backward, and plainly saw a female figure swaying from side to side along the ground, evidently fastened to the horse's tail, and at that instant a low, mournful wail burst on his ear! With a howl of terror he rushed forward directly toward the edge of the precipice! Another moment and the foaming waters would have swept him down hundreds of feet, when directly in his path was a second phantom, thereby saving him from a watery grave. Tjerck stopped in utter bewilderment; then, as the creature moved, he recalled Katrine's story, and concluded that it was Nattie's cow that had rescued him. But two ghosts, one in front, the other in the rear, left little time for reflection, and with a yell which would have done credit to a Camanche, he dashed again into the path, and never stopped nor looked behind him till he had burst into his own house.

Several days passed. Nothing was heard of Tjerck Solpaugh at the farm-house of Hans Van Elten. The dame had been summoned from home to attend a dying relative, and Hermann and Katrine ventured to meet once more, when the latter heard for the first time of Tjerck's ghostly escort.

"How did you manage it, Hermann?" she asked.

"I covered the old horse with a sheet, and hung a small lantern each side of his head," replied her lover, "and trusted to Tjerck's fright to make him believe that it was a white horse breathing flames."

"And the cow?" asked Katrine.

"The cow was personated by two boys, good friends of mine, who undertook, with the help of an old hide and pair of horns, to keep Tjerck from jumping over the precipice."

Katrine shuddered at the idea.

"Where is he?" she asked presently. "He has not been at our house since that night. Is it possible the fright killed him?"

"Never fear," he replied. "Tjerck was seen the next morning, with a bundle in his hand, hurrying down toward the river. It is my belief we shall never see him again."

And he was right. Weeks rolled by, but no Tjerck appeared. Dame Van Elten had returned home, and in answer to her diligent inquiries after her favorite, she was finally told by a fisherman that he had rowed Tjerck across the river on the morning after he was last at her house; that Solpaugh had seemed very nervous and excited, and at last had intimated that he should not return. "He was going back to his own country, where there were not so many spooks." On the fisherman inquiring what he had seen, he only dropped some dark hints about horses in flames, and murdered girls.

Thoroughly disgusted with the failure of her plot for wealth, Dame Van Elten thenceforth ignored any allusion to Tjerck, and, a relative of Hermann's dying, and leaving him a snug little property, she made no objection to Hans' proposition that the young folks should be married, and live with them, Hermann taking sole charge of the farm, and he being left in peace to smoke and sleep.

Possibly Dame Van Elten hoped to make herself indispensable to the young people; a laudable desire which she had little time to endeavor to fulfill, as a fever suddenly carried her off.

Hans did not seem much disturbed, but consoled himself with his favorite pipe. In due time Hermann and Katrine were married, and then the old man seemed not to have a wish unfulfilled, but to the day of his death considered he had made the match by sending Katrine to meet her lover on that memorable afternoon; and sometimes, while watching her at her work, he would call:—

"Katrintje!"

And when she would hurry toward him to know what he wanted, he would shake his head solemnly, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, and say:—

"Hermann Schoonmaker is a very fine lad, Katrintje."

And she would laugh, and blushing as deeply as of old, answer:—

"Yes, father."

And busy herself over his pipe.

REDPATH.

A ROMANCE OF EARLY FRONTIER LIFE.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

BRION'S ESCAPE.

"IS the moon up, cap'n?" said Buckeye, rubbing his eyes. There not being any response, he added, presently, "I s'pect it's about time to be stirrin'."

The silence remaining unbroken, Buckeye turned to the spot where he supposed Brion to be slumbering.

"Beard of the prophet Smith! He isn't here! Well, he can't be fur off, that's sartin. Perhaps he's gone after the hosses. No he hasn't, neither, there they stand in plain sight."

"By the book of Mormon!" cried Buckeye, suddenly. "Somebody's arter the cap'n's hoss!" His observant eyes had detected a man crouching in the grass in the act of cutting the side-line from the trapper's steed.

"Look this way!" shouted Buckeye.

The thief obeyed, not certain that the words were addressed to him; but all doubts were dispelled when he saw the trapper's long rifle covering his head.

"If your life's worth anythin' in partic'lar to ye, get up and come this way, and try to remember that if you run, I'll drop you as I would a tarnal catamount."

The detected offender reluctantly advanced, revealing no less a personage than the half-breed.

"Oh, it's you—is it? Well, this is nice kind of business for a cretur with white blood in his veins. I s'pect there's no other branch of industry that you can get into," said Buckeye, as Beavertaker approached.

"With the people with whom I live, horse-stealing is not esteemed a crime, but rather a virtue."

"Well, jest clap down on your knees and say over a little sunthin', and I'll give ye a bit of a lift toward the half-breed kentry. I s'pect you haven't got Ingin blood enough in to care about a death-song, and as for your explites, it won't take long to tell 'em."

At that instant something fell softly at Beavertaker's feet, who thereupon evinced much agitation.

"Beavers and otters! it's an arrow!" cried Buckeye. But the half-breed was too much terrified to speak.

"You look 'mazin' white about the mouth, and I reckon there's a heap of meanin' in this little messenger. Come, half-breed, find your tongue."

"Yes, there is indeed meaning in it," answered Beavertaker, striving to master his fears. "It tells me that my life hangs on a thread—it warns me to begone, and appear no more in the country of the Blackfeet on pain of death."

"'Tis the work of Redpath!" said the trapper, in a subdued voice. "The unknown cretur is near; his noiseless feet are walkin' around us; his eagle eyes are seein' us, and his quiver is full of these polished instruments o' death."

"There is too much truth in what you say. I shall tarry no longer amid these hills; I must direct my footsteps to some dis-

tant spot where the name of Redpath is unknown."

"If that's the case, then free your conscience at once, and you'll go lighter for havin' cast off a great burden of deviltry," advised Buckeye.

"There is one thing I regret," added the half-breed, with some show of remorse.

"That's right; I'm glad to hear you say so. It makes half-breed human natur' appear to better advantage. Tell me what it is that you're sorry for."

"I will; it is that I sold myself to Pierre Mariot."

"And well you may, for he is a villain. As it can't now make any difference to you, either in regard to your pay or future prospects, inform me what Mariot has been tryin' to do."

"At first his object was to destroy the trappers of the American Fur Company."

"That I have found out already," said the trapper.

"When Mignon appeared," resumed Beavertaker, "and went over to Brion's party, it then became his great object to obtain possession of her person, and by a series of persecutions, overcome her objections to his wishes."

"And what might his wishes be?"

"To make her Madame Mariot, of course."

"I have yet another question to ask."

"Ask it."

"Can you tell me where Mignon is now?"

"She is traveling towards the Plains as fast as fleet horses can carry her. She is with Mariot, and Headley was his instrument. But the end is not yet; Headley loves her, and there will be a struggle between the two."

"Beard of Smith! Just what I thought! Put two scoundrels together to serve the devil, and directly they'll go to cuttin' each other's throats. What trail is that the cap'n and I have been followin'?"

"That of a small party of Blackfeet who have sworn never to return to their village without a prisoner."

"Ah, that gives me an idea! Depend on't the cap'n's in trouble. It's probable that the thought of Mignon kept him awake, and he got up and followed his trail, and has been taken by this war party. By Joe Smith's beard, I must be after him!"

"Madman, stop! you will go to share his fate!"

"Share his fate! I'm willin' to—I'm willin' to, if I can't save him. What is fire to a true soul? It's nothin'! All the fire in the world can't burn up the principle of an honest man!" said Buckeye, with fervor.

"Follow your destiny, and I will mine. Time is passing, and to me it is the same as life. But I turn my back upon these familiar scenes with sorrow. I love the prairies and the wide skies over them; and mountains have become dear to me, and I love to hunt the buffalo upon the great hunting-grounds of the redman. I go, and we shall never meet again. Honest trapper, farewell!" Beavertaker said no more, but turning away, was soon out of sight.

"The kentry's relieved," said the trapper; "it'll breathe easier, feel better, and stan' longer, I dare say. It can't be said that Redpath hasn't done some good, previding he's had a hand in the matter; for one, I'm obleged to him, be he man or demon. But I mustn't forgit for an instant that the cap'n's in danger. I'll hop on to Flash, and it shall go hard with me if I don't find him. Flash can scent an Ingin as far as a dog can his master."

Buckeye hastily saddled his horse, and leaving Brion's animal to shift for himself, was soon in motion. With his nose near the ground, Flash followed the trail of the mountaineer. When Flash had gone on in this manner for a half or three-quarters of an hour, he stopped, snuffed the air, and shook his head.

"He smells the creture!" said Buckeye; "they're near—I never knew him to fail." He dismounted and stood a moment near his horse.

"Flash," said he, gently stroking the creature's neck with his hand, "we've been friends a great while, and it wouldn't be like ye to desart me now. Stay here and be as still as death. If I don't see you again, but go under, the same as a good many better men have, don't never let any Ingin riptile swing his leg across your back."

Stooping until his figure presented but half its usual altitude, the trapper glided onward and soon reached the dell, where active preparations were being made for the death of the prisoner.

The savages had already fixed twelve green stakes in the ground, and were gathering heaps of fagots. To Buckeye this was a mournful spectacle; he gazed from his place of concealment with mingled feelings of

horror and indignation. He felt himself in a dreadful dilemma; he could witness the agonies of his friend with but little chance of aiding him, or he could fly for assistance back to the canon with the terrible fear following him at every step that he might be too late to save his life. Thus he remained. Knowing that it would be rash to undertake anything in favor of Brion against such numbers, he concluded to go for assistance, hoping by dint of hard riding to return in season to save the captain's life. Creeping back, he mounted Flash and rode away as fast as his fleet limbs could carry him.

Meantime the partisan was lying on the ground in the most painful position. He saw the green stakes driven, fagots brought, dry pine splinters prepared, and various other arrangements calculated to shake the sternest resolution. He had abandoned himself to his fate with a kind of despairing apathy, when a sudden recollection like a gleam of light flashed through his mind.

"Prairiewolf," said he, "it is not the will of the Great Spirit that I should die now."

"White men talk often of the Great Spirit," replied the chief, ironically. "Why do you think he has not called you, and that you should live longer upon the earth?"

"Unbutton my hunting-frock, and you will find that beneath it which will answer you."

Bending over Brion, he tore open his frock, and there was revealed to his wondering sight the figure of a raven wrought in beads. Prairiewolf stood silent and confounded; rage and disappointment were pictured upon his visage.

"Accursed Fox!" he exclaimed. "Some of your cunning yet remains. This is indeed a mighty medicine. I will show it to my warriors, and hear what they say."

Prairiewolf took the talisman, and going away a little distance, called his braves around him, when considerable talking followed in low tones. Presently the chief returned, and giving the mountaineer the memento that seemed to possess such power, said:—

"You were right, pale face; your time has not come; you may yet live many moons to trap the otter and the beaver. See, I cut your bonds; rise up, you are free!"

The mountaineer sprang lightly to his feet, and the fear of a painful death rolled back from his soul. He stretched out his arms, he shook himself like an impatient steed—a sense of freedom made him happy. "'Tis the providence of God!" he exclaimed.

A brave advanced and handed Brion his rifle; throwing the weapon upon his shoulder, he walked from the camp of his enemies with a firm and dignified step.

Brion took the way he had come, and as he increased the distance between himself and the savages, quickened his pace.

"Wabuma!" said a voice near the mountaineer, at the moment when he was passing the chapparal adverted to in another place. The partisan cocked his rifle and looked for the speaker, who immediately emerged from the mezquit at his left.

"What is your purpose?" questioned Brion, presenting his rifle.

"To pay a debt I owe you!"

"I know you not," added the captain.

"Yankee, I am Blackfoot, son of the Raven," rejoined the Indian.

The partisan eased the hammer of his rifle-lock softly back upon the unbroken cap, and dropped the breech of the weapon to the ground.

"Ah, I remember."

"Wabuma, attend thou! When yonder war-party set out I was not ready, for I had certain rites to perform necessary to insure success; I overtook them this morning after you had given Prairiewolf the great medicine."

"Go on," said Brion.

"Prairiewolf cut your bonds, and said, 'Arise, you are at liberty; arise and depart.'"

"Yes," added Brion, wondering at what Blackbird was coming.

"But," resumed the Indian, "he spoke deceitfully, and there was wickedness in his heart. Yankee, he has planned your death. When you pass yonder spring, two braves will spring upon you and despatch you with their tomahawks. Prairiewolf has sent them there for that purpose; they are crouching in the grass, waiting the sound of your coming."

"Blackbird, behold how the Great Spirit rewards me for a merciful act!"

"Wa-wa! the Master of Life is just; he never forgets, and his red children are like him."

"Do you not fear the consequences of betraying this secret?" Brion asked.

"I would have warned you of this if the twelve fires that were to be lighted for you were to be my only reward for the deed. I

will repay the debt I owe you, though they thrust my flesh full of blazing splinters, and burn out my tongue. Go your way, and remember that Blackbird did not prove ungrateful."

The Indian vanished like a spirit—so quickly did he glide into the tangled depths of the chapparal; and the partisan, changing his course, made a detour to the right, thus avoiding the ambush of the wily Prairiewolf. He reached the spot where he had left Buckeye, found his horse quietly feeding, but of course saw nothing of the trapper or Flash.

It was now daylight. Thinking it probable that Buckeye was looking for him, Brion concluded to remain in that vicinity for a while, believing he should be more likely to find him in that way than by searching for him. He did not by any means intend to slumber, but having slept none during the night, nature proved stronger than his resolution, and he fell into an unquiet sleep, in which he dreamed of the Blackfeet and Mignon. He was aroused from his somnolency by sounds that would not have been noticed by any one who had not passed many years in a country where constant watchfulness was required, but which proved to be produced by human feet; for the first object that met the mountaineer's gaze was a man who was looking wistfully at his horse.

"Stranger," said Brion, "what want you?"

The individual, who obviously had not seen the partisan, now turned towards him with a start indicative of surprise.

"Ah," added Brion, immediately, "I think we have met before?"

"Yes, and not much to my advantage," replied the man, pointing to a wound on his head.

"You received that little memento of my good will at the timber near the canon."

"I am pretty well aware of it!" said Kincaid.

"This meeting, I perceive, is opportune; I have some questions to propose to you which I hope you will answer without prevarication. My first question is, can you inform me where Pierre Mariot is?"

"I shall not answer," said Kincaid.

"My next," resumed Brion, "is this—is Miss Bellmar with him?"

"I reply to that as to the other question."

"Villain!" exclaimed Brion.

"If that suits you, why, let it be so," replied the Frenchman, with a sneer.

"You were doubtless about to appropriate my horse."

"I supposed it to be an estray."

"No apologies; horse-stealing, I presume, could easily be reconciled to your conscience—you are not tender, I think. But as the civil questions I have asked remain unanswered, I will propose another—tell me if you have any knowledge of the movements of Headley?"

"I have."

"That is well; where is he?"

"That is something I did not agree to tell."

"A truce to this obstinacy! I am intensely interested in Miss Bellmar, and the movements of Headley and Mariot; tell me where to find them, and I will make it worth your trouble."

"Oh, you will buy me?"

"If it does not go beyond my means, yes. Name your price. What do you demand?"

"There is your horse—it is a fine one. I will accept him as a gift, and in return for your kindness, tell you all I know of Mademoiselle Bellmar and Mariot," said Kincaid, with a cool effrontery, provoking to Brion, who was loath to part with an animal he valued highly.

"It is a hard bargain you are driving with me, but I will compromise the matter by giving you the price of the animal in money, or such goods as I have at the encampment," he answered.

"No, that will not do. I'll have the horse, or it's no trade, and not a word passes my lips. So choose, and that quickly, for I want to be off."

"You are, indeed, a pitiful knave, and it taxes my patience to keep from laying violent hands upon you; nevertheless, if these are your easiest terms, I accept."

"Saddle him and bring him here, and place the bridle rein in my hand, that I may be sure there is no trickery about it."

With a sigh of regret and something like remorse, the partisan complied with this request. Kincaid took the bridle and threw it over the animal's neck. The horse, resenting the familiarity from a stranger, or frightened at the suddenness of the act, reared and backed, Kincaid retiring with him until he was several yards from the mountaineer, then springing with agility to the saddle, gave him the rein, and struck his flanks with his heels. In a second he was galloping away. Brion drew up his rifle with the in-

tention of wounding the rascal, but it missed fire. Kincaid had taken off the cap while he was saddling the horse.

"Put on a cap!" shouted the Frenchman, looking back over his shoulder. At that instant the partisan saw a gleam of light passing through the air; Kincaid cried out like one in mortal pain, and fell headlong from the horse. Brion hastened to him; he found him upon the ground in the agonies of death—a steel-headed arrow had passed through his lungs, and the glittering point was visible near the spinal column beneath the left shoulder. He fixed his glassy eyes upon the mountaineer.

"It is ended!" said he, in a husky breath. "I'm dying. My fears were prophetic—Redpath has stricken me. I wished for your horse to leave this accursed region—but it is useless to struggle with fate. But I will confess this. Miss Bellmar is with Mariot and Headley; you will find them somewhere on the trail to the city of the Great Salt Lake. Raise me up a little." Brion did so, supporting him with his willing arms. "When the breath has left me, honest Brion, tie a heavy stone to my body and sink it in the waters of the Nebraska."

"Yes," said Brion, "I will do it."

"That is all; it grows darker—the portals are grim and horrible—but death—is eternal—eternal sleep!" Kincaid never spoke again.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW COMER INTO THE FIELD.

"IF death is an eternal slumber," mused Brion, "then he who has lived the best in the world will sleep the most tranquilly. The clod was but recently a man—now it is insensate matter, ready to return to the great body of nature where it was derived."

"Beard of the immortal Joe!" cried a well-known voice, and thereupon the partisan felt himself hugged as if in the embrace of a bear. "Beavers and otters! guns and gunpowder!"

The reader will see that Buckeye had returned.

"Well, cap'n, this is what I call sing'lar! Why, I didn't much expect to see you ag'in in the airthly tabnercle of your nat'ral body!"

"A spirit has not flesh and bones as you see me have," said Brion, sharing fully in Buckeye's gladness.

"In course not, for in that case one could never s'pect to reach the new Jeroosalem unless he went up in a billoon; for the force of gravity, you know, would keep him rooted to the nateral sile. How, in the name of Smith, did ye get clear of the Ingin creturs?"

"First, let me ask, my friend, how you learned that I was a prisoner?"

"Why, I diskivered ye, in course, and saw the riptiles drivin' stakes into the ground to the number of twelve and up'arde."

"You took the trail?"

"Flash and I, yes. I must say I found ye in a bad predicament. Twelve fires—three days—great Smith!"

"I perceive you are acquainted with all."

"That mixed individoval the Ingins call Beavertaker has been here, and he told me about the war-party and their vow; and you bein' gone, I put that and that together, and made up my mind what had happened, which was confirmed by going arter ye. But, by the beard, what have you here?"

"You can examine and satisfy yourself."

"The body of a man with an arrow driven through his lungs, the p'int stickin' from the back."

"True," said Brion.

"Beavers and otters, let us hear about it!"

The partisan stated the circumstances to him.

"'Tis the work of Redpath!" added Buckeye, in an undertone. "He is yet at his old trade; he's near us by night and by day; he's never asleep; his foot never tires, and his quiver is never empty."

"A wily foe," returned Brion.

"And not only wily but terrible," resumed the trapper.

"Terrible to those whom he marks for destruction; to others he may be quiet different."

"It wouldn't be strange if we should foller arter them that has felt his power and gone under the sile. We ought to think of the futur', and be ready to go at a second's warnin'. In case I should be the fust to give up airthly things, I want you to take Flash and be a good master to him—the faithful brute."

"It's my opinion you are destined for a long life and a happy one. Nevertheless, should I outlive you, Flash shall never want care and attention; he shall receive no stinted rations of provender, his work shall be light, and he shall die of old age."

"That sounds right and proper, and ar-

ranges all my airthly matters with the exception of my rifle and sich like, which you must keep, in remembrance of Buckeye, the free trapper."

"A brave soldier frequently makes his will while going to battle; but let us hope that I shall not execute yours until I am myself a very old man. Now tell me where you have been—to get help, I dare say?"

"Yes; I started for the canon, but met one of your old trappers well-mounted, and sent him with the news of your capture. Before noon, twenty-five brave fellows will be here—chaps that won't shrink from a skrimmage."

"We shall need them, possibly, for another purpose."

"To pursue Mariot and Headley?"

"That is my design," said Brion. "But I must attend to the last wish of this poor fellow, to give him burial in the waters of the Nebraska."

The body was lifted upon Brion's horse, and carried to the river, to the summit of a cliff overhanging the water. While they were preparing it for its final resting-place, a horseman was seen upon the opposite bank, who, perceiving the mountaineers, called to them, desiring to know if the river were fordable. The captain informed him that there was a sand-bar reaching two-thirds of the distance across; but notwithstanding he would in some places find it beyond his horse's depth.

The stranger attempted the passage, succeeding very well until twenty yards from the shore, when—the horse not being a very powerful swimmer, and the water being deep and swift—he was borne downward with the current, and his life endangered. The partisan perceiving his peril, did not hesitate to plunge in to his rescue, which happily he effected. The man was taken from the water much exhausted. He proved to be a person past middle age, very respectable in appearance, and a Frenchman.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed he, reviving from the effects of his bath. "I'm getting too old to travel in such a barbarous country. *Ma foi!* I should have drowned but for your friendly aid."

"Then my being here was providential," replied Brion.

"Evidently so, thanks be to the Divine Being!" said the stranger, fervently.

"We were performing a melancholy service when you appeared, which we will now complete. We were on the point of committing the mortal remains of a fellow-being to the keeping of this river."

"Indeed! a sad affair to perform in this great solitude—one of your companions, doubtless?"

"Guns and gunpowder, no!" exclaimed Buckeye. "We don't associate with sich."

"Please come this way," requested Brion.

"Diable! he was shot with an arrow!" cried the Frenchman.

"And it is a fate he richly deserved, though we shouldn't judge too harshly of our fellow-creturs," said Buckeye.

"He was a bad man, then?"

"He hadn't no principles, whatsomever; he was in the employ of Pierre Mariot, partner in the firm of Bellmar & Mariot, of Westport," rejoined the trapper.

The Frenchman seemed astounded, looking from Brion to Buckeye, and from Buckeye to Brion, as if he could not well credit him.

"It appears to work you up somewhat, stranger; but sich a spectacle as this may nat'rally do so. Perhaps you've heard of Redpath, and perhaps you haven't; but whether you have or haven't—and it probably don't make no great odds—just look afore ye, and you'll see a specimint of his work."

"This is most wonderful!" said the stranger, trembling with excitement. "I have heard of Redpath. I hope this is the only white man he has killed, within your knowledge?"

"I wish it was, but it isn't, by no means; sev'ral have felt his arrows and knocked under, as 'twere."

The Frenchman now looked attentively at the partisan. "If I mistake not," said he, "this is Captain Brion, the famous mountaineer?"

"My name is Brion," replied the captain, modestly, "but I believe I am not very famous."

"Thanks to the intercession of the saints! this is well. Perhaps you can tell me something concerning my daughter, Mignon," said the Frenchman, hurriedly.

"Otters! are you the old gentleman?" exclaimed Buckeye. "Well, I must say the cap'n's behaved real handsome toward the gal. He's been the same as a father to her, and brother, too, for that matter, with a little sister thrown in. Bless you, sir, he's run all kinds of risks—twelve fires—three days'—roastin'—pine splinters, and so on."

"For which he will accept a father's gratitude. Lead me to her at once."

"I'm not much in the habit of advisin' people older than myself, but if I might be allowed to speak in a case like this, I should say keep down your nat'ral feelin's till we find her. When she's diskivered, you can be led to her, I reckon; but till then, I don't think it can be done. The truth is, that oncommon woman slipped away from us when we wasn't expectin' it; if it hadn't been for that carcumstance, you wouldn't have seen us here, for we're arter her."

Mr. Bellmar's countenance indicated the depths of his disappointment, while Brion proceeded to explain the matter as well as he could; in addition to which he made a general statement of all that had happened to Mignon, as far as he knew.

"I trust," said Monsieur Bellmar, after a pause, "that my daughter's deportment has been at all times such as becomes one of her years and sex?"

"Guns and gunpowder! if she'd been queen of England, she couldn't conducted herself no better! I say it without meanin' no hurt to anybody of her kind; but I've never seen her equal, on the prairies or off, in towns or cities, and I'm forty and upwards."

Buckeye spoke with particular enthusiasm, rounding the final period with a vigorous cut of his right hand through the air.

Bellmar looked gratefully at the trapper, of whose sincerity he had not a doubt, his earnestness fully attesting to his honesty.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

LEAVING these parties, we return once more to Mignon. She had retired as usual, but a little after midnight was awakened by a sense of suffocation, and discovered that a handkerchief was tied tightly across her mouth, and her hands firmly held by a man, who instantly raised her in his arms and bore her swiftly away.

"Be quiet, mademoiselle! No personal injury or disrespect is intended," said a voice which she recognized as Headley's. Mignon struggled and attempted to alarm the camp, but against Headley her feeble strength availed nothing. She was soon clear of the canon, when she was placed upon a horse; but the handkerchief was not removed until she had ridden as far as the timber, where Headley was joined by Beavertaker, who had just reached the spot with several horses, her own among them, which, as the reader knows, he had stolen.

Mignon, being free from the restraint of the handkerchief, was of course at liberty to express her indignation at such an outrage—a privilege which she did not hesitate to secure.

"Mademoiselle Bellmar, I am under the influence of a passion that masters me. Do not hold me responsible for my deeds—indeed, you have driven me mad!" said he.

"Tell me your purpose," said Mignon.

"My hope is that at some time you will come to regard me in a manner far more kindly," responded Headley, with an air of humility.

"If you would have such hope realized, conduct me whence you have taken me," she said.

"I could witness your death with more calmness than your return to Captain Brion, Miss Bellmar!" he exclaimed, with emphasis.

"Then entreaties are vain; and it only remains for me to submit to my fate, begging, however, to be treated with the deference due to my sex and honor," said Mignon, despairingly.

"You can do no more and no better, mademoiselle. If you prefer, you may ride your own horse—you perceive he is here."

"Yes, I prefer to ride Brave."

As many of Headley's men as Mariot was able to mount had been sent forward the day previous; these they overtook before night; they were to wait for the remainder at a certain place known to Beavertaker and Kincaid, who were to meet them upon the stolen horses and conduct them there by another route.

Mignon complained of fatigue, and requested Headley to encamp for the night—an artifice which she hoped would prove advantageous to Brion, who, she doubted not, would be able to find the trail, notwithstanding all the precautions taken. Mariot objected to this proposal, wishing to hurry on as fast as possible till morning. A difference of opinion thereupon arose, which was decided by vote among the men, and against the judgment of Mariot. This circumstance engendered ill-feeling between the leaders, which, enhanced by mutual jealousy, showed itself often the following day. Mignon foresaw a quarrel; which

possibly might produce some change in her favor, yet inwardly fearing the crisis that seemed approaching. The same scene in regard to camping was enacted at the close of the second day with the same results. Mignon slept and was hopeful—more hopeful than at any time since her abduction.

The morning sun arose with peerless brightness. Nature was glorious in her beauty. The wide-spreading prairies exhaled life and fragrance. The little camp was astir. Mignon stood near Brave, with her eyes turned wishfully towards the Wind River Mountains, from which she was daily receding. Could she forget the scenes that had transpired at the feet of those mighty ranges? Never! they had impressed their thrilling events upon her soul, to remain there as long as life and memory lasted.

Mariot approached. Mignon remarked that his face wore a gloomy expression. Headley followed him; both stopped a few paces from her.

"I hope," she said, addressing Mariot, "that you have come to tell me you regret what you have done?"

"No," he moodily replied, "I only regret your perverseness."

"How will you account for your conduct to my father?" resumed Mignon.

"That need not give you uneasiness," returned Mariot.

"Did the thought ever occur to you, Monsieur Mariot, that Redpath may be near us?" inquired Mignon, after a pause.

"Diable!" exclaimed Mariot, with a slight shudder. "I wish that you would never speak that name in my hearing."

"Is the dread of that man, then, so strong upon you?" she continued.

"You have chosen an unauspicious subject, mademoiselle!" impatiently rejoined Mariot.

"Possibly so; but perhaps you believe in omens, premonitions, and such things?" resumed Miss Bellmar, perceiving the theme annoyed him.

"It matters not—it makes no great difference in our present relations. That I feel dark within, and an unwonted gloom weighs heavily upon me, I confess. I will acknowledge even more than this—there is a vague yet terrible fear of death upon me."

Mariot stood with his face to Mignon, his arms folded on his breast. His eyes were turned to her while he spoke with an expression that seemed to ask sympathy. At this moment his lips ceased moving, he groaned and fell at Mignon's feet, who, thinking he had fainted, looked at him with contempt; but that feeling changed to absolute awe when she discovered the shaft of an arrow, the point of which was lodged in his brain. While she gazed at this spectacle, so unexpected and so fearful, a man rushed from a growth of pinon just behind her, and embracing her exclaimed:—

"My daughter! my daughter!"

"My dear father!" cried Mignon, recovering somewhat from her bewilderment, and returning his caresses.

"Beavers and otters!"

Mignon raised her eyes and saw Brion and Buckeye approaching, and held out both hands to them.

"Welcome! most welcome!" she exclaimed, with a radiant smile.

"Guns and gunpowder! the cap'n's been most distracted, and gone through all sorts of dangers—twelve fires—three days—roastin' —pine splinters!" added Buckeye, venturing to touch Mignon's little hand.

"For which he has my eternal gratitude," said Monsieur Bellmar.

"And mine, I am sure," said Mignon.

"Beard of Smith, he wants more'n that! —he wants you yourself!" quoth Buckeye, bluntly.

"If my father does not say 'No,' why—I think we may possibly arrange it," said Mignon.

"Upon my soul, I believe it's arranged already, and well arranged, too! Diable! this wretched man died suddenly," added Bellmar.

"There's another that ought to follow him," affirmed Buckeye. "Where is the cretur, I wonder?"

Brion looked around for Headley, but he had disappeared; and we will remark here, as the most appropriate place, that he was never seen again by any one of the parties—what became of him is not known.

Awed by the fate of Mariot, disappointed by the flight of Headley, and convicted of the error they had committed, the gold-seekers flocked around the partisan and manifested such signs of repentance, and begged so hard to be received into his band again, that he forgave them. The whole party immediatly set out on their return to the encampment at the canon. The trappers that had started for the rescue of Brion from the Blackfeet, accompanied him to the

rescue of Mignon, but were concealed in a wood about half a mile distant.

While the body of Mariot was being interred, the partisan and Mignon walked alone, discoursing of recent events. The latter, hearing a sound behind her, turned and beheld Ravenclaw. Brion also discovered him at the same moment.

"Son of the Buffalo," he said, calmly, "the Great Spirit has given you a charmed life. You have conquered your enemies; you have been as successful in love as on the trail. You will live many moons, and be happy."

"Chief of the Blackfoot nation, may you live longer and be happier that I," answered Brion earnestly.

"I ask not for life," returned Ravenclaw, proudly. "The rising and setting of the suns can bring no joy to the soul of Ravenclaw; the waning and fulling of moons are to him but meanless things. But, son of the Buffalo, it is different with thee; thou hast a country, thou hast Lilyface."

"I have much to live for," said Brion.

"Your people are growing in greatness, even as mine are dwindling away," added Ravenclaw, sadly. "Your nation will soon flow over these mountains, and my race will be pressed to the sea. But I shall not live to see it; I shall have passed to the hunting-grounds when the white man plants upon the graves of my fathers."

"Go with me to the cities of the white man," suggested Brion.

"Cursed be the cities of the white man!" cried Ravenclaw.

"Ravenclaw, you have a noble nature," said Mignon.

He looked down upon her and smiled. The sunlight shining upon his lofty brow, lent a strange charm to his face.

"The voice of Lilyface is like a dove," he said, softly.

"Tell me," resumed Mignon, in a low tone, her hand still upon his arm, "who is Redpath?"

He drew back haughtily, pushing her gently from him; his eyes glittered like fire.

"Lilyface has a short memory; she has forgotten what she heard in yonder mountains. Redpath is the son of the eagle, and he scorns to share the secret with another. Again I say, I know him not; that to me is the greatest of all mysteries—mysterious as the soul within me. I repeat it—Redpath will live unknown—he will die high up in the cliffs—no ear shall hear his passing thunder—the paleface shall never behold his grave. To the great and awful Master of Life he will commend his spirit, and pass away as becomes his name and deeds. Son of the Buffalo, adieu! Lilyface"—the chief's voice faltered a little—"Lilyface, farewell, forever!"

Ravenclaw sprang from the rock; his majestic figure was visible an instant, and then was hidden from their sight.

Brion's trapping campaigns are over. By his own fireside he talks with Mignon of Redpath. Balaam, too, participates in his curiosity. Mignon grows pensive at the mention of his name, and is persuaded to this day, that Ravenclaw and Redpath were one; while Buckeye, in his annual visits to Westport, swears by the "beard of Smith," whatever Mignon says must be true.

[The End.]

OH, WEARY LIFE!

BY MARTHA A. KIDDER.

OH, weary Life! 'Tis scarce worth while
To struggle on, to weep and smile;
So soon the dream must fade away.
So soon the hopes in which we trust
Will fall like leaves into the dust!
As wanes the year, so ends Life's day.

Oh, weary Life! and yet how sweet
The flowers that blossomed at our feet,
In brighter days when we were young!
But pain and grief came all too soon;
Our hearts are sadly out of tune
With joyful songs that once we sung.

Oh, weary Life! The little joy
That we can have without alloy
May ne'er be measured with our pains.
Yet lives can last so short a day,
Like bubbles on the ocean's spray,
That break, and lo! no trace remains!

ASBURY PARK, N. Y.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTFOLIO.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

DURING the French Revolution of 1789, there lived in the city of Caen, France, a young woman, Charlotte Corday d'Armont, a granddaughter of the celebrated Corneille. Though born of gentle blood, she had been nurtured in the school of adversity, her father being too aristocratic to work, and too poor to live comfortably without work. In early life she was placed in a monastery in Caen, where her whole future destiny was influenced by the peculiar discipline to which she was exposed, and the ideas of duty which were inculcated. In the dreams of the cloister her ardent soul became fired with the ambition of the exalted deeds, which should render her a benefactress to her race.

After thus living for six years, the Jacobin government suppressed the convent, and she took up her residence with an elderly relative in Caen, where she remained until she was nearly twenty-five years of age. Living amidst the terrible scenes of the Revolution, where the guillotine was in constant exercise, and the mob daily demanding the blood of new victims, her thoughts naturally turned to the possibility of stopping these horrors. She mingled as much as possible with the Girondists, to ascertain who were the principal agents in those woes which were desolating her native land.

Though Danton and Robespierre were then in their ascendency, the sanguinary delirium of Marat rendered him more conspicuous to the mass of the people, who saw "tyranny and freedom in one man's hands only." To Marat, then, the eyes of Charlotte Corday were directed, as the one who was deluging the republic in blood. She thought that his death would arrest this flood, and save the lives of thousands. It had been announced that he had proscribed twenty-five hundred victims in Lyons, three thousand in Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand in Paris, and three hundred thousand in Brittany. Conspiracies were being organized all over the republic for the overthrow of this bloodthirsty tyrant. The lover of Charlotte Corday, whom she idolized with all the purity and fervor of her impassioned nature, was engaged in one of these conspiracies, which, if successful, would cost the lives of thousands, and, if unsuccessful, would only consolidate the power of the tyrant. Charlotte resolved to free France of the monster at the certain sacrifice of her own life.

All the energies of her being were now aroused for the accomplishment of the object. It was no easy matter for an obscure young woman to get such access to the tyrant as to be able to assassinate him. She formed her plan so cautiously as to guard against every conceivable cause of failure. Not an individual was admitted to her confidence. Religious enthusiasm contributed its strength to her enterprise, for she doubted not that she was engaged in a holy undertaking. Her well read Bible contained a pencil mark around the passage: "Judith went forth from the city, adorned with a marvelous beauty, which the Lord had bestowed on her to deliver Israel."

Having made all her arrangements, she informed her friends that she was going to England to seek that asylum which France no longer afforded. A few trifling mementoes were conferred upon her intimate acquaintances, and, on the 9th of July, 1793, she took the diligence for Paris. Her whole worldly possessions consisted of a small parcel of clothes, and a volume of Plutarch's Lives.

Charlotte was tall and dignified, with profuse black hair, and long eyelashes, which, seeming even darker than her clustering ringlets, gave great depth to her piercing eyes. Her cheeks were well filled, and had the freshness and health of youth, and were often crimsoned with the blush of excitement or modesty. Her dazzling beauty, winning manners, and vivacity in conversation, quite won the hearts of her fellow travelers, who strove unsuccessfully to draw from her the object of her journey, and her address. One young gentleman became so enamored that he begged permission to solicit of her relatives her hand in marriage. She pleasantly repelled the honor, but promised that he should know more of her ere long.

After two days' ride she arrived at Paris, and went to a hotel, where she allowed herself a

day's rest, that her faculties might be in the best condition. She had no desire to figure as a heroine. It was not for fame that she wished to sacrifice her life. In the cloister she had learned the lesson of self-abnegation, and rather desired oblivion than notoriety. She also wished the act of assassination to be a sacred, solemn scene, which should strike terror to the hearts of all tyrants. She wished it to be public that many might witness the just retribution of fiend-like cruelty.

Her first plan was to kill Marat in the *Champ de Mars*, at a great celebration which was to occur on the 14th of July. The adjournment of the ceremony necessitated a change of theatre; and she decided to strike him in the midst of the covention, surrounded by his satellites. She had no doubt that the result to herself would be that her body would be torn limb from limb. This plan was frustrated, as Marat, for some reason, no longer attended the convention.

Her only chance now of meeting him was at his own house, and it was by no means easy to obtain access to him there. Fearing, as all tyrants do, the dagger of assissination, he was carefully guarded. Dissimulation was necessary to accomplish her purpose, and she recoiled from this more than she hesitated to strike the blow. Her frank, honest nature was pained by the necessity of resorting to artifice, but in no other manner could her end be gained. She therefore wrote two letters to Marat, requesting an audience, so worded as to induce him to believe her one of his admirers, yet capable of a different interpretation.

About half-past seven on the evening of the 15th of July, she attired herself in the most attractive manner and proceeded to the house of Marat. It was an antique, somewhat dilapidated mansion, where the blood-stained tyrant, crowned by the mob, affected the display of the utmost democratic simplicity. He was in his bath, penning inflammatory appeals and inveighing against his enemies. It was not unusual in that day occasionally to receive visitors in the bath, and Charlotte, after encountering considerable opposition, was conducted to his room.

Marat was wrapped in a soiled bathing robe, his matted hair bound in a handkerchief. His receding forehead, protruding eyes, prominent cheek-bones and sneering mouth, presented but little to cause woman's tenderness to withhold the meditated blow. He excited such a loathing in Charlotte that she feared to cast a second glance, lest he should notice her horror and suspect her errand.

With downcast eyes she awaited his questions. He inquired as to the state of Normandy, and asked the names of the deputies of Caen. She gave him some. He wrote them down, exclaiming, exultantly:—

"Well, before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine."

At this Charlotte, with all the strength which excitement and the intensest enthusiasm could inspire, plunged a dagger to the hilt into his heart. With one piercing shriek for help, the miserable man fell dead. Charlotte was immediately arrested, tried and condemned to the guillotine. A few days after, all Paris was drawn to her execution, attracted alike by the magnitude of her crime, and her youth and wonderful beauty. She ascended the scaffold with a cheering and elastic step, and was bound to the block. She was dressed in the red robe of a murderess. A cold rain which was then falling drenched her to the skin. A vast crowd surrounded the guillotine, assailing her with oaths and execrations. She looked around upon them with a smile, as if it were an hour of triumph, and they were friends chanting her praises. The plank slowly descended to its place. The axe glided swiftly through the groove, and her head dropped into the basket. The executioneer seized it by the hair, and holding it up, smote it violently upon the cheek. The observers report that those cheeks were instantly suffused with a crimson blush, as though dignity and modesty lasted longer even than life.

WHAT MY FRIEND DID FOR ME.

BY N. P. DARLING.

I HAD a friend once, and his name was Nicholas Lymberleg. I loved him like a brother, and I thought he loved me, and perhaps he did—until we both fell in love with the same woman. I couldn't hate him even then, notwithstanding he was a much better looking man than I am, much more agreeable in society, much more fascinating, and much more wealthy.

Nicholas was tall and well formed. The ladies said he was a perfect Apollo in form, and I'm inclined to believe that he was, although, as I was never intimately acquainted with the original Apollo, I can't be positively sure. Nicholas wore black hair, glossy and curly; and he had a pair of beautiful dark eyes, and a Grecian nose; but his goatee was what did it. Yes, it took an uncommonly stout-hearted woman to face that goatee unmoved. You could not do it, my dear little girl, although you think you can face anything. But you never saw Nicholas Lymberleg's goatee, and well it is for your peace of mind that you haven't, as any young lady in Vrugo will tell you, if you only take the trouble to go there and inquire.

I reside in Vrugo, and so does Nicholas Lymberleg. My name is Roderick Lushington. I am an orphan, and so was my father before me. It ran in the family, you see. We are all predisposed that way.

As my beauty is "of that overpowering kind, whose force description only would abate," as Lord Byron once said of a female relation of mine, long since dead, I don't think I will expatiate upon my personal charms. No, my dear madam, don't ask me, don't, I beg of you. I should blush myself to death, I know, if I even attempted, I'm so modest.

But I do wish you could have seen Miss Aurora Rubilyps! She was lovely—ay, beautiful! Oh, how can I describe her? Why, the fact is, my dear madam, I can't.

"Round her she made an atmosphere of life—
The very air seemed lighter for her eyes.
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies."

Aurora was a blonde, of course. How could she be anything else with that name? Her eyes I have noticed in the above quotation. They were blue, or violet. I'm not positive to a shade, but I think she had violet eyes. She had golden hair—eighteen carrots fine. I've got a lock of it now in a locket. I've also got her picture in that same locket, but I haven't got her, and that is what makes my nose so red. Oh, I am a miserable man! As the poet says:—

"My misery can scarce be more complete;
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet."

I'm telling this story to ease my woe, after having tried everything else without avail. Sherry cobblers only made me more miserable. The more I swallowed, the more miserable I felt. Perhaps this was a natural consequence. Do you know anything about that, my dear young gentleman?

I believe I have given you to understand that I loved Aurora Rubilyps, but you can never know—nobody will ever know except the heart-broken writer, how much I loved that young, innocent and beautiful creature.

There are few men, probably, who are capable of loving one woman as I loved Aurora, as I still love her, as I always shall love her. You will readily understand this when I will tell you that I am so constituted that it is impossible for me to ever love but one. Consequently, you perceive, my dear sir, that while you are loving half a dozen women all at one and the same time, I concentrate the whole strength of my affections upon one particular object, and there it remains. Thus were my affections concentrated upon Aurora, and thus they will ever remain:—

"Because I cannot love but one."

But Aurora loved me in return. Yes, although she had scores of suitors, and among them the fascinating and truly beautiful Nicholas Lymberleg, with his glossy hair, his fine intellectual brow, his soft dark eyes, his white teeth, his splendid form, and his irresistible goatee, she loved me, and me alone. Yes, she loved me a great deal better alone. I noticed that quite a number of times.

I made a proposal of marriage to her one evening in May.

"Aurora," said I, "methinks you must have discovered my feelings for you ere this?"

"Roderick," said she, "methinks I have."

"Then I won't enlarge upon the subject."

"No, don't, Roderick, for I have already listened to fourteen declarations of love today, and it's beginning to get monotonous."

"Fourteen!"

"Fourteen, my dear. Your friend Mr. Lymberleg, among the rest, laid his heart at my feet."

"And you"——

"I told him that I was another's," she said, flinging herself onto my bosom.

"My heart ran o'er with royal bliss—
My joys were fully ripe."

Oh, this was too much, too much happiness. It couldn't last. I told her so, but she would not believe me.

"Then quickly name the day," I urged, "for something tells me that it is dangerous to delay. You are beautiful, and you have many lovers, besides the fourteen already disposed of. Perhaps there may be one who may induce you to be false to me."

"Never!" exclaimed Aurora. "You little know how the Rubilyps love. Our family are peculiar in that respect."

"And so is mine, my dear; but the safest way, is for us to marry as soon as possible."

"No," returned Aurora. "As you seem to doubt my constancy, to punish you, our wedding shall not take place until next September."

I begged but she was as firm as a rock.

"Why, Roderick, dear," said she, "I want to test your constancy as well as my own. I am going to put you on probation for four months, and then, if you have been true to me all the time, we'll be married."

Then she kissed me, and I went home happy, though with a vague fear of something that had a tendency to dampen my joy considerably.

I met Nicholas the next morning on the street. He held out his hand, and smiling, said:—

"We'll be friends still, Roderick."

"And why not?" I asked.

"True—why not? It isn't your fault that she couldn't love me."

"Of course not, Lymberleg. I did everything in the world to make her love you, but she wouldn't. Such, my dear friend, is the perversity of her sex," I said, sympathetically.

"Yes, I know." Then he sighed. "And you are a lucky man, Lushington? I—I—wish you joy." And without another word he turned on his heel and walked away.

Perhaps the reader never visited Glamzhell Beach. No? Ah! I thought not. You see, it isn't very famous as a summer resort, and it isn't at all fashionable, but it's a very nice place to spend the summer at, and its solitary hotel is pretty well filled during the summer months.

I went down there about the middle of last July. Mr. Rubilyps' family was already there, and that was what attracted me, of course; but what surprised me was that Lymberleg should go down with me, too, as one would naturally suppose that the poor fellow would want to keep away from the woman who had rejected him. But perhaps he merely wished to show her that he still survived her refusal, that he could still be happy, and that his lately wounded heart beat as regularly as ever.

But I don't know what his object was in going to Glamzhell Beach. I only know that when there he became the gayest of the gay, and to show that he bore no resentment against Aurora, he often asked her to dance when we had "hops" in the parlors; and she, from a similar reason, always accepted.

I might have been jealous, but for one thing, for I thought that Lymberleg was such a fascinating man that perhaps Aurora might be bewitched into relenting; and I should have been jealous if he had not paid such marked attention to a certain Miss Caruthers all the while.

Miss Camilla Caruthers was from New York, and they have handsome women there, you know. I remember seeing three or four the last time I visited that famous city, and a man that I met on the street told me that there were four or five others; but unfortunately they had gone over to Jersey City that afternoon, and I missed seeing them.

Well, I think Miss Camilla was one of those others, for certainly she was quite handsome, and some fellow had been fool enough to tell her so, I suppose, for she seemed to know all about it. She was a playful creature, too, and was as fond of fun as a young widow. She was a powerful singist also. As Mr. Buggs said, she was a Pa-ripper at singing. But Buggs never could express himself elegantly.

She used to sing to Lymberleg, and Lym-

berleg played the accompaniment upon his guitar. Sometimes they used to go down to the beach, and seating themselves on the rocks, sing to the ocean, "Cease thy roaring, foaming ocean," but notwithstanding she was a very powerful singer—a sort of vocal Orpheus of the feminine gender—the ocean would roar in spite of her. So at last she became discouraged and began to sing to me.

Well, as I was saying, Lymberleg was very attentive to her. Every one remarked it, and I remember Aurora told me one evening how glad she was that Mr. Lymberleg had found some one to fill the aching void in his heart.

"Camilla will make him an excellent wife," she said.

"Oh, yes, my dear, she'll make him a splendid wife."

"But I wish she were not quite so fond of your society, Roderick."

"Why, is she?" I cried. "Pshaw! my dear, you are jealous. Of course she knows that I'm engaged."

"But you do like to hear her sing, Roderick."

"Of course, my love. I like to hear Gilmore's band, but I haven't the slightest inclination to make love to the trombone."

Aurora smiled, and then we kissed, and we were just going to kiss again, when somebody knocked at the door. It was Lymberleg.

"You are both wanted in the parlor," said he. "The rain makes it so terribly dull that we've all got the blues, and we're bound to frighten them away. Old Mrs. Griggins says that no man shall kiss her in the ring but Mr. Lushington."

"Then I'll be there directly, Lymberleg. Come, Aurora."

We went down and found nearly every guest in the house assembled in the parlors, and there was a grand scene of confusion there, I assure you, for Miss Caruthers had inaugurated "ring-plays," "for one night only," and everybody, old and young, joined in them with a zest that was astonishing to behold. Old Mrs. Griggins dragged me into the ring the moment I entered the room, and kissed me four times before I could release myself.

"The mirth and fun grew fast and furious," and everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves.

I think Miss Caruthers must have bewitched the whole company, for nothing that she proposed seemed too absurd for us to do.

At last, when we had exhausted everything of the ring-play order of amusements, Camilla proposed a mock marriage. The young ladies clapped their hands with delight.

"Oh, won't that be splendid!" exclaimed little Miss Puggs.

"Truly delightful!" chimed in Mr. Buggs.

"I wish we could have a real wedding instead," sighed little Miss Short.

"And why can't we, my dear?" whispered tall Mr. Long.

"But who's going to be the bride?" cried Mr. Wogg.

The young ladies became suddenly silent, and Puggs fairly turned pale.

"Why, if you're all afraid, rather than lose the sport, I'll be the bride," said Camilla.

"And the bridegroom?" inquired Mr. Buggs, stepping forward as if he would like to offer himself.

"Why, if it were Leap Year, I should choose Mr. Lushington," she answered, looking up at me so coaxingly.

I thought Lymberleg turned pale, but I might have been mistaken.

"Well, then, I'll be the bridegroom," I said, stepping forward.

"Yes, you may as well learn how," laughed Mr. Buggs.

I looked up at Aurora, fearing that she might not quite like the arrangement, but she smiled sweetly, and I was satisfied.

"But who is going to perform the ceremony?" asked Mrs. Bendoze. "Who will officiate as clergyman?"

"Oh, we'll have the Episcopal service. Anybody can read that," answered Camilla.

"Yes, I would," cried Mr. Buggs, who seemed to be very anxious to make himself useful, perhaps from the fact that he knew he couldn't be ornamental. "I would, if I only had a book."

"Pshaw!" said Lymberleg. "The Episcopal service is altogether too long and too solemn. 'Twould spoil all the fun, and it would make you feel as if you were married in earnest."

"Don't let's have it, then," said Aurora; and I echoed her.

"Where's Williamson?" asked Lymberleg. "He can do the parson for you. He's got a smattering of everything, I believe."

"I haven't seen Mr. Williamson this evening," said one of the ladies.

"Then I'll bring him down," cried Lymberleg, rushing up-stairs.

Five minutes later he returned, bringing Mr. Williamson with him, and that gentleman went through the marriage ceremony with a celerity that was quite astonishing.

"I guess you've done this thing before, Mr. Williamson," I remarked, as he pronounced us man and wife.

"Done it before!" Mr. Williamson smiled. "Yes, I flatter myself that I've married about as many couples as any minister of my age."

"Minister!" shrieked Aurora; "are you a minister?"

"Why, of course I am, my dear young lady," replied Mr. Williamson. "Did you think I would undertake to perform the marriage service if I wasn't?"

"Why, we were in fun," I howled.

"But you are married in earnest," returned Mr. Williamson, turning pale. "I—I—thought you knew I was a clergyman. I am sure Mr. Lymberleg was aware of the fact."

"You're quite mistaken," replied Lymberleg, springing forward to catch Aurora as she swooned and fell. But from the glance he gave me as he passed out of the room, with the lovely burden in his arms, I'm inclined to think that Lymberleg was only too well aware of Mr. Williamson's profession.

"Oh, horrors!" I exclaimed, turning to Camilla. "What, oh, what shall we do?"

"Why, Mr. Lushington, I think"—she was perfectly cool and as calm as a summer's morn—"I think that we had better make the best of it."

"That's just my opinion!" ejaculated Mr. Buggs.

"But Aurora!" I roared, dashing out of the room and rushing up-stairs.

I burst into her room, and found her lying on the sofa, with Lymberleg leaning over her, clasping her little hand in his.

"Away!" she cried. "Go to your Camilla."

"But, my dear, it wasn't my fault. I did not"——

"Not another word, Roderick Lushington. Your perfidy is too apparent. Go, make no excuses. You contrived it well, but you cannot deceive me. Go, and never let me see your face again."

Mr. Rubilyps came along then and assisted me out of the room. Camilla met me in the hall.

"O Roderick! Can't you love me just a little?" she cried, throwing herself into my arms.

I looked at her critically for five minutes. Then I spoke.

"Mrs. Lushington," said I, in a voice choked with emotion, "we're married and had better make the best of it. You are lovely and ought to be loved, but I'm so constituted that I can't love but one, and that one, I fear, will soon be Mrs. Lymberleg."

Camilla groaned, and I howled melodiously. Then I tore myself from her arms and fled to my room.

Next morning Mrs. Lushington and her husband left Glamzhell Beach and went to New York. A fortnight later we returned to Vrugo, where we still remain; and so ends my story—but if the reader wishes to know the fate of the beautiful Aurora, I must inform you, with a half suppressed groan, that she is the wife of Nicholas Lymberleg.

SONNET—IN AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

VAGUE legends croon the locusts in the lane
Unto the herbage, faintly flecked with sere,
Sun-tarnished tints, up-cropping there and here,
Faint adumbrations of the summer's wane,
While tepid breezes waken not the train
Of oreads and dryads, dreaming near
Some drowsy forest spring or waveless mere,
Across which spiders weave a filmy chain.
But no dull, heated airs can dim the glow
Of Jessie's eyes, whose ebon splendors shame
These blackberries which by the lane-side grow,
And which now picks the gay-lipped, saucy dame,
Mocking the locusts with a song so low,
Yet tinged with grace of maiden's first love flame.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHARCOAL BILL.

BY BLANCHE SHAW.

I SUPPOSE he had a surname; and it is also probable that when they "named the baby," "William" was the title bestowed on him by the happy mother. Had she lived, she might have called him William, or perhaps even "Willie"; for motherhood with fairy fingers strikes gentle chords in even the roughest breast. But she left him in those baby days, and the friends to whose care his little mass of flesh and bones was committed, scorned all sentimentality, and dubbed him Bill. Bill he was, till the adoption of his profession secured to him his prefix. His surname? Yes, he must have had one, at least so the census taker told him, at the same time he undertook to prove to him that he must also have an age. Both attempts were futile. Bill listened attentively to his eloquence, but when the climax of proof was reached, he replied, doggedly:—

"Charcoal Bill is my name. I can't tell ye no more, for I ain't got no larnin'." And picking up his whip, he walked away, leaving the "census man" to estimate. And a job that was to puzzle a more astute brain than generally lies in the cranium of those gentlemen. Bill might have been eighteen, or he might have been eighty, so completely was his face masked by the staple he dealt in, and so effectually was his form disguised by the collection of dry-goods hung upon it. Every one knew him, and, in his way, he knew every one. His days through the village were Tuesdays and Saturdays. His comings were hailed with delight by the boys and dogs. The first threw stones at him, the last barked at him. The stones never hit him, and, mounted upon his high sooty chariot, he was safe from the teeth of the dogs, whose shrill treble chorded well with his deep bass "Charcoal." Sometimes the dogs would warm up to their work, and attack the heels of the team, which was composed of one mule; but this was rash valor, and always brought them woe. Old Sorrel would wait till they gathered all their forces in a phalanx, and then, by a quick succession of well-directed kicks, send them howling far and near. This manœuvre always aroused Bill from the torpid state into which he would relapse between his periodical spells of howling. He would flourish his whip and say:—

"Get up, old girl! Hit 'em again!" Which bit of slang was the only polish that civilization had wrought upon him.

Bill always sold out his load, and sundown saw Old Sorrel at the hitching-post of the tavern, while her master sat within, cheering himself with what comfort there could be found in—Rye. Bill was fond of his cups, but he was fond of them in a consistent way. It was an established fact that he could absorb more whiskey than any three men in the village, and the village was not virtuous; but no amount of whiskey could loosen Bill's tongue. He never treated, and never accepted a treat. He ordered his liquor, drank it, paid for it, and then staggering out to the mule, mounted his seat, and drove away in the darkness or moonlight, as the case might be, to his home in the Pines. Dear reader, were you ever in the "Pines" No? Then I must try to tell you what they are like. You have been in forests? Yes, but they are not the "Pines." Forests have brush and thickets, and many-hued foliage; the Pines have none. Fancy a large expanse of silence that stretches many miles on every side till it is bounded by the horizon; beneath it is covered with a reddish-brown bog, except where the white sand shines and stares in ghastly brightness, and from this, shooting up as straight as dark, are millions of deep green pines, so close together that their boughs interlace in a dense canopy, through which the sun never breaks, and whose shadows deepen to blackness. There is not a bush to be seen; the soil seems unable to produce anything but pines; and as the eye loses itself among the tawny trunks, which sometimes reach the height of many feet before sending out a branch, a matchless awe creeps over the soul. One feels as if he stood in the midst of an army of ghostly warriors; and the soughing of the dense boughs above seems a fitting requiem for their wandering souls.

This will give you some idea of the Pines, but no pen can paint them; one must see and feel them, for the sombre gleam seems

to penetrate one's being, and absorb them in themselves. In the Pines was Bill's home; a lonely spot for even the Pines to hold. It stood in the midst of a natural circle; a low hut, enclosed with slabs, from which the bark had never been stripped. A hole in each side served for windows, and one in the roof for a chimney. But Bill seldom used that; he did most of his cooking over the fagots by his coal pits. The door was unhinged and lay on the floor inside. When it was clear Bill left it down all night; but when it rained he stood it up before the opening. The floor was clay, and a rude stool, a bedstead and some cooking utensils comprised the furniture. At the end of the hut was a shed, which seemed to have been intended for a part of the house. It had evidently never been finished, for some of the frame glared naked, unmarked by a nail. A rude mass of pine boughs formed the roof, and in it Old Sorrel dreamed when off duty.

This was Bill's home. Not a cheerful spot, certainly, or one calculated to invite the weary traveler; in fact, should a stranger suddenly come upon it at midnight, when Bill was opening his pits, and see the tall trees and the ruined hut made unearthly by the lurid glare, and Bill's demoniacal figure, armed with a long pole, moving among the pits, he might be pardoned for thinking that he had found an opening to the infernal regions. It was a wild spot, but Bill's was a wild nature; and long years of habit had ripened in his heart a feeling something like love for it. For Bill had a heart; and once that heart had loved something better than Old Sorrel and the gloomy hut.

A few miles further in the Pines lay a village called Smuttown. This was Bill's native place. Here he passed his neglected orphaned babyhood, his lonely childhood, and in the fullness of time reached man's estate. His manhood was the "ripe fruit" of his childhood—gloomy and reserved. He lived by himself, worked faithfully for his daily bread, made no friends, but certainly had no enemies. Thus he lived till his twenty-sixth year, and then, by that daring inconsistency which belongs to natures like his, he fell in love with Sallie Burt, the belle of the village. Poor Bill! he hated himself for his folly, but hugged it closer to him every day. The mad thought of trying to win her, or even daring to tell his love, never entered his head. He fought his passion silently and manfully, till at last, like all smothered fires, it broke out one day, and he told her all, and in despair begged her to kill him for his presumption. But she did nothing of the kind. She turned first white and then red; and instead of plunging a dagger into his breast, she laid her curly head upon it and whispered:—

"I won't, Bill—because I love you."

Poor Bill! He was petrified. He could not think. He felt her warm light form nestling on his breast, but he dared not press it closer, for fear the dream would fade away. But Sallie was more accustomed to such things, and slipping her plump arms around his neck, she put her red lips close to his face and said:—

"Don't look so, Bill. Ain't you glad?"

Then the full glory of his joy burst over Bill. He clasped her tight in his strong arms. He kissed her with the hunger of a lifelong fast, and then he bowed his head over her and wept the first tears he had shed since babyhood. From that time he was a changed man. The freshness which his youth had never known was showered over him. He laughed, he danced, he sang. His very presence seemed to scatter sunshine. Sallie consented to an early marriage. Bill selected the little clearing, and began the cage which was to hold his bird. Many offers of help were made, but he declined them all; no hand but his should hew a log for the house that was to shelter her head, and the axe rang sharp and fast, and the hut approached completion. The main part was done, and he had begun the little shed, which he, unknown to her, had added, so that she could have a kitchen, and a best room, and in the first he would have room to keep a pile of dry seasoned wood for her, so that she should never have her eyes spoiled with smoke. He laughed as he worked on this, for it was a luxury unheard of in the village; but Sallie was a woman unequalled in the world, and four rooms would not be too good for her. The frame was up, and the clap-boards had begun to make a show; one more week and it would be done. And then! Bill's heart almost choked him! and he whistled loud to swallow a sob. He worked hard all that day, and when the sun sank behind the tall pine-tops, even his happiness could not disguise the fact that he was very tired; but he whistled gayly as he picked up his coat and began his long walk. It was dark when he reached the village. As usual he went at

once to Sallie's home. The door stood open, but no Sallie in it to meet him, and all within was dark. He hesitated on the threshold, and a sob came from the gloom. A chill crept over him. Could it be that she was dead? He reeled and clutched the door. It swung back with a bang, and then a thick voice asked:—

"Who's there?" It was her mother's.

"It's I, Bill. For heaven's sake don't say she's dead!"

A burst of sobs was her reply, and groping his way to her, Bill grasped her shoulder and pleaded:—

"Speak old woman, or ye'll kill me. Say she ain't dead."

"Better dead! better dead! Bill, she has gone and disgraced us all!"

"How dare you!" cried he; "and you her mother!"

"And the more sorrer to me. You didn't know it, Bill, but that city chap has bin hangin' round for more'n a week. I told her how she had too much talk with him, but she wouldn't take no heed. This mornin' she went off, and at dark little Jim Smart came in and told as how he had met her in the woods in a wagon with the chap; and she called out to him and said, 'Tell 'em I'm gone forever, Jim!' and then the gent took her in his arms and kissed her. O Bill! O Bill! what shall we do? And you so good to her!"

The echo gave back her words; she was alone. Without a cry, without a moan, Bill had left the house. He looked around in the bright starlight. All was strange. His dog licked his hand and whined. He heard him not. He saw nothing and he heard nothing but that wagon and the words, "The gent took her in his arms and kissed her."

The dog sprang up and put his nose in his face. He pushed him aside, and then, with his hands outstretched, as if groping in the dark, he walked away in the deep black shadows of the Pines. On, on he walked, and in the gray dawn he sat in the door of his desolate house, bowed and grizzled as though by years. All day he sat motionless, and at evening he heard the voices of his friends, who had come to seek him. He arose, placed the unhung door before the doorway and put his back against it. In vain they plead with him. He was immovable. He bade them go and leave him to himself, and at last they did so. No news was heard from Sallie, and for a while a surreptitious watch was kept on Bill; but as he declined to either accept or resent any attention offered him, he was finally abandoned to his fate. Years passed by. Bill never went back to his native village. He worked faithfully, but he took none of the comforts that his toil could buy. The hut grew dilapidated, and the clapboards fell off. He let them lay; even the door was never screwed to its hinges, which lay in the mould by the doorway.

Bill allowed himself but one indulgence; that was whiskey. As years passed by he grew fonder of it, and often on their return from town, through dark and rain, it was Old Sorrel's instinct, and not Bill's hand, that guided her through the forest.

One stormy night Bill unhitched Sorrel from the post and started for home. It was very dark, and soon began to rain hard. Bill was pretty drunk when he started, but the cold rain beating in his face cooled his brain, and by the time he had reached the hut he was sober. He put old Sorrel into the shed, and then, cold and wet, he crawled into his scarcely miserable shelter. For the first time in all those years he felt a chill of loneliness creep over him. The rain dripped from his wet clothes. He shivered, and put up the door, but the chill struck deeper, and groping his way to the door, he went to the nearest pit and gathered an armful of fagots. He took them in, and soon a bright fire blazed in the chimney-place. It warmed Bill's limbs and dried his clothes, but it froze his heart. He tried to shake it off. He took down a loaf of bread and cut a slice. The whiskey jug stood by him, but he turned from it with loathing. He tried to eat the bread, but it choked him. In vain he fought the feeling. The heaped-up desolation of all those years had broken the ice at last, and when Bill stretched his form on the clay before the dancing flames, tears glistened on his grizzled beard. He slept at last—slept and dreamed of the by-gone days, till he heard a voice cry "Bill! Bill!"

He started up. The fire was burning low, and the storm raged harder. The past and present were so blended that nothing seemed real. He looked lazily around, and his eyes dropped heavily, when again the cry came.

"Bill! Bill! For the love of heaven hear me!"

There could be no mistake this time; the cry was real, and it was a woman's voice.

Bill sprang up and lifted aside the door, and there in the darkness, drenched by the pitiless storm, crouched a woman. Her long black hair hung dripping over her slight form, which was protected by only a thin shawl. She did not look up when Bill opened the door, but crouched lower; and without a word he stooped down, and lifting her in his arms, bore her to the fire. The fagots shot up a fitful light. She raised her head. It was Sallie! Not a quiver shook Bill's frame; not a sound escaped his lips. He placed her on the only seat, walked to the other side of the hearth, and folding his arms, looked steadily into the fire. The poor dripping wretch watched him with eager eyes. He seemed like a man of stone; and clasping her hands over her breast, she cried:—

"Bill! Bill! don't you know me?"

"Yes, Sallie, I know ye." But his eyes never left the fire.

She staggered to him and fell at his feet.

"Bill! Bill! for the love of the good God, have mercy on me! I daren't ask you to forgive me, but don't drive me out into the cold storm again. I know I don't deserve it, Bill, but have mercy on me, as you would on a hurt dog!"

Bill's face worked fearfully. He lifted her up.

"Don't, Sallie. It is all right. I know'd you'd come back sometime. It has been a good while to wait, but old Bill's here to take good care of ye yet. Sallie, dry your clothes, and I'll get ye something to eat."

He put her seat close to the fire, and taking the loaf, cut a slice for her. She ate eagerly. Bill threw more wood on the fire, and she hovered over it. The fire dried her clothes, as it did Bill's, but its warmth could not thaw the chill that froze her. The pitiless storm had done its work. Her teeth chattered, but her cheeks and eyes burned with unnatural brilliancy. Bill filled an old can with water and put it on the coals. It was soon hot. He mixed it with some whiskey and gave it to her. She drank it. It seemed to warm her chilled blood; her teeth stopped chattering, and her head drooped on her breast. Bill took his only blanket and spread it before the fire.

"I reckon I won't want it to-night, Sallie. You lay down on it, and I'll keep up a fire."

The tired woman obeyed, and soon she was in a deep sleep. The wind shook the door. Bill got up and put a log against it and then he returned to his seat and watched the blaze with a face as stolid as the logs he threw on, till the gray dawn crept through the clinks of the hut. Sallie still slept heavily. Old Sorrel neighed. Bill fed her. Still Sallie slept, and Bill sat down before the fire.

The sun rose brightly. The clouds broke away, and the storm was over. Bill let the fire go out, and stared at the blackened logs. Noon came; still Sallie slept, and still he watched, and when the sun went down he was still at his post. All this time Sallie had not moved, but as the twilight deepened she grew restless and moaned. Bill went to her. Her lips were parched. He moistened them with water, and taking off his coat, made a pillow of it for her. She seemed to sleep soundly again. It grew dark, and he lighted a fire. Suddenly he heard a voice call, "Bill." He looked around. Sallie was awake, and her eyes, like two burning stars, were fixed on him.

"Well, Sallie."

"Come here, Bill."

Her voice was husky. Bill bent over her, and a gray pallor was creeping over her. He felt a cold icelike grip at his heart, but he uttered no word.

"Bend closer, Bill, I'm going fast."

A great gulp of agony burst from him.

"No, no, Sallie, you mustn't. Think how long I've waited for ye! Ye mustn't go so soon."

A smile passed over Sallie's face, and then she gasped. In a moment she rallied.

"Bill, I must tell you how sorry I am. I was very bad—but"——

Her voice failed.

"No, no, Sallie!" cried he; "don't talk of that. It is past. I don't hold grudges. Stay with me now. Don't leave old Bill."

She struggled and whispered:—

"Take me in your arms, Bill."

The brawny arms were put tenderly around her, and the pale face nestled close to the weather-beaten grizzled one.

"Bill, say you forgive me."

"I allus did that, Sallie. I was such a rough fellow, you see; but don't talk of that. O Sallie! don't leave me."

The eyes were fast growing heavy. One more struggle for words.

"Kiss me, Bill."

He kissed the cold lips.

"God bless you! Good-by."

And with the story of her dark and guilty

life untold, and that disjointed prayer for forgiveness the only atonement for the blight she had put upon his life, Sallie's spirit went to its Maker.

A ghastly film gathered over her eyes, and the waxen pallor of death spread over her face; but the features were quiet and peaceful, and in the flickering moonbeams, that came in through the half-open door, the lips seemed to smile. Spite of its pallor, the face was more lifelike than the ashen gray one that bent over it. He knew she was dead, but he drew her head closer, and whispered close to her ear:—

"Sallie! Sallie! speak once more, only once to Bill."

He looked eagerly into her face, as if he thought the pale lips would answer the appeal; and then the voice of nature's agony burst forth in a cry, half shriek, half groan.

He laid the body on the ground, and dashing himself beside it, he dug his nails into the hard clay, and sobs fearful as a whirlwind broke from him. Ah, Bill! could those who jeer at you see you now, how they would bate their breath, and stand with bowed heads before the unveiled majesty of a heart their puny nature could not fathom! Poor Bill! poor Charcoal Bill!

Hours passed, and still Bill lay on the ground. His sobs ceased, but his fingers still dug the clay. His nails were torn, and his blood mingled with the earth, but he did not feel it. The fire died out, and only the moonlight fell over the grovelling man and the dead woman. Presently Bill arose. At first he staggered and grasped at the empty air. He stood still a moment, and then keeping his back on the white dead face, he went to the place where he kept his tools. He took down his spade, and still keeping his back to Sallie, went out of the hut. The moon was sinking low, and the tall pines were casting ghostly shadows. Bill went to the tree beneath which he used to eat his dinners in those long-past days when he was building the hut. Here he dug Sallie's grave. The black hole frowned blacker in the deepening gloom. Bill laid his spade on the mound and returned to the dwelling. He stood by Sallie and gazed long on her face. This time no moan or sigh escaped him. An owl hooted above his head. The sound aroused him. He knelt beside the corpse. His face trembled, and he laid his cheek beside hers, and moaned as a mother might over her dead child. He kissed her cheek, brow and lips, and then he rolled the blanket about her, and, lifting her in his arms, carried her out to the waiting grave. He laid her in, threw down the earth and heaped up the mound, and then with a quick motion cast the spade far from him in the darkness. The moon had sunk behind the pine-tops, and black darkness was fast settling over all.

Bill went back to the hut. Old Sorrel heard his step and whinnied. Bill went into his stall. Sorrel rubbed his nose against him, but he got no answering carress. Bill put the little corn that there was in his manger, took off his halter, and went out, leaving the door open. He stopped a moment before the hut door, and then walked slowly back to Sallie's grave. He sat down upon it, and resting his arms upon his knees, buried his face in his hands till the blackness grew pale in dawn. Then he rose and went away in the Pines.

Bill's day came around, but the good women watched for him in vain; no Bill came. The men said:—

"It's queer. I hope the old fellow hasn't mistaken himself for a pine log and put himself in the pit before his time."

The children and dogs missed their customary sport, went about all day with a dejected air, and returned to their lairs at night with a half-defined sense of personal injury weighing on them. The next day, still no Bill, and curiosity, if not anxiety, prompted a party to go to the hut to learn the cause. They found the hut deserted, the pit burned out, and poor Sorrel wandering about with a very disconsolate expression of countenance. They searched the hut, but found no trace of Bill. They were cracking many jokes over his probable fate, when a cry from one of the party, who had been exploring the woods, stopped them. They hastened to him, and found him at the grave. They stood around it with pale faces and hushed breath. Here was a solution to the mystery. The old rascal had killed some one and then run away.

We have said the place was not a cheerful one. Now it seemed a charnel house to these brave men. The air was alive with Bills and ghosts, and very silently and quickly they retired from the spot, and Sallie slept on untroubled. They told their tale in the village, and others visited the place. They found the grave, and, if they told truly, other things, too, which did not add to the

cheerfulness of the spot; and soon to speak of "Old Bill's hut" made the bravest look behind him, and no one could be induced to visit it after dark. Years had passed since any one had been there, when a party of surveyors came upon the spot. The hut had all fallen to ruins, and young pines were growing in the pits. They wandered among the trees, and soon they found the grave, flattened by time and rain, but still a grave, and stretched upon it was the skeleton of a man.

STRANGE VOICES.

NO ONE that has not lived in the country and in the neighborhood of trees has any notion of the strangeness of the sounds that are heard at night. The owls have very different notes. One snores, another to-whoos, and one screams. We have been positively scared by the appalling cries of the owl that we have heard, like the screams of a person in pain. In Ceylon the Devil Bird is a constant source of alarm and inquiry. No one knows exactly what bird it is that produces the horrible blood-curdling cries that thrill through the night-air; but it is supposed to be an owl. A friend who has long lived in Ceylon says: "Never shall I forget when first I heard it. I was at dinner, when suddenly the wildest, most agonized shrieks pierced my ear. I was under the impression that a woman was being murdered, and ran forth to her aid, but saw no one." The natives regard this cry of the mysterious Devil Bird with superstitious terror. They believe that to hear it is a sure presage of death; and they are not wrong. When they have heard it, they pine to death, killed by their own conviction that life is impossible.

Autenrieth, professor and physician at Tubingen, in 1822 published a treatise on "Aerial Voices," in which he collected a number of strange accounts of mysterious sounds heard in the sky, and which he thought could not all be deduced from the cries of birds at night. He thus generalizes the sounds: "They are heard sometimes flying in this direction, then in the opposite through the air; mostly, they are heard as though coming down out of the sky; but at other times as if rising from the ground. They resemble occasionally various musical instruments; occasionally also the clash of arms, or the rattle of drums, or the blare of trumpets. Sometimes they are like the tramp of horses, or the discharge of distant artillery. But sometimes, also, they consist in an indescribably hollow, thrilling, sudden scream. Very commonly they resemble all kinds of animal tones, mostly the barking of dogs. Quite as often they consist in a loud call, so that the startled hearer believes himself to be called by name, and to hear articulate words addressed to him. In some instances, Greeks have believed they were addressed in the language of Hellas, whereas Romans supposed they were spoken to in Latin. The modern Highlanders distinctly hear their vernacular Gælic. These aerial voices accordingly are so various that they can be interpreted differently, according to the language of the hearer, or his inner conception of what they might say."

The Jews call the mysterious voice that falls from the heaven Bathkol, and have many traditions relative to it. The sound of arms and of drums and artillery may safely be set down to the real vibrations of arms, drums and artillery at a great distance, carried by the wind. The barking of dogs is attributable to the Brent geese which pass in their migrations high overhead, generally at night, and make a strange sound not unlike the yelping of an aerial pack of hounds. They have given rise to the stories of the Wild Huntsman.

The writer was sleeping one night under his tent in Iceland, when he was suddenly roused by a note like that of a brazen trumpet sounded high aloft. He scrambled out of his tent, and looking up saw a flight of swans gilded by the midnight sun, against a translucent green sky. Such a note as that might well induce belief in a hunter galloping by and sounding his horn.

The English traveler Davy, whose rambles in Ceylon were published in 1821, relates that in April, at the commencement of the rainy season, the call of the Devil Bird is heard, though the creature has never been

seen. This is not quite certain. In fact, the hideous noise made has as yet been brought home to no bird in particular, and the title of Devil Bird is given to that uncertain being which produces the unearthly cry.

The Dutch traveler Hafner, whose account of Ceylon was published in 1810, gives a description of his experiences, which strikes us as highly colored. He says that he was traversing the highlands in the island at the end of the rainy season, when, about midnight, he heard a distant barking of dogs, that seemed to break from a range of mountains opposite. Almost immediately, however, he heard it behind him, at some distance, but waxing louder and louder. He fancied he could distinguish various men's voices, as if they were laughing and talking loudly. These sounds came and went—sometimes they were from one direction, sometimes from another, from near and from far. Then all at once they ceased, and a great stillness supervened; but after an interval, such a peal of voices in the air echoed from the mountains, that Hafner in alarm retreated under a cliff, when a piercing scream in his ear drove him from his shelter. Frightened nearly out of his wits, he dashed forth and heard around him harsh and confused voices, so strange, so weird, that he put his fingers into his ears. He was afterwards told that these were the cries of wandering spirits. What he heard was doubtless the passage of a flight of migratory birds.

A Mecklenburg traveler called Wolf, who spent twenty years in Ceylon, and published his description of the island in 1784, says that he heard once, and only once, at one o'clock at night a fearful voice. The cry was not exactly like that of a man or of an animal, but seemed to issue from some hollow. He had been told that such voices were to be heard in the north part of the island in the dry season, in the forests, and near ponds. Sometimes was heard what was a loud call, sometimes a shriek, sometimes like a song or musical call; but however it sounded, the effect on the spirit was overwhelming; even the boldest man shuddered. The frightful voice flew faster than any bird from one place to another. In an interval of a few seconds it could be heard from two points a mile apart. It did not occur to Wolf that possibly a pair of Devil Birds were calling to each other at that distance apart.

Knox, who spent many years in Ceylon at the close of the seventeenth century, and whose travels were printed in 1681, also mentions this voice, which he says was heard in the mountains, and not in the lowlands. Though the tone had some resemblance to the bay of a dog, it had that quality in it which would curdle the blood of him who heard it. It ceased suddenly at one point, and was heard again from quite another quarter. He says that the Cingalese were assured that it was the devil who, at night, uttered these frightful cries.

In the desert of Gobi, which divides the mountainous snow-clad plateau of Tibet from the milder regions of Asia, travelers assert that they have heard sounds high up in the sky as of the clash of arms or of musical martial instruments. If travelers fall to the rear or get separated from the caravan, they hear themselves called by name. If they go after the voice that summons them, they lose themselves in the desert. Sometimes they hear the tramp of horses, and taking it for that of their caravan, are drawn away, and wander from the right course and become hopelessly lost. The old Venetian traveler Marco Polo mentions these mysterious sounds, and says that they are produced by the spirits that haunt the desert. They are, however, otherwise explicable. On a vast plain the ear loses the faculty of judging direction and distance of sounds; it fails to possess, so to speak, acoustic perspective. When a man has dropped away from the caravan, his comrades call to him; but he cannot distinguish the direction from where their voices come, and he goes astray after them.

Rubriquis, whom Louis IX. sent in 1253 to the court of Mongu-Khan, the Mongol chief, says that in the Altai Mountains, that fringe the desert of Gobi, demons try to lure travelers astray. As he was riding among them one evening with his Mongol guide, he was exhorted by the latter to pray, because otherwise mishaps might occur through the demons that hauted the mountains luring them out of the right road.

Morier, the Persian traveler, at the beginning of this century speaks of the salt desert near Khom. On it, he says, travelers are led astray by the cry of the goblin Ghul, who, when he has enticed them from the road, rends them with his claws. Russian accounts of Kiev in the beginning of the nineteenth century mention an island lying in a salt marsh between the Caspian and the

Aral Sea, where, in the evening, loud sounds are heard like the baying of hounds, and hideous cries as well; consequently, the island is reputed to be haunted, and no one ventures near it.

The traveler Burckhardt, who visited Sinai in 1816, says that from the top of the mountain sometimes by day a thundering noise is heard, like the repeated discharge of canon. The monks in the monastery assured Burckhardt that it had been heard five years before his visit; and the steward of the convent, who had lived in it forty years, remembered having heard it on several occasions at long intervals. It was not attended by earthquake.

The writer, one autumn night a year or two ago, was startled late by a crash, followed by a loud and strange series of cries. He rushed out of doors, and found that a peacock that had been roosting on the branch of a cedar near the house had fallen down, and woke up with the fall, that had frightened it considerably and elicited its noisy protest. A relative of the writer was sitting up late one winter night writing, when she was startled by the strangest and most mysterious sounds at the window. The sounds were rasping, slow, and long protracted. Her heart stood still; she hesitated what to do; at last she recovered courage, went to the window and drew up the blind, to see—one of the deer of the park licking the frosted glass panes for the sea salt that had congealed on them after a gale from the Atlantic.

But one of the weirdest and most perplexing sounds on the window is produced by a snail crawling up the pane. The sound is somewhat musical, but is attended by a grating note caused by the rubbing of the shell against the glass. When the writer first heard this mysterious noise, he met with some difficulty in bringing it home to a snail, the little creature seemed so inadequate to produce such a volume of sound.

In Cornwall, and also in the east of England, a plaintive cry in the air at night is attributed to the Seven Whistlers. Out of the still, dark sky are heard the calls, sad and clear, Ewe! ewe! ewe! They burst loud on the ear, then become fainter, then are again heard loudly. The call is to the soul to depart.

"I heard 'em one dark night last winter," said an old Folkestone fisherman. "They came over our heads all of a sudden, singing Ewe! ewe! and the men in the boat wanted to go back. It came on to blow and rain soon afterwards, and was an awful night, sir! And sure enough, before morning a boat upset and seven poor fellows were drowned."

The passage of the Brent geese has already been spoken of as occasioning the superstition relative to the Wild Huntsman. In the north of England the "Gabriel Hounds" or "Gabel-racket" are said to race by in mid-air barking before a death. Mr. Henderson, in his "Folklore of the Northern Counties," says that a friend in Yorkshire informed him that when a child was burned to death in Sheffield a few years ago, the neighbors immediately called to mind how the Gabriel Hounds had passed above the house not long before. From another gentleman he heard of a person who was hastily summoned one night to the sick bed of a relative whose illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character. As he set out, he heard the wild sound of the creatures above his head; they accompanied him the whole way, about a mile, then paused, and yelped loudly over the house. He entered it, and found that the patient had just expired.

That the Irish Banshee may be traced to an owl admits of little doubt; the description of the cries so closely resembles what is familiar to those who live in an owl-haunted district, as to make the identification all but certain. Owls are capricious birds. One can never calculate on them for hooting. Weeks will elapse without their letting their notes be heard, and then all at once for a night or two they will be audible, and again become silent—even for months.

That most if not all the weird sounds that are heard at night in the air, invested with superstitious terrors, and often magnified and altered in quality by fear, are attributable to birds admits of no doubt. The gun has reduced the number of our wild-birds enormously. How vocal, how full of strange voices the nights must have been of old, when man was armed only with the sling and the bow!

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

BY HANNAH PURRINGTON.

IN ONE of the dim aisles of a forest, that stood, centuries old, in the heart of Scotland, a gipsy court had been long held, undisturbed. If two or three sheep were weekly abstracted from the shepherd on the hillside or a cow taken from her sheltered byre almost beneath the owner's window, all knew that it was of no manner of use to raise any disturbance. The gipsies, of course, were the marauders; and they stood outside of all legal restraints or penalties, as secure as though the laws of the realm, or even the laws of God, had never been enacted.

Sometimes, the women of the tribe would leave their wild haunts in the depths of the forest, and come forth to exercise their supposed talent of prophecy. Young people subdued their fears, and eagerly placed in the brown hands their store of silver coins; and many put implicit faith in all that the gipsies told of future happiness and prosperity—of fair children to inherit the broad lands and towering castles, and all the gay and splendid imagery with which the brown people love to amuse their poor dupes.

One of the most intelligent, as well as most crafty of the tribe, Nell Moidant, was usually selected for this mission; and one bright autumn day, when the red maple leaves and stately evergreens mingled together, making a fairy bower of the whole forest, Nell tied her scarlet cloak around her shapely shoulders, half concealed her brown face and brilliant black eyes within the folds of its ample hood, and took her way toward the little coast town.

At the very entrance of the wood, reclining on a rustic bench which ran around a mighty oak, sat a young girl, beautiful as the autumnal dawn, which was just brightening the eastern sky. She was dressed in the tartan worn by the McLeods; and the gipsy readily divined that she was of no mean birth. Softly the latter made her way towards her, with a deep reverence in her look and manner, and begged the lady to hear her prophecy of the future.

Flora McLeod looked earnestly into the woman's bronzed face, and consented; for, in its smooth, olive tint, and the pleasant looking eyes, she saw nothing to alarm or disgust her. On the contrary, she was pleased with the expression of simple good nature which met her gaze.

A moment more, and the gipsy's hand closed over the shining coin, and Flora was listening to a tale of coming destiny, more brilliant than her own dreams had ever conjured up. To be wedded to a brave and high-born husband, to live in a grand castle and have a train of devoted servants, to be the mother of two fair sons, was surely a fate that would make a girl's heart beat high; and Flora, bred as she had been in retirement and simplicity, could not help showing a little girlish exultation, even in the gipsy's presence.

The woman's next words made Flora's heart almost cease its pulsations, although she rallied, a moment after, into a fit of real girlish laughter, and forgot the prophecy almost as soon as it was uttered.

"There's a cloud over ivery house, a bare skiliton in ivery cupboard," the woman had said; "and yer own won't be free from the ban. Yer lordly husband will forsake ye for anither, and ye will gang home to dee by yer mither's side."

When Allan McDonald, or, as he was called in the Highlands, Allan McIan, came wooing at the house of John McLeod, asking for the hand of his daughter Flora, the latter had buried the gipsy's words in utter oblivion. She forgot everything, save that he was the master of Castle Terrim, and the last representative of the Clanranalds; that he was a handsome, stately man, toward whom she could indulge in no passionate tenderness, but whom she could love wih the serene tranquility which was a part of her nature.

It was not thus that the ardent heart of her husband wished to be loved. He would fain have desired some deeper sentiment—some counterpart of his own impassioned nature, to which the humdrum serenity of their daily life was gall and bitterness.

The birth of a son divided the intensity of his love, and softened his impetuous nature, by forming another channel for its escape; while, with Flora, it assumed a new phase

also—that of increased and intensified emotion. Her son's birth awoke a new feeling, akin to worship, in her gentle heart. Loving the child to idolatry, some portion of her surplus affection rested lovingly upon her husband. Never had he seemed so perfect in her eyes, as when she came to regard him as the father of the young cherub she adored.

She named the boy Robert; and her husband did not seem displeased that he did not bear his name. She taught him, from year to year, the arts she was herself so distinguished for. Music was her passion, while painting and poetry were ever a resource to which mother and son turned with delight.

In such genial companionship, the lady of Clanranald did not miss that of her husband. She believed him devoted to all brave and noble exploits, to feats of strength and prowess; and even when long absent from home, she did not feel any anxiety, as she knew him to be as skillful in all his sports as he was courageous.

Meantime Robert McDonald was growing almost beyond a woman's society. He longed for the hunter's toil, the hunter's perils. The wild woods had a charm for his eager, active mind, and his mother found a rival in these absorbing pleasures. It was only when left alone, as she now often was, that she started with terror to feel that she was but second in the affections of both father and son. Until then, she had consoled herself for the easy neglect of the one, by the warm affection and gentle companionship of the other.

Impatient at the loneliness of her situation, and feeling deeply the void which surrounded her, she one day went alone to the forest, to await her son. Afraid to tempt its deeper recesses, she lingered long upon the old, half-ruined bench that had once held her youthful figure, while the gipsy had unrolled the page of prophecy, and read to her the weird scroll.

"After all, she was an impostor," she said, half aloud. "My life has been serene enough, and I seem in no danger of being returned to my father's house, a deserted wife. My Robert is the dearest child that ever gladdened a mother's heart; and if Allan does not love me with the passionate regard which some women demand, why," she continued, half laughingly, "I receive as much as I give, and I can expect no more."

As if to answer all her words, and stir up jealousy in that easy, gentle heart, the very person of whom she was thinking, met her eye at that instant. Unchanged, bold and beautiful as ever, her fiery eyes unsoftened, her smooth cheek unwrinkled, and her hair unfaded, she came with airy, elastic step into the lady's presence, and threw herself down upon the grass that waved at her feet. But how could she know Flora, altered as she was from the slight, girlish thing, to a woman, full of the matured graces of wifehood and motherhood? She did know her, and accosted her with a half bold, half respectful demeanor.

"Ye're a braw leddy noo, I see—not much like the wee bit of flesh ye were saxteen year agone, when I kim to this verra place, and told you what wad kim to pass."

"But you were a false prophet; for I am an honored wife and a happy mother still. Woman, it was cruel to try a young heart thus, for the sake of money! Had I not been so kindly cared for, I should have laid your false words to heart, and must have been an unhappy creature all these years."

"I told you nothing but truth," answered the gipsey, doggedly. "Ye are born, my leddy, but ye are not buried."

"Is that a threat?" she asked hastily, with some emotoin.

The woman looked up at her with a scornful expression in her eyes—so scornful that Flora could not bear it, and clasped her hands over her own.

"Nell doesn't want to tell the leddy. She will go away, and never be seen here again. Farewell; I come no more."

She rose, gathered her scarlet drapery around her, with a sort of wild grace, and, waving her hand, was passing into the forest, when Flora, now thoroughly roused, seized her arm.

"Tell me—tell me now, if it kills me!" she shrieked, at the same time dropping a large silver coin at the woman's feet.

She picked it up, placed it in Flora's unwilling hand, and, holding out her own, she said quietly:—

"The leddy must cross Nell's palm first."

Flora did as she was desired, and then came the direful story:—

"Awell, it's hard tellin' ye; but yonder boat that's on the river, hauds the laird, and ye ken the young leddy by his side is no his wife. She, puir foolish thing, will be here before lang, thinkin' hersel the true wife,

and ye ony the sister o' Allen o' Clanranald. Hoo wad ye bear it, puir lassie?"

Flora put up her hand, as if to implore her to cease speaking, but the hand fell powerless by her side, and she sank upon the greensward, lifeless as a stricken deer.

"Oh, wha hae I done? wha hae I done?" cried the gipsy, frightened at the pallid face that gleamed up from the green bed on which lay the lady of Clanranald.

She strove to restore her, by the aid of water, and soon succeeded. Flora begged her to leave her alone, that she might think a little, before she returned home. The woman threw herself upon her knees, passionately begging her forgiveness, and urging her to go away to her father's house, before she was more deeply insulted.

In one of his wild wanderings from his home, Allan McDonald had found shelter in the domain of McLeane, Laird of Duart, a neighboring chief. The storm that drove him thither had drenched him through, and, to prevent a fever, he was put to bed, and did not leave it for several days.

Recovered at length, he was perfectly fascinated by the attractions of the laird's two daughters, who did the honors of the house. Struck by the grace and beauty of Alice, the youngest, he lingered on, until he had charmed her, as the snake charms the silly bird. She did not know that he was married; nor, in the wildness of her passion for the bold, bad man, did she stop to ask if it were lawful for him to love her. Had she lived centuries later, she would have adopted Moore's lawless lines:—

"I know not—I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

In a moment of utter forgetfulness of all, indeed, save the bold, handsome stranger, she fled with him, to bring disgrace upon another home, where dwelt a virtuous wife, and an innocent son.

The gipsy had been gone but a single half hour, when Flora, looking from the window, beheld her husband disembark from the little boat that had brought him and his victim to her very door. She did not wait to be insulted by their presence; but, throwing on a cloak, she seized Robert by the hand, and passed quickly out by the great front gate, just as they were entering the postern. Two of the servants obeyed her directions in launching a boat to convey her to her father's house. One of them, catching sight of his master's boat, said:—

"We can take this, my leddy."

She shuddered, and turned deadly pale.

"Not that, Sandy, not that! It is freighted with curses!"

"Is the mistress daft, Davie? I niver heard her talk that ilk till noo."

"Flech, Sandy! mind your oars noo. Sma' business to be watchin' your betters!"

McLeod met them at the door, and took the poor white-lipped woman and the frightened boy to his arms and heart.

"I was just coming for you, dear. You need not speak now," he added, "for I know all. McLeane has been here, almost frantic at his daughter's escape. Thank God! my daughter is too pure and good to herd with such as she. You shall never leave me again."

Silently she listened to all her father said, thinking, perhaps, that God was good in giving her such a father and son; but still the sorrow pierced deeply to a heart like hers. She had loved her husband with no passionate or romantic love; but she had believed in his perfect faith and purity; and her heart was broken by the shock.

McLeane went that night to Castle Terrim. He could not believe, until his eyes saw, that McDonald would carry her to his own home. Long and loud were his denunciations of its master, and bitterly did he reproach Alice for bringing shame upon him and her innocent young sister. It was all in vain.

"I love him, father, and I will never leave him!" was her only reply.

"Love him!" repeated the heart-broken old man. "Such love as wantons boast. May God curse you both—the base betrayer, and the weak betrayed!"

He left them, to return to the broken flower of his home. The sweet young girl, whose head was bowed in shame for her sister, never left the house again, until she was carried out on her bier. The father, wandering about, half crazed, calling upon his daughters, was an object of the deepest commiseration to all.

Meantime, the healing dews of time were falling upon the heart of Flora. The father and son were all to her that the most devoted love could prompt them to be. For their sakes, she tried to take an interest in her books, her music and flowers; and the effort brought her peace, if not happiness.

One day, she was uneasy and restless,

without any apparent cause, and they had persuaded her to have her palfrey saddled, and ride with them to a pretty glen, a few miles distant.

While waiting for her, McLeod was called out, held a hurried communication with a man at the door, in which loud and indignant words were heard by Flora, whose window overlooked the spot where they were uttered. When the father and son sought her for whom they waited in vain, she was sitting, like a ghastly corpse, at the window, rigid and motionless. She had heard all. The man had come with a verbal order for Robert McDonald to come to his father's home in a week from that day, there to remain permanently.

It was dreadful to behold the wild sorrow of the boy, the deep, settled grief of Flora, and the stormy indignation of her father. The desertion of McDonald, and even the shame, wrought no such woe as this. To give up her beloved, her innocent child, to the guidance of the woman who now queened it at Castle Terrim, was more than the bitterness of death to poor harassed Flora. Already a child had been born to McDonald, whose mother was to act as guide to her pure, uncontaminated son. How could she bear this, and live? When the boy was at length carried away, by the stern command of his father, she was insensible to all around her. She never saw her son again!

Wallace McDonald grew up, with many an evil passion inherent in his nature. Strong of limb, bold and cunning, inheriting his mother's fierce and passionate nature, he soon lorded it over the gentle son of Flora. Alice hated Robert, because he was Flora's child, and although many years older than Wallace, she always insisted that he should give precedence to the latter.

As he grew older, one wild wish arose in her heart, growing with her son's growth, and strengthening with his strength. It was, that he should be the heir, instead of Robert. The wish was parent to the deed. There came a morning when the elder boy was missing, and the perturbation in the lady's countenance was mistaken by no one for sorrow.

The news only brought a single pang more to the heart of Flora.

"He is dead!" she moaned. "He is dead, and I shall join him in heaven. Thank God, who has removed him from the wiles of that woman!"

She died, unconscious that it was her rival's hand that removed him.

Castle Terrim is now but a pile of loose stones, which no one dares remove, for it is haunted, they say, by the spirit of the gipsy.

OLD STARCHER.

HOW HE WAS TAUGHT A LESSON.

THIRTY years ago Stuart Starcher had been a notorious young man about town. Since he began to sow his wild oats three generations of youth had come, sown theirs and gone, but he continued gaily scattering crop after crop, and imagining all the while that the world regarded him as the same wild young fellow he was of yore.

Of his great fund of wisdom and experience he was always ready to draw for the benefit of his young friends when any of them got into trouble; it was the only fund he was ready to draw upon. He was at least as rich as he was wise, but he was prudent with his money as he was prodigal with his advice. As he used to say, he did this on principle; he stuck to his money because if he did not, somebody else would; but as to his advice, he could offer it freely, because he knew nobody would take it.

In this observation he scarcely did himself justice, for his advice was not often taken, but often sought; and among those who needed and sought it was one of his youngest and most intimate friends, Hon. Frank Terrington.

Hon. Frank Terrington was a true Terrington; that is, he was most of his time in high spirits and low company, and he was happily blessed with many follies and many debts. He was never long out of trouble, and he did not seem to care much to be so. He was not on good terms with his father; no Terrington ever was.

The Hon. Frank was a favorite nephew of a very wealthy old aunt. That was all that he had to live on yet for a long time, but with the aid of usurers he contrived to live on it very well. But one fine morning what should the wealthy old aunt do but go and get married. The first intimation of this horrible example of feminine thoughtlessness which poor Frank had was the announcement of her wedding he saw in the morning papers.

He read the shameful intelligence with a throbbing brow. His aunt had callously taken from him his only livelihood; for now his credit, like Othello's occupation, was gone.

As was his habit when in trouble, he went and consulted Stuart Starcher. What was to be done? that was his question.

"Done!" exclaimed Stuart Starcher, with his youthful manner but shaky voice, "done! why, my boy—my poor boy, you must marry. This alternative, this resource, is a fearful one to fall back upon. When a fellow's credit's broke there's nothing else for it."

"But who would have me?" asked Frank. "Before my aunt married I might have had a chance to marry a fortune. I had prospects then; but now, when I've nothing but a bad reputation and big debts"——

"Confound the reputation," said Stuart Starcher, in a most decisive manner, "and blow the debts! I speak deliberately, and not, as you may imagine, from the turn of my periods, without consideration. Frank, my boy, I weep for you. I thought you were a lad of spirit and resource; but I was wrong, very wrong."

"Oh, cut this chaff, man, and be serious," replied Frank, a little nettled by Stuart Starcher's buffoonery over his distress. "I am ready to marry money if I can get the chance. But how am I to get it? Everybody worth anything in town knows me, and will have nothing to do with me. How am I to marry money if money won't marry me?"

"But it will, Frank," said Stuart Starcher. "Mark me, it will, if you only follow my advice. I know what I am talking about, I can tell you. Now listen. I never meant you to try the game on in town; as you say, you and your position are too well known here to permit you to carry on operations successfully. But town's not everywhere; when you know a little more you'll know that. There are other places where you and your position are not known, and where money—any amount of money—is to be picked up. Did you ever hear of Southport, Scarborough, Brighton? Why not go to one of these places, take up your abode in the best hotel, and let it be known that you are the Earl of Roughshod's son; then search out the richest merchant's or manufacturer's daughter, and become acquainted with her. There are scores of ways of doing that—subscription balls, table d'hote and such like. Make up to her, and if the old people object to your suit, run away with her. It's the easiest thing in the world, I assure you, to a man of some birth, appearance and cuteness. I did it myself years ago. I was quite a boy then, and I hadn't the benefit of good advice like you, but then, you see, I always knew my way about. Nobody ever outwitted Charlie Stuart Starcher, I can tell you."

"I never looked at the matter in this light," said Frank, in a reflective way.

"Well, now that I have given you the idea," replied his guide, philosopher and friend, "do look at it. I'll give you any little tips that I can, and mind, I can give you every tip worth the knowing. If you want to humbug the old people, or to carry off the girl, just let me know, and I'll put you on the proper track."

"By George!" exclaimed Frank, "it would be worth trying, if only for the fun of the thing. But it would cost money, and I'm devilishly hard up just now, and there's no use going to the money lenders."

"Oh! it won't cost much, my boy," he answered. "You have plenty of jewelry. You can raise enough on a third of it to do the whole business, if you get to work at once."

For some time Stuart Starcher heard or saw no more of Hon. Frank. What had become of him the superannuated fribble did not know, and again he did not care. He was too much used to seeing his friends "go under," as he called it, to be particularly moved by the collapse and disappearance of one of them.

About six weeks had elapsed, when one afternoon Stuart Starcher was surprised by Hon. Frank walking into his room.

"Halloo! is that you?" said he, rather coldly. "What have you been up to this long time! Gad, I'd nearly forgotten you."

"Oh," replied Frank, "I have been carrying out your advice."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Starcher, becoming interested. "And how have you succeeded?"

"Splendidly," replied Frank.

"Eh? You don't mean it?" cried Mr. Starcher, springing to his feet and clasping Frank's hand warmly. "By Jove, I congratulate you, my boy! Is she a big catch—a regular sea-serpent? Eh! Who is she, my boy? And is everything settled?"

"Not so fast, Starcher," said Frank laughing, "not so fast. To answer shortly, she is a big catch, and everything is settled—at least, so far as she and I are concerned. What the papa will say is a different matter; but we don't intend to consult him."

"Oh, it's a runaway business, is it?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it must be."

"Why, this is delightful!" cried the old man, enthusiastically. "You command me, my boy; don't forgot that. Come, tell us about it. Who is she? Where did you fall in with her?"

"At Brighton. I went there and did as you advised me. And at one of the Pavilion balls I fell in love with her—not only fell in love with her, but fell in love with her"——

"I know," said Mr. Starcher, with a wink, "fell in love with her money."

"No, seriously and truly, with herself," answered Frank, earnestly. "She is a charming girl. Charming enough to turn any fellow's head if she hadn't a farthing."

"But she has several, eh?" said Stuart Starcher, with another wink and sly leer.

"Oh, yes; the heir to all her father has, besides, she is entitled, on coming of age, to a considerable fortune under her mother's will."

"That's the sort of thing, my boy, that's the sort of thing. You ought to let me go halves with you for giving you such good advice. 'Pon my word you ought. That shows you, my lad, that when you want a wrinkle you cannot do better than come to Old Starch; he's as 'cute as they make them. But what is she? A manufacturer's daughter?"

"No," replied Frank, with a slightly troubled look, "that's just the difficulty. The fact is, she's the only child of a man whom I know pretty well, and from whom I have received many kindnesses."

"Well, what's the difficulty there?" asked Mr. Starcher, assuming a puzzled look.

"Well, you see, it seems to me that to run away with a friend's daughter is rather a shabby return for his kindness to you. In fact, it seems hardly honorable."

"Oh, oh?" cried Mr. Starcher, with a loud laugh, "is that all? Well, you are a ninny! You don't mean to say that you let that disturb your mind?"

"I'm afraid I do," answered Frank, gloomily.

"Well, you're a fool for your pains."

"But under the circumstances would you run off with her?"

"Of course I would."

The Hon. Frank was silent a moment. Then he said, "There's another point on which I wish to consult you. She's not yet of age, and I'm afraid the father might prosecute me for carrying her off. I believe he could."

"Yes, I suppose he could and would, too," replied Mr. Starcher, "if he caught you while his blood was up. But you take her abroad and remain out of his way a month or two."

"But that would cost money," objected Frank, "and neither she nor I have any just at present. It will be different, of course, when she comes of age."

"Oh, my dear boy," exclaimed Stuart Starcher, magnificently, "don't trouble about that. Didn't I tell you you might command me? How much would do you? Would five hundred pounds be enough?"

"You're extremely kind," replied Frank, "most kind. Yes, five hundred pounds would be just the thing."

"Here's a check, then," said Mr. Starcher, at once filling up for the amount. "And now, as an old friend, may I know the lady's name?"

Frank shook his head.

"Sorry," he said, "very sorry; but I really can't tell you. I promised her I would tell no one."

"Who can she be?" wondered Stuart Starcher.

"You needn't trouble your mind, for you would never guess," said Frank. "By the way, I hope to carry her off the day after to-morrow."

"That's right; lose no time," said the old beau; "and be sure to telegraph and let me know the moment the marriage is over."

From that moment Stuart Starcher was in a state of high excitement. There was to be a scandal in the fashionable world, and he was wild to have his name mixed up with it. He was eager to be the first to communicate

the intelligence of it to "the boys." Fearful of being anticipated in this, that very evening he cast out to them dark hints about Frank which perplexed and interested them. The next day he made his hints a little plainer, and when, on the morning of the third day, Frank's telegram reached him, he took it about among his friends and exulted in their amazement. He had to pretend that he knew who the lady was, but that, for occult reasons, he daren't tell them; but he did not fail to dwell on the fact that Frank throughout had consulted him, and that it was by aid of his money that the elopement was effected.

The next day, just as Mr. Starcher, after his elaborate toilet and scanty breakfast, was preparing to go out, who should be shown into his room but Frank's brother, Hon. Jack Terrington.

"Well," said Jack, after the usual salutations, "I hear you know about Frank's last escapade?"

"Well, yes, I do," said Stuart Starcher, complacently. "I think I have done something to help him to a fortune."

"Yes, so it would appear," answered Hon. Jack, looking at a letter he took from his pocket. "Do you know who the lady is?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Starcher, hesitating, "but I promised not to tell."

"Just look at that," replied Jack, tossing the old dandy a letter in Frank's handwriting. "The whole town is laughing over you and it."

Mr. Starcher took it and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR JACK:—By old Starcher's advice and assistance I have run off with his daughter. I have letters of his to prove it. Isn't it a joke? The old rascal was having her brought up privately at Brighton when I happened to come across her at a dance at the Pavilion. She is a little beauty and has fifty 'thou' of her own. In haste.

"FRANK."

"The blackguard!" cried Stuart Starcher, springing furiously to his feet. "By heavens, I'll prosecute him!"

"Don't you think," asked Hon. Jack, quietly, "don't you think that you've made a big fool of yourself already?"

And on reflection Stuart Starcher thought he had.

TO-MORROW.

BY BROWN ROBIN.

"WE will gather flowers to-morrow,
When the mist of rain is o'er,
When the air is warm and sunny,
And the tempest howls no more."
But the flowers are parched and faded,
For the clouds have passed away.
And we leave them still ungathered,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will climb the hills to-morrow,
In the morning cool and bright;
Who could scale these rugged mountains
In the noontide's scorching light?"
But the snow-wreaths clothe the summits,
And the mists hang chill and gray;
And we leave the slopes untrodden,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will lend an ear to-morrow
To our fallen sisters' woes;
We can scarcely hear their voices
While the music comes and goes."
But along the thorny highway
Still with weary feet they stray,
And we pass them by, unheeding,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will leave our work to-morrow,
And with eager hands and strong
We will lead the little children
Far away from paths of wrong."
But our hands grow old and feeble,
And the work goes on for aye,
And the little children—perish,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will raise our eyes to-morrow
To the cross on Calvary's brow;
At our feet the gold is sparkling,
So we cannot heed it now."
But we clutch the glittering fragments,
'Mid the dust, and mire, and clay,
And we cannot raise our eyelids,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

TOM'S GRANDFATHER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"MY grandfather has been among the Moors, and has seen lions, too," said Tom.

For we were glancing just then at a map of the Barbary States and the Great Desert, and wondering how far to the south of Morocco and Algeria the lion is in the habit of leaving his footprints in the sand.

The teacher's bell would not ring for half an hour, and we were looking at our geographies for something about the lessons of the day, as we sat on the wide-capped stone wall under a tree by the country road.

"Lions and panthers both, grandfather says," continued Tom, "go down to the edge of the desert, and often get miles away from the large forest, catching small animals in the oases, or lying in wait there for straggling Arabs. For some of those oases cover several acres, and I should think they might be like islands in the ocean; only you have to get to them over sand instead of water. Grandfather has seen a panther sunning himself like a great cat on the south side of an oasis; and he has seen lion-tracks leading from one of the green spots to another, just as we may see rabbit-tracks in the snow at the edge of a piece of woodland, you know."

"But was he really on the Great Desert?" I asked. "How did he get there? And what did he go there for?"

"Oh, he went because he couldn't help it. No, he wasn't really on the Great Desert,—not wide out where the caravans travel. And yet he was on it, too,—just as we would be on the ocean if we were to get adrift among the capes and islands of some sea-coast.

"I wish you could see the great lion-skin that he has at home. Brown, it is,—not yellowish,—for the Barbary lions are all brown. He says they are all called 'black lions,' though they are not really black. They are larger than the South African lions; though one of these would be large enough for us to meet.

"Grandfather, you know, was a sailor; and once, when his vessel was lying at Funchal, in Maderia, he was ordered to the Cape de Verde Islands for a cargo of corn, which he was to bring back to Funchal; for the Maderia people get a great deal of corn from those islands, he says, and sometimes send wine in exchange.

"The trade wind blows all the time from the coast of the Great Desert; but although it is called the 'northeast trade,' it doesn't always come from the northeast. He says he has known it to slant almost to the southeast. So this time, in order to be far enough to the windward, he laid his course between the main land and the Canary Islands. But just then, with the Canaries upon one side, and Africa upon the other, there came a hurricane, very much like those they have in the West Indies.

"I have heard grandfather describe that hurricane a great many times. He was in a full-rigged brig; and they laid her to, he says, under a 'goose-winged main-topsail'—that is, with the sail furled on one yard-arm, and set on the other in the shape of a wing.

"The wind went all around the compass; and for a great part of the time the vessel lay over on one side, trembling under the pressure of the gale as if she would go to pieces. The hurricane lasted for twenty-four hours, and soon after it had ended, the brig went ashore.

"I guess it must have been about here," added Tom, indicating with his finger on the map, which lay open between us upon a large cap-stone of the wall, the point where Morocco seems to merge into the desert. "I guess it was here; for it was at a place which was neither all barren nor all green; but with a great deal of sand, and now and then a clump of trees. It looked, grandpa says, about as encouraging as our twenty-acre pasture would if some great deluge should leave it covered with red sand so that only a few bulrushes could stick out here and there.

"The brig went all into splinters on the rocks of the coast, and only four of the crew were saved out of ten that belonged to her. I guess the prospect must have been bad enough—worse than anything we ever knew.

They had nothing to eat or drink and nothing to shelter them. Grandfather says he would have been glad to see even a wild Arab, but there wasn't any in sight. There was the ocean on the west, all covered with white-caps away out to the horizon; and then there was the desert on the east; and that had waves, too, though they were red ones, and didn't move. But they reached just as far as anything reached, except the sky.

"However, there were some little green spots with sand between them, lying away to the southeast; and so the four sailors thought they might be near the southern borders of Morocco, where the desert leaves off. This encouraged them a little; but when they came to think that at the very best they would probably have to travel thirty or forty miles before getting to an inhabited country, and even then find nothing but Moors and Berbers, there didn't seem much to be glad at.

"About the time of the hurricane there had some rain fallen; and now the men looked in all the hollows of the rocks along the shore, and in all the low places among the sand nearest to them, hoping that the water wasn't all gone. But it was of no use to search; the wind had either blown all the holes in the rocks full of ocean water, or cleaved all the water of any kind out of them, and they were as dry as a stove oven.

"At last the poor fellows started out for the green spot at the northeast. Grandfather says they thought it about a mile off, but found it to be four miles, at least. And the worst of the matter was that when they arrived there, the place wasn't half as green as it had seemed to be, and not a drop of water to be found.

"They chewed roots, leaves and bark, but felt just as thirsty as before. What would it be to us, if we couldn't get any water, to come out here and chew the roots of this old tree? And the case was worse there, for grandfather says that the very wind was as hot as if it blew across the top of a great open furnace.

"Well, at last it was night, and, strangely enough, it then grew really cool. You would not think that the desert has cool nights, but it has; though what makes them so, I don't believe anybody can tell. They slept a little, and in the morning chewed more roots. Then they set out for another spot of green, that was about six miles from them, and got there after a while.

"They found this spot rather larger than the other, but just as bare of water. And then they went on rooting again; and grandfather says he never had more cause to wish himself a wild hog; for this way of getting a living didn't seem natural to him, and he wanted to be a creature that could go at it by instinct.

"And now, away off so far that they could hardly see it at all, they perceived another oasis that looked as if it covered more ground than either of the others; though, from the distance, nothing but the tree-tops appeared to them above the sand. But they didn't try to reach it that night. They lay down under the miserable, little stunted trees, and thought of water,—water, water, water! Grandfather has always said since that he hopes he shall always have water, whether he has anything to eat or not.

"In the morning the sun came up burning like a great fire; and there wasn't green enough left in the oasis to do much good as a protection. The sailors kept on chewing whatever they could get that had any moisture at all in it; but, you know, they could not dig many roots with only their hands to dig with, or their jack-knives at best; and they ached, grandfather says, all over. It seemed as if every bone in them had a fire in it. And they were so weak, that when they thought of getting to the other green place across so much sand, it seemed almost impossible for them ever to arrive there. The worst of it was, too, that they had very little hope of finding that place any better than the one they were in; and they knew that if if weren't so, the trial would be their last. They ought to have set out for it, grandfather says, in the night; but they had been so tired and miserable and uncertain what to do, that they had let the cool hours pass without improving them; and now they had either to go on in the blazing sun, or wait till darkness should come again. But when a person is dying for want of water, he doesn't feel as if he could wait for anything, I suppose. I know I shouldn't.

"At last they made up their minds to try it, and started across the sand. When about one third of the way, one of the men sat down, and said that he could not go another step. The others tried to lift him up, and persuade him to go along, but he would sink right down again, saying that he wished to die where he was. Then his shipmates started on without him, telling him that if

they found any water they would come back and let him know. But grandfather says they all knew that this promise amounted to nothing; for should they find ever so much water, the man would be dead before they could get back to him, and, besides, he says, they all felt as if they must soon sit down in the same way without geting to the oasis.

"They had got about a mile beyond the place where their shipmate had been left, when another of the party sat down, so faint that he could go no further. Nothing could be done to get him along, and so grandfather and the only other man that was left kept on without him.

"They had gone, grandfather says, not more than a furlong, when they heard something like the sound of thunder, and, looking to the westward, they saw a black cloud rising over the ocean. They had been traveling obliquely from the Atlantic shore, and were now about twelve miles inland. The wind near the earth blew from the desert toward the sea, but above this wind there appeared to be another, blowing in the opposite direction, from the ocean toward the desert; for they could soon perceive that the cloud was getting nearer.

"The thunder roared louder and louder, and the cloud was black as night. The two sailors had no hats to catch the rain in, for they had lost them in the hurricane; but they pulled off their calico shirts and duck trowsers, scooped out a place in the sand, and spread them in such a way that they would catch all the water they would hold.

"Then it rained a deluge. Grandfather says we have no idea of such a shower. The thunder was awful, and the rain was almost enough to drown them. The clothes they had spread were soaked through and the poor fellows kept drinking the water that was caught before it could leak through the cloth. It was of no use to think of getting much in any other way, for it would no more stay in a hole in the sand than it would in a sieve. Even a pailful of water poured into any hole they could have dug would at once have disappeared, hardly leaving so much as a wet spot, the ground was so loose and hot.

"The shower lasted about a quarter of an hour, and when it was over the sky remained covered with clouds, so that the sun could not shine out as it had done before. They had got as much water as they could drink, and a good cooling off besides.

"Then they put on their wet clothes, and in a few moments the two men they had left behind came up and joined them, looking like new creatures.

"All four now went on toward the oasis, but before they reached it the sun came out hotter than ever. However, they arrived at the place, and there they found that the rain had left water in a sort of chasm that they supposed had been dry before the shower, but which looked as if a spring might be connected with it.

"Still they had nothing to eat, but in spite of this the water gave them new life. They could see a long line of scattered trees still further to the north, and this gave them reason to hope that the desert did not reach a great many miles in that direction.

"Just after sunset they discovered an ostrich, a long distance off, coming toward them over the sand; and as there was a spot beside the little chasm in which they could easily hide from sight, they concealed themselves, and waited to see what the great bird would do. It appeared to be coming straight for them, and they fancied that perhaps it would visit the spring in search of water.

"As it got very near, they carefully picked up some large, loose stones lying by the place, and then watched to see if the ostrich would go down and drink. It happened that the ostrich was to windward, and so could not get the scent of an enemy.

"Pretty soon it got close to them,—not more than twenty feet off,—and began to go down after the water. But all of a sudden it stopped. Then it made a noise almost as loud as a lion's roar, and turned to run. But it had jumped down about four feet as it came to the chasm, and before it could get back over the rock, the sailors were upon it, pelting it with stones. One of these struck it on the head, and so bewildered it, that it turned again and ran fluttering down into the water, where they soon killed it.

"What a supper the sailors had! Raw ostrich, enough and to spare! The pretty feathers in the tail went begging, for all that the men thought of was the flesh. However, they did not dare to eat as much as they wanted, and so, by putting themselves on allowance, escaped being made sick.

"They rested until midnight, and then, taking a good drink of water, started for the north, carrying with them what was left of the ostrich.

"Before sunrise they came to trees again.

It was cool then,—almost cold,—though you wouldn't think it possible after the sand had been heated so; and soon after the sun rose they saw a panther stretched at full length on the ground by the side of some underbrush, looking as if he enjoyed the slant rays that shot all over him.

"He was a spotted fellow, like a leopard, and very handsome; but it was a kind of beauty that the sailors didn't like. However, as soon as he saw them, he got up and bounded away. They saw lion tracks, panther tracks, and ostrich tracks all about this place. There was one more belt of sand, but beyond that the country appeared to be all green. They now saw that Morocco had not laid as far off as they had feared.

"That morning there came up another shower, and they began to see that this was the season when rains begin to be more frequent that usual about the edge of the desert. After this shower they caught a quantity of locusts, though they saw no great swarm of them, such as sometimes visits that part of the world.

"The next night they traveled across the belt of sand, and found more greenness than they had yet seen. They suffered a good deal for water on the day following, and had nothing at all to eat; but hope now kept them up.

"Night came, and they kept on north again, getting alone so many miles, that by morning they had left nearly all the sandy places behind them, and could see very little but woods. That day they came to a spring —the most beautiful sight to him, grandfather says, that he ever saw. They found, too, a number of bird's-nests with eggs in them, and felt as if they had got beyond the danger of starvation.

"The day after this, they came upon a hive of wild bees; and that day there was another shower.

"They were now, grandfather says, in Morocco; but knowing how cruel the Moors are, they concluded to keep clear of the inhabitants as much as possible, till they should arrive at Mogadore or Sallee; for they could pick up a living in the woods, after a fashion. They crossed the Noon river, and traveled on for more than two hundred miles, almost half the time through forests, eating bird's eggs, and getting water as they could.

"At last, a queer circumstance happened, else I don't know how they would have come out. They came, all of a sudden, upon three little Moorish children asleep in the wood. These children had got lost two days before, and more than a hundred Moors were out at that very time hunting for them. Their father was the chief man of a village not far off. The sailors had just left a spring which they had found, and they led the children back to it, and gave them bird's eggs to eat.

"While they were doing this, a number of Moors discovered them, and came up with arms in their hands. Of course grandfather and his shipmates knew about as much of the Moorish language as we do of goose talk; but the children told what had happened, and then one of the Moors, who had been dancing and hugging the little ones, came to one after another of the sailors, and made all manner of pleasant gestures to show his gratitude.

"He told them by signs that they must go home with him; and so the whole company started together; but, grandfather says, they had not gone twenty rods, when an immense black lion sprang out of a thicket, and stood looking at them, with his big head lifted as if he were wondering what all this was for.

"There were half a dozen of the Moors, and they all fired at once. But the lion, though he was mortally wounded, came at them, threw down the father of the children, and put one great paw on the man's breast. He lived just long enough to do this, then dropped dead where he stood.

"Grandfather and his shipmates went home with the Moor, and the old fellow treated them just as well as if they had been Mohammedans, for he loved his children dearly, and felt as if the sailors had done him a great service.

"He made signs that he was going in a few days to Mogadore, which was about a hundred miles off, with a great train of servants and mules, and that he would protect the strangers on their way to that place.

"They set out with him, and arrived safely. The United States frigate St. Lawrence happened to be there, and she took them up to Gibraltar, and afterward home. The Moor made them all presents, and the black lion-skin fell to grandfather's share.

"Halloo! there's the bell! I ought to have been looking over that tough lesson, instead of talking about grandfather. I've got my geography well enough, but I have not looked at my grammar this morning."

And so we got down from the old stone wall, and went into the school-house.

GRANDMAMMA'S CANCELLATION.

BY MARY L. BRANCH.

GRANDMAMMA was such a funny old lady. She sat in a straight high-backed chair with a lion's head carved at the top, and she wore a black dress, a white muslin kerchief, and a cap with tall crimped ruffles all around it. There she sat all day long knitting mittens; her eyes looked very wise and bright behind her spectacles, she nodded her head briskly sometimes and made sharp little speeches, and well she knew how to bring up little boys. It almost seemed to Tommy as if she would read his very thoughts, whenever he was wishing he could play truant, or planning to go softly down into the cellar for gingerbred.

Tommy sat with his fingers plunged in his curly hair, poring over his arithmetic lesson, and every now and then he scratched out some figures with his pencil.

"Ain't cancellation a jolly rule though!" he exclaimed.

"How does it work, dear?" asked grandmamma.

"Oh, just as easy! When there's a number below the line that's like a number above the line, you cancel them both, and so they are out of the way. Don't you see, grandma? See how hard this sounds—multiply 6 by 8 and by 49 and by 300 and by 27, and then divide all that by 9 multiplied by 7 multiplied by 100 multiplied by 7 multiplied by 6 multiplied by 8. It took Bob Davis a whole half hour to work it out the other way, because he was too lazy to learn to cancel. But I can cancel. You strike out 6 above and 6 below, and 8 above and 8 below, then 49 above and the two sevens below because 7 times 7 makes 49, then 100 below and 300 above, only you must leave a 3 over the 300 because it was 3 times as much as 100, then 9 below and 27 above, but leave 3 over the 27 because it is 3 times as much as 9. Then there are only left 3 to be multiplied by 3 above the line, and that makes 9. And there is nothing at all left to divide by, so the answer is just 9. Set me an example, and see, grandmamma, how quick I can do it."

"Not now," said grandmamma, with an odd little smile. "But maybe I will this evening. Why, Tommy, it's almost two o'clock! Seize your slate, snatch your hat, and be off like the wind!"

The short winter afternoon slipped swiftly by, and it was almost time to light the lamps, when in came Tommy in a bluster, slamming the door, and furious. Billy Taft had stolen his sled at recess, Bob Davis had pinched him, and Bert had hit him in the face with a snowball and made his nose bleed.

"I'll pay 'em off to-morrow," grumbled Tommy, and almost crying.

Grandmamma peered at him over her spectacles, and then she went to her own corner cupboard and took two anise-seed cookies from a jar for poor turbulent Tommy. He felt better with each mouthful.

"And now," said she, "get your slate, Tommy, and sit down upon this little stool beside me, and I'll give you a sum in cancellation."

Tommy was ready in a minute with slate and pencil.

"Now draw a line."

Tommy drew it.

"Now put above the line that Bob pinched you, and Bert hit you, and all the other troubles you met with to-day."

"Why, what funny arithmetic!" said Tommy, staring.

"This is my sort of cancellation," replied grandma. "Have you written them all down?"

There was a pause while Tommy tried to remember all his grievances. But at last he thought he had them all put down.

"Now what goes below the line?" asked Tommy curiously.

"Ah, yes!" said grandma. "Did you do anything to Billy?"

"Told the teacher and got him a licking," said Tom, promptly.

"What made Bert snowball you?"

"'Cause I tripped him up, and—he—fell—and—broke his popgun," explained Tommy, slowly and with evident reluctance.

"Put that below the line," said grandma, "and think of all the naughty things you have done to-day, and put them all below the line."

Tommy's face fell; he was beginning to

understand grandmamma's arithmetic. He set down a few things and handed her the slate. This is the way the sum read:—

Billy stole my sled.	Got Billy a licking.
Bob pinched me.	Knocked Bob down.
Bert made my nose bleed.	Made Bert break his popgun.
Jem's dog bit me.	Tried to tease Bell.
Teacher scolded me.	Licked Willie Jones.
Lost my penknife.	Ate mother's raisins.
Scraped my shin.	
Mr. Jones says he'll whip me next time he sees me.	
Mother wouldn't give me pudding at dinner.	
Had to chop wood this morning, so I was late to school.	
Bell laughed at me.	
Got to review grammar.	
Got a stomach-ache.	
My boot hurts me.	

Grandmamma looked at the slate and laughed, her eyes twinkling behind her specs.

"I'm sure there ought to be more below the line," she said. "How did you scrape your shin, Tommy?"

Now that was something that Tommy had meant to keep secret. Betty had made mince pies the day before, he knew, but they were nowhere in the pantry, for he had looked thoroughly. So that very morning he had stolen softly down cellar to search, and there, sure enough, he found them under a tub. He broke off quite a piece from one and started up, but on the dark steps he stumbled and fell, and that was why his poor shin was even now sore and aching. Little by little it all came out, and at grandma's direction he wrote on the slate below the line:—

"Went down cellar to steal mince pie."

"There," said grandma, "cancel that and cancel the sore shin, and you won't have anything left to complain of there. And don't you think what you did to Willie Jones cancels what Mr. Jones is going to do to you? Cancel them both out—you've nothing to complain of there, Tommy. Bell did quite right to laugh at you when you teased her—cancel those two things out."

"Oh, I can finish it up, now!" said Tommy, ruefully. "I suppose Bert's broken popgun cancels out my nose-bleed. And I'll let Bill's licking cancel his stealing my sled. And maybe knocking Bob down was as bad as his pinching me. But I have lots of troubles left, grandma." And Tommy drew a long face as he thought how his stomach ached, and how his boot pinched, and how he had gone puddingless.

"I guess the raisins you ate," said grandma, slyly, "are what made so few in our pudding this noon, and perhaps that is why you had no pudding at all, and why your stomach aches, eh, Tommy?"

Tommy blushed a little and cancelled the items without a word. Then he confessed that he had kicked Jem's dog before it bit him, and he had drawn a saucy picture of the teacher which was reason enough for the scolding. So there was a chance for more cancelling.

As for the boot pinching his foot, it was well known in the family that Tommy chose his own boots at the store, and rejected his father's advice, because this pair looked so much prettier and trimmer on his foot. He didn't mind then how they made his toes lap over each other, and grandma did not fail to suggest a little cancelling there.

And then how do you suppose it turned out about the chopping wood? Why Tommy's father told him to do it the afternoon before, when there was plenty of time, and because he didn't mind then, he had to do it in the morning, and was anybody but Tommy himself to blame for that? As to the review lesson in grammar, good boys who learn their lessons thoroughly every day are not afraid of reviews, and what could Tommy expect when he had failed in every recitation for a week, except when he peeped into his book, and that was worse than failing.

So all Tommy's woes were cancelled out by his misdeeds, except losing his penknife, and that had been a lame thing for months with a broken blade. He looked a good deal taken aback at the result of grandmamma's cancellation, and began to feel like a very naughty little boy indeed. There was no more complaining nor naughtiness that evening, but Tommy sat at the table studying his lessons, so modest and so quiet, that it made grandmamma smile, as she sat in her high-backed chair knitting, as she said to herself there was hope for this little boy yet.

And so there was, for Tommy was a bright boy and did not forget this odd new kind of arithmetic.

HOME TOPICS.

GRIDDLE-CAKES.—There are many who cling to their breakfast of griddle-cakes, in spite of the physicians who claim they are not fit to eat, and possess little nutriment aside from their dressings of butter and syrup. If we must eat them, it is needful to have them as palatable as possible, for there is all the difference in the world even in pan-cakes. Cakes are generally spoiled by being made too thick. To be light, cakes should be thin, even if it should take more trouble to bake them. To bake cakes successfully, the fire should be just right. I prefer a coal fire, hot enough to make the griddle smoke without removing the stove lid. If one undertakes to heat the griddles by removing the cover, the heat becomes unsteady, either too hot or too cold. As soon as the griddle smokes, grease it, if it be the common iron griddle, and put on the cakes. For different kinds of cakes the griddle requires different greasing. Corn meal cakes require quite a plenty of grease; crumb and sour milk, a moderate amount; and buckwheat requires simply to have the griddle rubbed with a piece of meat. Cakes should be baked as brown as need be before turning, or it destroys part of the lightness. Of course every one knows the sooner they are eaten after they come from the griddle, the better they are; and it is more especially so of those cakes made from baking powder. I have a few recipes I use quite frequently. They are mostly baking powder recipes; but I know there are many who cannot get sour milk, although they would prefer it.

SWEET MILK CAKES.—One egg, one pint sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt; flour enough to make a batter.

BAKING POWDER CAKE.—Two eggs, one pint water, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, three teaspoonfuls baking powder; flour for a thin batter, and bake on a very hot griddle.

CRUMB CAKES.—One pint bread crumbs, one egg, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, one tablespoonful, or a little more, flour. Soak the bread crumbs over night in cold water, or in the morning soak them in warm water; mash them perfectly smooth, not a single lump should be left in; add a little more water to thin batter, and flour to make them turn; add the beaten egg, etc.

YEAST CAKES.—When you set your bread sponge set an extra amount for cakes. In the morning take out a pint of it for cakes; thin quite thin; add one beaten egg, a spoonful of salt and a pinch of soda.

GRAHAM CAKES.—Put one pint of Graham flour, half a pint of white flour, half a pint of Indian meal, one heaping teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into a sieve and sift them; beat one egg till light, and mix it with half a pint of milk and the same amount of water; make a smooth batter from these ingredients, adding a little more milk if too thick.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One third wheat flour, two thirds buckwheat flour, warm water sufficient to make stiff batter, half a teacupful of good yeast, and a little salt; set in a warm place over night to rise; thin to a proper consistency, and add a small teaspoonful of saleratus just before baking.

WHAT TO TRY.

Try pop-corn for nausea.

Try cranberries for malaria.

Try a sun bath for rheumatism.

Try ginger-ale for stomach cramps.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try to cultivate an equable temper, and don't borrow trouble ahead.

Try hard cider—a wine-glass full three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

Try a hot, dry flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew it frequently.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal cold in the head.

Try taking your cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve the whooping cough.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water; put about the neck at night for the sore throat.

Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

Try a silk handkerchief over your face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

Try planting sunflowers in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.

Try a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in diarrhœal troubles; give freely.

Try a newspaper over the chest, beneath your coat, as a chest protector in extremely cold weather.—*Health Monthly.*

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

WHAT IS A DOLLAR?

A SILVER COIN OF THE VALUE OF ONE DOLLAR.

Q.: What is a dollar?

A.: A dollar is a silver coin.

Q.: Does not the word mean a gold coin also?

A.: No. There is or was a small gold coin called a dollar; but the word dollar means a silver coin. It was first made in Germany, and called thaler (pro. tollar). A similar piece was afterwards made in Spain, and it is from this Spanish piece we get our dollar mark ($), which represents the pillars of Hercules twined with the figure 8. The Mexicans had and still have a similar piece. All these were and are silver coins, and our United States dollar is an imitation of them.

Q.: Are there not gold dollars in existence?

A.: Very few. They were not coined till 1849, and they were never popular, being small and thin, easily lost, and when lost hard to find. In fact, they were so ill-suited to the people and to business men that in 1889 the director of the mint, Edward O. Leech, recommended that the coinage of them be discontinued; and the following year, 1890, Congress passed an act prohibiting the coinage of them and directing that those already in existence be withdrawn from circulation.

Q.: Did they have any circulation among the people?

A.: Very little. But few persons ever saw one, and the directors of the mint stated that they were used exclusively for ornament.

Q.: Then it seems that dollar means a silver coin only?

A.: It does; and, in fact, Webster's dictionary defines it as a "silver coin of the value of 100 cents."

Q.: Do we not have paper dollars, greenbacks, national notes, and other kind also?

A.: These are not paper dollars: they are one-dollar bills, or one-dollar notes. If you examine them you will find that they "promise to pay" one dollar, or five dollars, or ten dollars; but if you look at the face of a silver dollar, you will see stamped "One Dollar." It is not a promise; it is the thing itself.

SAW A GRIZZLY—Early in March, 1867, a party of friends, all old buffalo hunters, were camped in Paradise valley, then a famous rendezvous of the animals they were after. One day, when out on the range stalking, and widely separated from each other, an awful blizzard came up. Three reached camp without much difficulty, but he who was the farthest away was fairly caught in it, and night coming on, was compelled to resort to a method frequently employed by persons lost on the plains.

Luckily he soon found a superannuated bull that had been abandoned by the herd, and killing him, took out the viscera, and himself crawled inside the huge beast, where he lay comparatively comfortable until morning, the storm having cleared off and the sun shining brightly. But when he attempted to get out he found himself a prisoner, the immense ribs of the creature having frozen together and locked him up as tightly as if he were in a cell. Fortunately his friends, who were searching for him and firing off their rifles,—which he heard, and yelled out to them,—discovered and released him from his peculiar predicament.

At another time two old plainsmen were away up the Platte among the foot hills hunting buffalo, and they, as is generally the case, became separated. In an hour or two one killed a fat young cow, and leaving his rifle on the ground, went up and commenced to skin her. While busily engaged in the work, he suddenly heard right behind him a suppressed sort of a snort, and looking around, saw to his dismay a monstrous grizzly, ambling along in that animal's characteristic manner, within a few feet of him.

In front, only a few rods away, there happened to be a clump of scrubby pines, and he incontinently made a break for them, climbing into the tallest in less time than it requires to write of it. The bear deliberately ate a hearty meal off the cow, and when he satiated himself, quietly lay down alongside of the carcass and went to sleep, keeping one eye probably on the hunter corralled in the tree. In the early evening his partner came to the spot, killed the bear—which, full of buffalo, was sluggish and unwary, and became an easy victim—and the unwilling visitor came down from his perch. The last time I saw him he told me he still had the bear's hide, which he kept as a memento of his foolishness in separating himself from his rifle, a thing he had never done before or since, and which no hunter should be guilty of.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE AGE OF MAN.—When was man first placed on earth? No one can answer that question, writes Terese C. Crofton in the July *St. Nicholas.* Hugh Miller says that man's habit of burying his dead out of sight makes it very easy to be mistaken on that point; for, because of burial, men's bones may be found among the animal's that have lain in the earth for ages. There is one thing, however, that gives us an inkling of when he came. Certain tools, that only man could have made, have been found

buried in caves, in peat beds, and in the bottom of lakes. Often these are covered by layers of rock, and, by calculating how long it took to make the layers, a guess can be made as to when the tools were put there. Still, it is only a guess, and no one pretends to regard the question as settled, because under some conditions the layers would be made much faster than under others. But the bones of certain animals, the mammoth and other great creatures of that time, which have long since died, have been found with these tools. By calculating in what ages these animals lived, and how long it takes a race of animals to die out, a surer result can be arrived at. In a cave in England, buried under a limestone layer from ten to fifteen inches thick, tools have been found mingled with the bones of elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses and hyenas, which roamed over that country thousands and thousands of years ago. The peat bogs of what is now Denmark and Scandinavia are filled with stone tools. Some have been found in beds of gravel, underlying peat which is certainly 7000 years old. This seems to show that man must have dwelt on earth at least as many years ago.

STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND.—A diamond, weighing nearly four carats, now in New York, has a remarkable history. It was found in the gold district of Brazil by a native, who did not know its value, but kept it as a "luck" stone. One day, while journeying to a camp of traders with his gold dust, he was bitten by a serpent. Applying the antidote known to the people of that country, he proceeded on his way, but had not gone far when he was again bitten. He treated himself for the second wound and continued on his journey. While stooping to drink from a brook, the fangs of a snake were fastened in the bag which contained the stone. On reaching the camp he was found to be succumbing rapidly to the effects of the venom, and when questioned by the camp surgeon, told how the snake had seized the bag at his throat. The surgeon was permitted to see the stone, and suspecting its real character, he told the native that it was extremely dangerous to have it about him, as it attracted venomous reptiles, and advised him to sink it in a neighboring brook. The superstitious finder of the diamond acted upon the suggestion, and the covetous surgeon, having watched the proceeding, availed himself of the first opportunity to fish the gem from its hiding-place.

TOMBS OF THE CZARS.—The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Fortress is remarkable for the elegance and height of its gilt spire, writes Theodore Child in *Harper's Magazine*, which was designed by Balles, a Dutch architect, in the middle of the last century. In this church, beneath the floor, are buried all the sovereigns of Russia since the foundation of St. Petersburg, with the exception of Peter II., who died and was interred at Moscow.

The side aisles are entirely taken up with white marble tombs, marking the sites of the graves, each adorned with a gold cross, gold corners, and splendid funeral accessories, and embedded in palm-trees, growing plants, and flowers that bloom sadly in the faint white light of innumerable burning tapers and lamps. The walls and pillars of this church are covered with military trophies, standards, flags, keys of fortresses, shields, and battleaxes captured from vanquished foes, while the sanctuary is sumptuously adorned with pictures and icons set in gilded architectural framework gorgeously decorated in rococo style.

The tombs are guarded by subaltern officers belonging to the garrison of the Fortress, and are constantly visited, especially the tomb of Alexander II., by the faithful. We saw men, women, and children of all classes, mujiks, common soldiers and dashing generals thread their way between the palm-trees to the martyred emperor's tomb, kiss the cross on the marble slab, fall on their knees, and offer a prayer.

PREY OF THE JUNGLE.—The latest official statistics from India show that in 1888 22,970 people were killed by snakes and wild beasts, as well as 76,271 cattle. Of the former number 20,571 deaths were due to snake bites, 975 to tigers, 184 to leopards, 139 to wolves, 110 to bears, 57 to elephants, and the remainder to dogs, crocodiles and other animals. The remarkable fact of these statistics is that, although every effort is being made to destroy snakes and other animals injurious to human life, the mortality, both of persons and cattle, from these causes of death is increasing. In 1888 20,709 wild beasts were destroyed and 511,948 snakes.

The local governments of India have just been consulted on the question whether nothing can be done to diminish the terrible mortality due to snake bites. The general opinion in India is that the efforts to reduce this mortality by offering rewards for snakes killed has failed, and in some localities has even stimulated the breeding of snakes. Some of the local governments express the opinion that the most effective way to check the evil will be to destroy the cover for the snakes near the villages, and this experiment will be tried.

TO CUT GLASS WITH SCISSORS.—One can cut glass with scissors as easily as though it were an autumn leaf. The entire secret consists in plunging the pane of glass into a tub of water, submerging also the hands and scissors. The scissors will cut in straight lines without a flaw. This result is achieved in consequence of the absence of vibration.

RUTHVEN'S PUZZLE PAGE.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, West Bethel, Oxford County, Maine.

Answers to July Puzzles.

1.—Basking-shark.

2.—P
R A T
R A T E S
P A T E N T S
T E N S I L E
S T I P E N D
S L E N D E R
E N D U R E S

3.—T
M O B
M O M O T
T O M F O O L
B O O S E
T O E
L

4.—A
E V E
H E A V E
T I L L A G E
M E S S E N G E R
D E R I V E D
R E V I V A L
S E V E N
D A N
L

5.—D-rape-r. 6.—W-hale-r.
7.—S-crib-e. 8.—T-rust-y.
9.—S-craw-l. 10.—Fig-Marigold.
11.—A fool's bolt is soon shot.
12.—A liar should have a good memory.
13.—W(elf)are. 14.—W(asp)ish.
15.—S(trip)ling. 16.—F(urn)ace.

44.—*Cross Word Enigma.*

In mocking-bird, not in lark;
In written word, not in mark;
In hardy shrub, not in bush;
In heedless rub, not in push;
In brilliant light, not in shade;
In fearless fight, not in raid.
WHOLE is a sash or belt common among the people of oriental countries.

ADELAIDE.

45.—*A Star.*

1 A letter from Chicago. 2 A direction of latitude (Abbr.). 3 To keep from falling. 4 Except. 5 Ready-made clothes. 6 A vast barren plain. 7 Spectacles. 8 A verb. 9 A letter from Boston.

VENUS.

46.—*A Diamond.*

1 A letter. 2 A man. 3 Glories. 4 A porch or appendage to a church. 5 An officer. 6 An animal. 7 An island of Malaysia. 8 To consume. 9 A letter.

SHEENY JAKE.

Reversions.

47.—Reverse to unite again, and get to be occupied with small work.

48.—Reverse time, and get to conduct or manage.

49.—Reverse to take little by little, and leave trifling things.

50.—Reverse a metal, and get to share out.

51.—Reverse an insect, and get a kind of seaweed.

TRIANGLE.

52.—*Half-Square.*

1 Green. 2 The hero of one of Shakespeare's plays. 3 Fulfilled. 4 Since. 5 Stop. 6 A letter.

SAVIDGE.

53.—*A Square.*

1 To tabulate. 2 Repeated. 3 Made up into a bundle. 4 A lord or superior. 5 One who finishes.

W. H. R.

Hidden Birds.

54.—Will you have your house lighted by gas or electricity?

55.—I think nothing of walking five miles at a time.

56.—The heart of every human being rebels against injustice and oppression.

57.—Is it wrong to hate a lie?

58.—I think it exceedingly wrong to permit children to abuse dumb animals.

ROLLIN G. STONE.

Word Deletions.

59.—Take to praise from applause, and leave a deep cave.

60.—Take a leap to avoid a thrust in fencing from rebelled, and leave a small pipe.

61.—Take a mark from three-pronged, and leave tested.

62.—Take to inform from a variety of pectolite, and leave situation.

63.—Take a circle from a genus of plants, and leave the New Zealand name for a certain extinct bird.

F. S. F.

64.—*Alphabetical Arithmetic.*

N I L)T O H A S(L A
U D T N

T N S S
T T U H

T D S

MRS. J. W.

Answers in two Months.

Prizes for Solutions.

For the first complete or largest list of correct answers to this month's puzzles, received before September 10th, we offer an illustrated novelette; and for the next best list a book of poems.

May Solvers.

Rollin G. Stone, J. D. L., Ann Eliza, D. E. Gerry, I. O. T., A. Mary Khan, English Boy, Ida May, Savidge, Lillie Lee, Bill Grimes, E. G. D., Birdie Browne, Jack, Black Hawk, Katie Smith, Annie Kirkpatrick, Birdie Lane, Nicholas, Kitty Connor, Minnie Jones, Bert Rand, Cora A. L., Ann Drew, Teddy and Ned Nason.

Prize-Winners.

Ida May, Portsmouth, N.H., for the largest list of answers; I. O. T., Brooklyn, for the next best list.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

VACATION'S DONE.

Here is a man
Beneath this hat
Who's had vacation and
Got fat. Just in this
place we find his face
Is very brown; and further
down toward his chin,
Is plump and round,
With freckle and
Speck we see
his
neck
Is well bedecked
His shoulders here are out
of gear, for he has lif ted
mugs of beer; and pulled in
boats; then while afloat he's of ten
fished, and always wished those arms
of his were not so sore, while
in his stomach he's piled more
than mortal man could ever
tell; lobsters and crabs, with
clams on shell; some blue
fish, oysters, perch as well,
and other things; yet lives
to tell his ad-
ventures while
away; but now he's
home and come to stay.
His legs are weak from
lengthy walks, he cannot
speak with- out he talks
of pretty girls and many
m a s h. His pockets
are devoid of cash, but
now re- turning
to the store
he'll go to
work and
earn some
more. His
shoes are
worn as thin as
air, but he can raise
another pair. He's tired quite
and had his fun, for with to-night
vacation's done.

—*Dansville Advertiser.*

LOOKING AHEAD.

The Chicago *Mail* tells a story of an Irishman whose prudential foresight was superior to his morality.

The Irishman was in the habit of going home drunk every night of his life and beating his poor wife Biddy in the good old fashion. He didn't lick her because he disliked her or wanted to punish her, but just because he thought it the proper thing to do. Finally, however, the patient woman could stand it no longer and appealed to the priest. The reverend father went to her home that evening and waited for Pat. He came, drunk as usual, and the good priest took him in hand.

"Pat," says he, "you're drunk."

"Yis, your riverince," says Pat, "I'm feelin' purty good."

"Well, how long is this goin' to continue, I'd like to know?"

"Jist as long as I kin git a dhrop of the creatur," says Pat. "I can't stop dhrinkin'."

"Now, see here, Pat," says the good father, "I'll tell you what. You'll stop this right here to-night. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn ye into a rat—d'ye mind that? If I don't see ye I'll know about it jist the same, whether ye get drunk, and if ye do get drunk, into a rat ye go. Now remember that—there's a good man."

The priest went away, and Pat was docile that night; but the next night when he came home and kicked open the door, one glance showed Biddy that he was loaded to the hat. She gauged his "jag" at once and saw that he was in fighting trim, so she dodged behind the table in an attitude of defense.

"Don't be afraid, darlin'," said Pat, in a subdued key, as he steadied himself before dropping into a chair. "I'm not goin' to bate you this night. I'm not goin' to lay the weight of me finger on ye. I want ye to be kind to me to-night, darlin', and to remember, if ye kin, he days when we was swatehearts, and when I was always kind to ye and ye loved me. Ye know his riverince was here last night, and he tould me if I iver got dhrunk again he'd turn me into a rat. I'm dhrunk this minute, darlin'. The praste didn't see me, but he knows I'm dhrunk, and this night into a rat I go. I want ye to be kind to me, darlin', and watch me, and when ye see me gittin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, an' me whiskers gittin' long, for God's sake, darlin', as yer love me, kape yer eye on the cat."

"Slim Nick" was arraigned lately, down in Arkansas, on the charge of stealing a calf.

"Are you guilty?" asked the judge.

"Course I isn't. I's ez innocent as de dribben snow."

Several witnesses were examined, and the evidence was so conclusive that the judge finally exclaimed: "That will do. The prisoner is as guilty as Judas."

"Jedge," said the prisoner, "I doesn't like dat 'spression. I doesn't min' bein' called guilty; but doan say dat I's ez guilty ez Judas Scarrut, 'case I's allers ben a church member. Dat word 'Judas' grinds on my stummick, boss, or jedge, if yer pleases. I allers steers clear ob dat word. But now if yer wants me ter 'splain dis situation, I kin do it. May I 'splain?"

"Go ahead."

"Some time ago, jedge, Mr. Jackson, de man what 'cuses me so wrongful, borrowed a bridle from me. T'other day I asked him for it, an' when I cum 'long home dat ebenin' I seed a bridle hangin' on de fence. I tuck hold ob de bridle, flung it ober my shoulder, and started off. I thought sumfin pulled a little hard at first, an' I thought de bridle had cotch on a nail; but bein' so strong, I didn't take much notice ob it. When I got home an' went into der house, my wife axed, 'Nick, what yer doin' wid dat calf?' I looked round, an' dar, shooah 'nuff, wuz a calf hangin' onter de eand ob de bridle. Dar wuz a piece ob paw-paw bark tied on to de head-stall, an' de calf had swallowed hit. Calves is monstrous fon' ob paw-paw bark."

"Why was the calf found cut up?" asked the judge.

"Dat's what I's gwine ter tell yer. De thing suffered so dat, ter git hit outen its misery, I killed hit, 'tendin' next mornin' ter carry de quarters an' hide ter de owner. I didn't wanter be 'rested fur cruelty ter animals. Is all de facts plain, jedge?"

"You can go."

"Thank yer, jedge. Go home, did yer say?"

"No, to jail. Six months."

A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners.

"Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the church. It was a gift, and valuing it very highly I spent double its worth in advertising, but I have not recovered it."

"How did you word the advertisement?" asked a merchant.

"Here it is," said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper.

The merchant took it and read:—

"Lost, from the vestibule of the —— church, last Sunday evening, a black umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. — High street."

"Now," said the merchant, "I am a liberal advertiser, and have always found it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge that advertising pays, I will purchase you a new one."

The merchant took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote:—

"If the man who was seen to take the umbrella from the vestibule of the —— church last Sunday does not wish to get into trouble and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it at once to No. — High street."

This duly appeared in the paper, and the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes that had been thrown in, while the front yard was literally paved with the umbrellas. Many of them had notes attached to them saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.—*Weekly Journalist, Boston.*

Uncle Stephen, an old negro, had come to cut the grass in the front yard, and as Colonel Winter started out to his office he stopped to greet the old man.

"Well, Stephen," said the colonel, "I hear that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's what I does, sah. I know what 'tis ter struggle along widout larnin', an' I is 'termined dat my son sha'n't trabble bar'foot ober de same hard road dat I did."

"A noble resolution, Stephen. I wish all fathers felt so. Is your boy learning rapidly?"

"Ez fast ez er horse can tret, sah. Why, last week he wrote a letter to his aunt dat libs mo' dan twenty miles from yere, an' after a while he gwine ter write ter his udder aunt dat libs fifty miles away."

"Why doesn't he write to her now?"

"Oh, he kain't write so fur yet. He ken write twenty miles first-rate, but I tole him not to try ter write fifty miles till he got stronger wid his pen. But he's gwine ter git dar, I tell you. Won't be more'n er year fo' dat boy kan set down at one eend ob de gunbronment an' write er letter cl'ar to de udder eend."

A tired looking man applied to a country clergyman for work. He was sent to dig potatoes. At the end of two hours the minister went out to see how the work advanced. He found that the man had uncovered at least two quarts of the tubers.

"Well," said the parson, "you don't believe in injuring yourself, do you?"

"Oh," replied the laborer, "I work according to Scripture."

"Where in the Bible can you find anything that justifies your taking two hours to dig two quarts of potatoes?"

"Why, this: 'Let your moderation be known to all men.'"

The minister thought this rather witty, and took him in to dinner. The moderate worker did not prove to be a moderate eater; in fact, he cleared the table.

"You don't seem to eat according to your text," said the clergyman aghast, seeing the dinner disappearing like mist before the sun.

"No," replied the tired man, plying his knife and fork faster than ever, "I have another text for this: 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

They sat on a bench in the park, and his manly arm was around her yielding waist. Suddenly she twisted around and spoke:—

"It's awful warm."

"Yes."

Silence for three minutes. The young man ponders on the awful peril that encircles a man who comes from home with only fifteen cents and a sleeve button in his pocket.

"It's the warmest weather I think I ever knew."

"Ye-es, it's warm."

"My throat is dreadfully parched."

"That's too bad. Would you like some water?"

"Oh, no; the water is so terribly warm and brackish."

Young man grows desperate.

"Wouldn't you like a damp handkerchief tied around your throat?"

"No, I think I need something refreshing. Dear me, it seems as though I would faint for want of something cooling."

Young man chokes with despair, then braces up.

"Darling, let me feel your pulse. One hundred and ten in the shade! O darling, it has come as I feared. I never can forgive myself. Your mother warned me about keeping you out in the night air on account of the typhus prevalent, but still I have kept you here, and now these terrible symptoms tell of the approach of the destroyer. Let me help you home, my darling, and should you die, the waters of the river will close over my hapless form forever. Come, sweet one, let me take you home."

Ten minutes later that young man stood over a schooner of lager in a corner saloon, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, as he laid down his last fifteen cents and congratulated himself on having beaten a woman on the ice-cream business; while a young woman sat down on the doorstep waiting to be let in, and so mad she couldn't speak.

A young man of fashion who got married not long ago did a unique thing. A short time before the wedding he bought a new check book, and had lithographed obliquely across the face of each check his own name and his bride's maiden name in small letters, and under them the word "Married" in bold characters, followed by the day and date.

The young man has used this check book solely for the payment of his wedding expenses—his new clothes, his gifts to the bride and wedding party, the anti-nuptial suppers, luncheons and river parties, the parson's perquisite, and all the bills incurred during the honeymoon, besides getting the checks cashed for his pocket-money. At the end of four weeks from the wedding day he stopped using these checks, collected all the vouchers, tied up all together, marked the parcel "Honeymoon Vouchers," and locked it up in a strong box, which is not to be opened until the silver wedding anniversary twenty-five years hence.

At the time when we were in the midst of our war-flurry, and men had got their piety and their patriotism so mixed up that they didn't know which from t'other, the elder of one of our populous churches, having finished his sermon, and closed his Bible, looked round upon his congregation with a countenance which indicated that he had something of importance to communicate. The audience, as in duty bound, rustled a little, and then subsided into the silence of intense expectation. After the suspense proper before the delivery of a weighty matter, the elder opened his mouth and announced:—

"The closing prayer will be made by a brother-in-law of General Grant!"

In the early history of Ohio there existed a tolerably stringent game-law, but it was often regarded as obsolete—not so, however, in the following case:—

In one of the more sparsely settled counties lived a very poor but honest farmer. One Sunday morning early he saw a fine buck looking over his front gate. Without thinking of consequences he took down his rifle and shot him. Near to him lived a gossiping neighbor who was always meddling in other people's business, and hearing the rifle, he ran to the top of the hill where he could see his poor neighbor and his wife pulling the buck into the house. On Monday morning early, he made complaint against his neighbor for violation of the game-laws. The accused was arrested and brought before the magistrate. The prisoner pleaded guilty, but in extenuation said he was very poor, had a large family, and really, on the morning in question, had scarcely anything in the house to appease their pressing hunger, and on seeing the buck looking over the fence, he felt as though it were entirely providential, and he could not resist the inclination to provide his starving family with something to eat.

The judge said that, owing to his known industrious and otherwise good character, and in consideration of his pressing needs, he would fix the penalty at thirty-nine lashes, and omit imposing any fine. So the criminal was marched to the woods and lashed to a tree, and the con-

stable prepared to execute the sentence. The judge whispered to him to "lay it on light," and stood by to count till nineteen had been gently administered, when he suddenly cried "Stop!" and opened a volume of the statutes. In a few moments he found the law applicable to the case and read this part of it: "And in such cases the informer shall receive half." "Now, Mr. Constable," continued the judge, "tie up Neighbor B., the informer, and give him the other half, well laid on." Neighbor B., it is said, never again gave information for violation of game or other laws.

"John," said a farmer to his man,
"This grass will make good hay.
The weather's fine; do all you can
To caucus it to-day."

"To caucus it! what's that?" asked John
The master thus replied:—
"Why, that's a phrase synonymous
With 'Have it cut and dried.'"

A NIGHT WITH MOSQUITOES.

Mr. Boffin visits the country, retires leaving his windows open, and receives visitors.

Life-size picture of one of Mr. B.'s visitors.

Goaded to desperation Mr. B. commences a vigorous defence.

Bitter disappointment of the visitor that came too late.